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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

New scientist

J.GEILS BAND

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

CHRON GEN YELLO

LAURIE ANDERSON
Everywoman For Herself
Interview By Chris Bohn

BUZZCOCKS REVISITED

Laurie Anderson takes a bow. Photo: Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**GOODY TWO SHOES**	**Adam (CBS)**	6	1
2	6	I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME	Charlene (Motown)	4	2
3	2	TORCH	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	4	2
4	5	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF	Duran Duran (EMI)	6	4
5	4	THE LOOK OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	6	4
6	12	I'M A WONDERFUL THING (BABY)	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	3	6
7	3	HOUSE OF FUN	Madness (Stiff)	6	1
8	18	WORK THAT BODY	Diana Ross (Capitol)	3	8
9	(—)	WE TAKE MYSTERY	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	9
10	11	I WANT CANDY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	3	10
11	24	DO I DO	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3	11
12	7	FANTASY ISLAND	Tight Fit (Jive)	8	3
13	(—)	INSIDE OUT	Odyssey (RCA)	1	13
14	(—)	NO REGRETS	Midge Ure (Chrysalis)	1	14
15	(—)	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG)	1	15
16	26	GOING TO A GO GO	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	2	16
17	28	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY	The Beatles (Parlophone)	3	17
18	10	3x3 (EP)	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	5	10
19	8	MAMA USED TO SAY	Junior (Mercury)	6	7
20	(—)	FREE BIRD	Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	1	20
21	21	BRAVE NEW WORLD	Toyah (Safari)	4	21
22	(—)	IKO IKO	Natasha (Towerbell)	1	22
23	9	ONLY YOU	Yazoo (Mute)	7	4
24	13	ISLAND OF LOST SOULS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	11
25	14	THE TELEPHONE	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	6	14
26	(—)	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	26
27	(—)	LAS PALABRAS DE AMOR	Queen (EMI)	1	27
28	25	THE BACK OF LOVE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	4	20
29	20	FIREWORKS	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	4	20
30	(—)	YOU LITTLE FOOL	Elvis Costello (F Beat)	1	30

Back in the land of make-believe, Toyah at No. 6 Pic: Anton Corbijn

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**AVALON**	**Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)**	4	1
2	3	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	9	1
3	4	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	2	3
4	2	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81)	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	3	2
5	5	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	2
6	(—)	THE CHANGELING	Toyah (Safari)	1	6
7	16	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	4	7
8	10	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	17	1
9	19	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	11	1
10	15	HOT SPACE	Queen (EMI)	6	2
11	9	WINDSONG	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	2	9
12	11	LIVE IN BRITAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	8	1
13	6	ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	5	6
14	20	JI	Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	14
15	28	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	20	5
16	14	SULK	Associates (Associates)	5	14
17	7	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	6	6
18	8	THE HUNTER	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	8
18	13	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack)	Vangelis (Polydor)	25	6
20	12	ARE YOU READY	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6	9
21	17	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	8	1
22	(—)	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	6	13
23	(—)	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	23
23	27	COMBAT ROCK	The Clash (FMLN)	6	6
25	24	PINKY BLUE	Altered Images (Epic)	6	12
26	21	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	34	9
26	(—)	CHILL OUT	Black Uhuru (Island)	1	26
28	(—)	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	21	5
29	(—)	FUN BOY THREE	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	8	6
30	(—)	TURBO TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
2	(2)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(5)	**Waiting For The Blackout**	Damned (Big Beat)
4	(4)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(12)	**Total Noise EP**	Various (Total Noise)
6	(3)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
7	(17)	**The House That Men Built**	Conflict (Crass)
8	(29)	**Sick Boy**	GBH (Clay)
9	(8)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
10	(7)	**Love Is All — Is Alright**	UB40 (Dept Int)
11	(—)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
12	(18)	**Tearing Up The Plans**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
13	(10)	**Xo Xo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
14	(15)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
15	(6)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
16	(14)	**Angel Face**	Outcasts (Outcasts Only)
17	(9)	**Fashion**	Charge (Kamera)
18	(11)	**I've Got A Gun**	Channel 3 (No Future)
19	(25)	**The Warfare EP**	The System (Spider Leg)
20	(—)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
21	(13)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
22	(—)	**Farce**	Rudimentary Peni (Crass)
23	(27)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap)
24	(24)	**Nazi Punks Fuck Off**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
25	(16)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
26	(—)	**This Dirty Town**	The Lurkers (Clay)
27	(20)	**Pagan Love Song**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
28	(26)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
29	(22)	**La Vache Qui Rit**	Zounds (Not So Brave)
30	(21)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
2	(3)	**He Who Dares Live**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
3	(8)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
4	(20)	**The Changeling**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(4)	**Wargasm**	Various (Pax)
6	(2)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
7	(6)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
8	(—)	**Troops Of Tomorrow**	Exploited (Secret)
9	(27)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (G/Sleeves)
10	(5)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
11	(—)	**Riotous Assembly**	Various (Riot City)
12	(7)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
13	(11)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
14	(22)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
15	(—)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
16	(—)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
17	(9)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
18	(15)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
19	(18)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
20	(21)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
21	(10)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
22	(19)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
23	(14)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
24	(24)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
25	(13)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
26	(—)	**Trance**	Chris And Cosey (Rough Trade)
27	(16)	**Skinhead Anthem**	Last Resort (Last Resort)
28	(12)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
29	(17)	**Metal On Metal**	Anvil (Attic)
30	(—)	**Live At Gossips**	UK Subs (Chaos Tapes)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A & M)
2	**My Sweet Baby**	The Chosen Few (Regal)
3	**Tear Fall From My Eye**	Sandra Dee (Ital)
4	**Key To The World**	Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
5	**Fool For Your Love**	Legato (Ital)
6	**Just One Moment**	Erika Gale (Ital)
7	**Miss Attractive**	Victor Romero Evans (Epic)
8	**Secret Admirer**	Ovations (Live and Love)
9	**Are We Gonna Make It Up**	Freddy Clarke (Live and Love)
10	**Love Light**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
11	**Go Away Little Boy**	Samantha Rose (Third World)
12	**Stop Lying**	Black Harmony (Blue Inc)
13	**Operation Eradication**	Yellow Man (Pama)
14	**Big Ship**	Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
15	**Pipe Dreams**	Jean Adebambo (Ade. j)

LPs

1	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A & M)
2	**Big Ship**	Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
3	**Far Over**	Burning Spear (Radic)
4	**New Chapter Of Dub**	Aswad (Island)
5	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (Greensleeves)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W.2.

US SINGLES

1	**Ebony And Ivory**	Paul McCartney (Columbia)
2	**Don't You Want Me**	Human League (A & M/Virgin)
3	**Rosanna**	Tot (Columbia)
4	**The Other Woman**	Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
5	**Always On My Mind**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
6	**Heat Of The Moment**	Asia (Warner Bros)
7	**Crimson And Clover**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
8	**Let It Whip**	Jazz Band (Motown)
9	**Hurts So Good**	John Cougar (Polygram)
10	**It's Gonna Take A Miracle**	Deniece Williams (Columbia)

US LPs

1	**Asia**	Asia (Warner Bros)
2	**Tug Of War**	Paul McCartney (Columbia)
3	**Diver Down**	Van Halen (Warner Bros)
4	**Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium**	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
5	**Dare**	The Human League (A & M/Virgin)
6	**Always On My Mind**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
7	**Tot IV**	Toto (Columbia)
8	**Aldo Nova**	Aldo Nova (Epic)
9	**Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
10	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)

Courtesy Billboard

ISRAEL

Singles

1	**A Little Peace**	Nicole (CBS)
2	**Blue Eyes**	Elton John (Rocket)
3	**Night Birds**	Shakatak (Polydor)
4	**Shirley**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
5	**Ever So Lonely**	Monsoon (Mercury)
6	**I've Never Been To Me**	Charlene (Motown)
7	**Ebony And Ivory**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
8	**One Step Further**	Bardo (Epic)
9	**Body Language**	Queen (EMI)
10	**We Have A Dream**	Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)

Courtesy IBA/Reshet Gimmel/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Show You The Way To Go**	The Jacksons (Epic)
2	**Fanfare For The Common Man**	Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
3	**So You Win Again**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
4	**Lucille**	Kenny Rogers (UA)
5	**God Save The Queen**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)
6	**You're Moving Out Today**	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
7	**A Star Is Born (Evergreen)**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
8	**Peaches**	The Stranglers (United Artists)
9	**Baby Don't Change Your Mind**	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
10	**Telephone Line**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Vincent**	Don McLean (United Artists)
2	**Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	**Take Me Bak 'Ome**	Slade (Polydor)
4	**Rockin' Robin**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
5	**Puppy Love**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
6	**Little Willy**	Sweet (RCA)
7	**Mary Had A Little Lamb**	Wings (Apple)
8	**California Man**	The Move (Harvest)
9	**Saturday Night At The Movies/At The Club**	The Drifters
10	**Metal Guru**	T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Whiter Shade Of Pale**	Procol Harum (Deram)
2	**There Goes My Everything**	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	**Carrie Anne**	Hollies (Parlophone)
4	**Paper Sun**	Traffic (Island)
5	**Okay!**	Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
6	**Alternative Title**	Monkees (RCA)
7	**She'd Rather Be With Me**	Turtles (London)
8	**Groovin'**	Young Rascals (Atlantic)
9	**Silence Is Golden**	Tremeloes (CBS)
10	**Here Comes The Nice**	Small Faces (Immediate)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Come Outside**	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
2	**Picture Of You**	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3	**Good Luck Charm**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	**I Can't Stop Loving You**	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	**Ginny Come Lately**	Brian Hyland (HMV)
6	**I'm Looking Out The Window**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	**Last Night Was Made For Love**	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	**I Don't Know Why**	Eden Kane (Decca)
9	**Here Comes That Feeling**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
10	**The Green Leaves Of Summer**	Kenny Ball (Pye)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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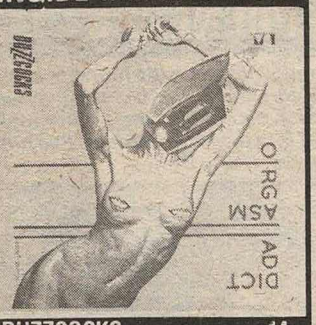

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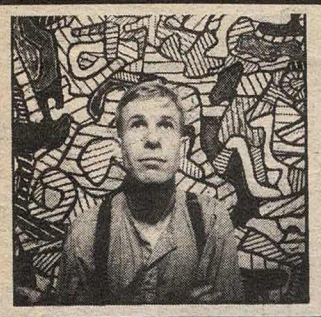

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Pretenders L-R: Hynde, Chambers, Honeyman-Scott, Farndon. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Honeyman-Scott dies just 24 hours after Farndon quits

Pretenders tragedy

THE TRAGIC death of Pretenders lead guitarist James Honeyman-Scott, on Wednesday last week, has left the group distraught and in total disarray — coming, as it did, the day after bassist Pete Farndon left the line-up.

Honeyman-Scott (25) had recently returned with the band from the Far East, after completing the second leg of their world tour. He was staying at a friend's flat, and apparently died in his sleep. The body was identified by the band's drummer, Martin Chambers.

A postmortem was conducted last Thursday, but proved inconclusive, and further tests have to be made — the final results probably won't be known for about two weeks, when an inquest will be held.
Honeyman-Scott had attended a private party at the Venue the night of his death, but friends insist he was only "mildly intoxicated" when he left.

Despite Farndon's departure — officially due to "differences concerning future musical directions", though Farndon himself claims he was unceremoniously booted out — The Pretenders had intended to go ahead with a planned Belgian festival appearance next weekend, helped out by temporary bassist Tony Butler, who played on the last two Pete Townshend albums. But now all plans have been shelved, including a proposed return to the studio next month to record a new single titled 'Back On The Chain Gang', though the band stress they will continue to function.

Before they became Pretenders, both Honeyman-Scott and Martin Chambers were members of The Cheeks, a band based in the guitarist's home town of Hereford. Ironically, it was Pete Farndon who introduced the pair to Chrissie Hynde and so brought about the birth of The Pretenders.

Although Honeyman-Scott admitted to excessive use of alcohol and 'uppers' during The Pretenders' first flush of success, he always avoided the worst indulgences of the 'rock'n'roll' lifestyle, and his marriage last year was said by friends to be a stabilising influence in his life.

Honeyman-Scott had an abiding passion for music.

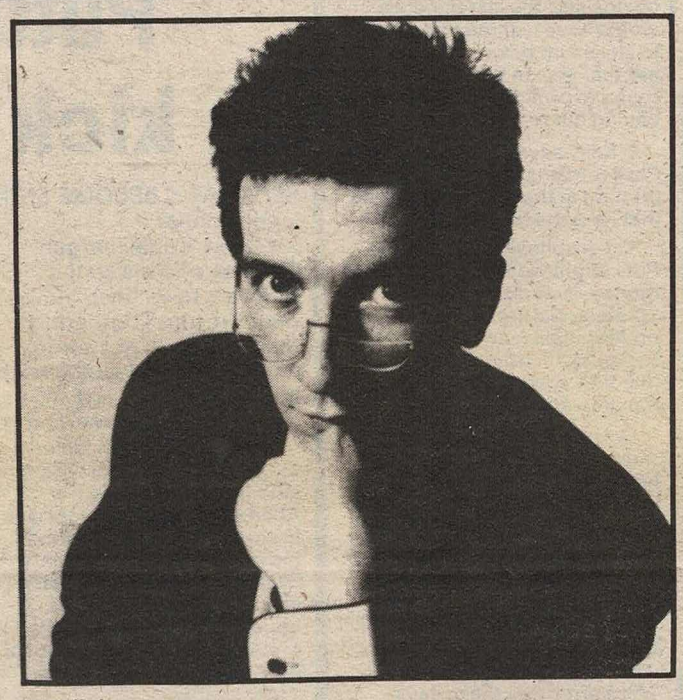
■ *Continues over*

Elvis in new glasses shock

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions are to headline a major early-autumn UK concert tour.

Newly returned from an extensive visit to Australasia, they leave for the States in mid-July for an eight-week tour, returning home only five days before the start of their British schedule — and all this intense activity aids promotion of 'Imperial Bedroom', their new album of "non-country music", released by F-Beat on July 2. They've so far confirmed 21 provincial dates, and details of their prestige London concerts will be announced next week.

Dates set are Southampton Gaumont (September 11), Oxford Apollo (12), Birmingham Bingley Hall (13), Sheffield City Hall (14), Manchester Apollo (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Aberdeen Capitol (18), Glasgow Tiffany's (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Scarborough Futurist (22), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (27), Brighton Dome (28), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (30),



Costello's new spex

Wolverhampton Civic Hall (October 1), Lancaster University (2), Bristol Locarno (4), Cardiff Top Rank (5) and Leeds University (6).

Ticket prices are £4.50 only (Derby, Southend and Leeds); £4 only (Birmingham, Glasgow, Hemel Hempstead, Wolverhampton, Lancaster, Bristol and Cardiff); and £4.50 and £4 (all other venues). They go on sale at box-office today (Thursday), with the following exceptions — Birmingham, Glasgow, Wolverhampton, Lancaster, Bristol and Cardiff (on sale from tomorrow, Friday); Sheffield (from this Saturday); Southend (from July 12); and Aberdeen and Brighton (date of sale not yet finalised).

There are a few extra ticket outlets for selected venues, as follows. BIRMINGHAM: Virgin Records and Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham) and Coventry Theatre; GLASGOW: Virgin, Lost Chord Records, Apollo Theatre and Listen Records (all in Glasgow); BRISTOL: Virgin, Rival Records and Revolver Records (all of Bristol); CARDIFF: Virgin and Spillers (Cardiff) and Dereks Records (Swansea and Port Talbot). Birmingham tickets may also be ordered by post from Costello Concerts, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — add 30p booking fee per ticket, enclose SAE and allow up to six weeks for delivery.

Sioux plays on — tour news P.37

Bunnies: lettuce play

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN this week announce plans for their first major UK tour, occupying the greater part of September. Following their Top 20 hit single 'The Back Of Love', the band are recording their third Korova album to coincide with the tour.

After a couple of dates in the Irish Republic — Cork (September 4) and Dublin (5) — they play Belfast Queen's University (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), Liverpool Empire (10), Manchester Apollo (12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Brighton Dome (15), Guildford Civic Hall (16), London Hammersmith Odeon (18), Ipswich Gaumont (19), Birmingham Odeon (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Sheffield City Hall (24), Lancaster University (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27) and Glasgow Tiffany's (28).

Tickets are priced £4 at Hammersmith and £3.50 elsewhere, and they're available now — except at Bristol, where they'll be on sale one month before the show. The band's only UK appearance prior to the tour is in the World of Music Art & Dance Festival at Shepton Mallet on July 17, but they will be playing a number of major European festivals next month, plus a weekend engagement in New York York (July 23-24) at the Peppermint Lounge.

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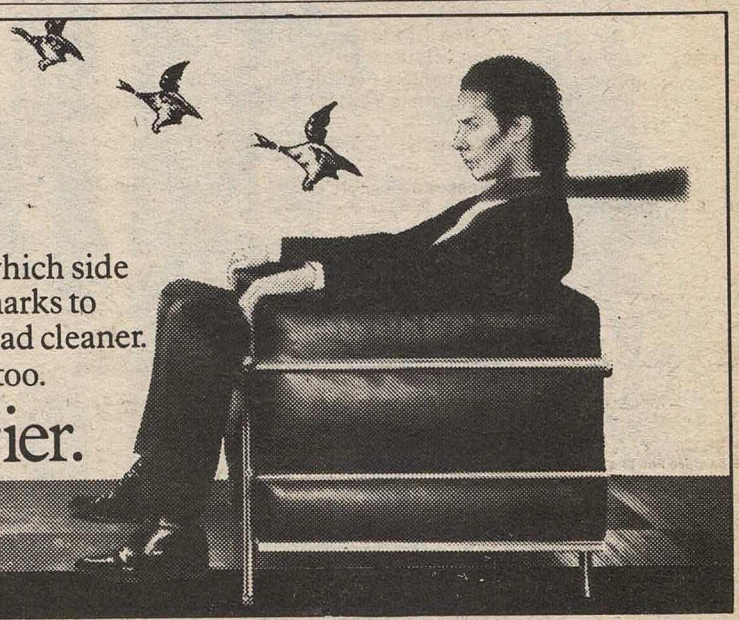

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First Straight Music, now Loasby ...

Rock promoters tumble

THE PRECARIOUS state of the music business has killed off two of the country's top concert promotion companies in little more than a month. But thanks to the flexibility of company law, both are being painlessly put to sleep while their principals — free of the old debts — get back to business.

John Curd's Straight Music was the first to go under following a demand by The Boomtown Rats for unpaid dues.

Now Kiltorch — another in the Rank Leisure list of top ten promoters — has taken a dive. Kiltorch was run by Paul Loasby. Like Curd he had no personal liability and has been able to reconstitute his ambitions under the banner of PLP.

Loasby told us this week that "several thousand pounds worth" of VAT debts were his undoing. No acts, no other parties, he says, are owed money. The Liquidation was "voluntary".

"In the early days," he says, "everything that moved I tried to promote. But then, to come out of nowhere (he worked for Harvey Goldsmith) and end up with Queen isn't bad."

En route to his recent Milton Keynes megatriumph, Loasby presented the likes of Al Stewart, Rainbow, Randy Crawford, George Benson, Hazel O'Connor, Peter Tosh, Black Sabbath and Elvis Costello. Precisely which of these acts amounted to his liquidating dross he wouldn't say, but he did express "great confidence" that PLP wouldn't flounder in the manner of Kiltorch.

Promoting today, he opined, required putting a hatful of money upfront for equipment, artist fees and hiring of venues with little aid from the majors, and "you need very, very good houses for it to pay off."

John Curd was in the US this week, unavailable for comment, but the demise of his Straight Music — according to an associate — was initially due to a whacking taken when Black Sabbath pulled out of last year's Port Vale concert at which they were due to support Motorhead. Damage accrued was said to be £100,000.

Stuart Lyon, a director of Curd's WXYZ Records label, explained: "John never really recovered from that blow. Promoting in the provinces is now on the floor. Every town in the provinces you play, you lose what you might make in London."

It was a claim for unpaid fees by The Boomtown Rats, said Lyon, that finally knocked the company into compulsory liquidation.

Curd had The Anti Nowhere League, Chron Gen, The Defects and Chelsea on the road when the 'final demand' came in, and that package looked doomed until Head Music — a publishing company run by one and the same John Curd — gallantly picked up the pieces.

Head, says Lyon, will handle new business while the receiver tears apart what remains of Straight.

Rats manager Fachtna O'Kelly confirmed that his group had claimed "several thousand pounds" for back fees but insists "the last thing we would have wanted to do was to close him down. It was another step in the process of trying to provoke him into paying our money."

O'Kelly says his respect for Curd remains staunch, "I thought at the time and I still do that he is the best promoter."

Yet despite their action, the Rats might well fail to get their money. First pickings go to "preferential creditors" — and preferentials tend to be Inland Revenue, Customs and Excise (the VAT collectors) and other top drawer institutions.

Lyon says he is sorry for those who might lose out "but it has happened to us a lot in the past" — and he blames artist greed and the 15 per cent VAT on tickets as the major puncture points in a continuing dread financial season.

"The Stones have just taken £2 million out of the market, which doesn't help," he says. "As a promoter these days you've got to be that much more selective. You can't afford to be quite so adventurous."

Curd will soon be bringing over Talking Heads — this time under the Head Music banner. Business, it seems, rolls on as before and there are hopes of scaling the old heights; up among the league of Rank promoters.

—ANDREW TYLER

The Pretenders at the Honeyman-Scott wedding, April '81

Honeyman-Scott

■ *From previous page*

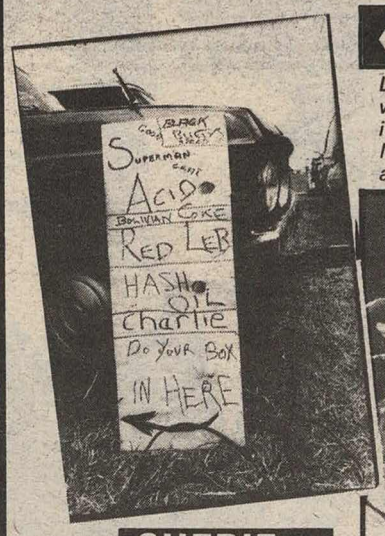
He was as happy to jam with Juice On The Loose in a local pub as he was to swap guitar lines with Bruce Springsteen, who encored with The Pretenders on their last American tour. Only a month ago, he fulfilled a lifelong ambition by playing with The Beach Boys.

His contribution to The Pretenders was a vital one. His guitar work and arrangements were a distinctive part of their sound, and no small factor in the music's popularity. Whatever their intentions, whether the band will be *able* to continue without him remains to be seen.

The other members of the band were "too shocked" to comment on the death, and Chrissie Hynde later flew to New York "just to get away from it all". She was expected to return for the funeral which was due to take place on Wednesday in Hereford.

Whatever happened to ...

HIPPY ENTREPRENEURS



Left: This fine piece of merchandising was to be found at last week's Stonehenge festival celebrating a significant movement in the skies. Note the way the sign blends into the environment. Note the way the owner blends into the environment. See him and win a free throbbing head. Pic: David Corio.

CHERIE CURRIE

Above: former Runaways singer Cherie Currie finds herself in a Mad Max style situation in her movie debut in 'Parasite' (reviewed page 20). When asked her views on working with movie giant Warner Bassfinder, Cherie commented: "I love rock'n'roll."

THE UNDERTONES

Putting a teenage kick back in Derry

SO WHAT'S BECOME of The Undertones?

Dulcet 'Tone Feargal Sharkey and his soul brothers have been biding their time and bothering themselves to put some effort, cash and kudos back into Ulster's scarred second city, their hometown Derry.

They've been working on a building of love: a recording studio sited in the town's Abercorn Road. It's important firstly because it's a positive move that gamely confronts Derry's youth culture chasm, and secondly because it's hopefully going to draw the province's latent talents out of their bedrooms and onto a wider stage.

Supersound Studios in its present eight-track form was originally Feargal's brainchild, but the idea of having such a studio goes back some time, it being a constant aggravation to the 'Tones that there was nowhere in Derry they could properly rehearse or set down ideas for their own songs. A fruitless round of enquiries over two years located only 3,000 sq ft of floorspace in a disused air hangar, but eventually a suitable settlement was found in an old bakery and shirt factory, and after £20,000 worth of investment by the group themselves it's now a well-equipped, fully operational professional recording set-up with plans for 16-track expansion, and with every group in a 20 mile radius of 'Derry on its work sheet.

In fact the push and shove for its unique £3 an hour facilities is so great, says Feargal, that a roster is going to have to be set up to organise demand. But its services are open to anyone and indeed a local recording engineer is badly needed to run affairs when the 'Tones are away.

Work on the project began just before last Christmas after an unsparing ten months of touring and recording that, on completion, saw the band sick of the sight of each other, and it seems that chipping into the studio stiffened their resolve and cemented some straining relations.

So far there's no specific label, just a cheap and high quality recording service that's the only one of its type in the country. Though the emphasis isn't really on fame and fortune but on encouragement and giving bands something to work towards, Feargal stresses that if any startling new talent are unearthed they can be smartly transferred to The Undertones' own Ardeck Records. The band themselves have just completed a number of demoed songs at Supersound as guidelines for a new album.

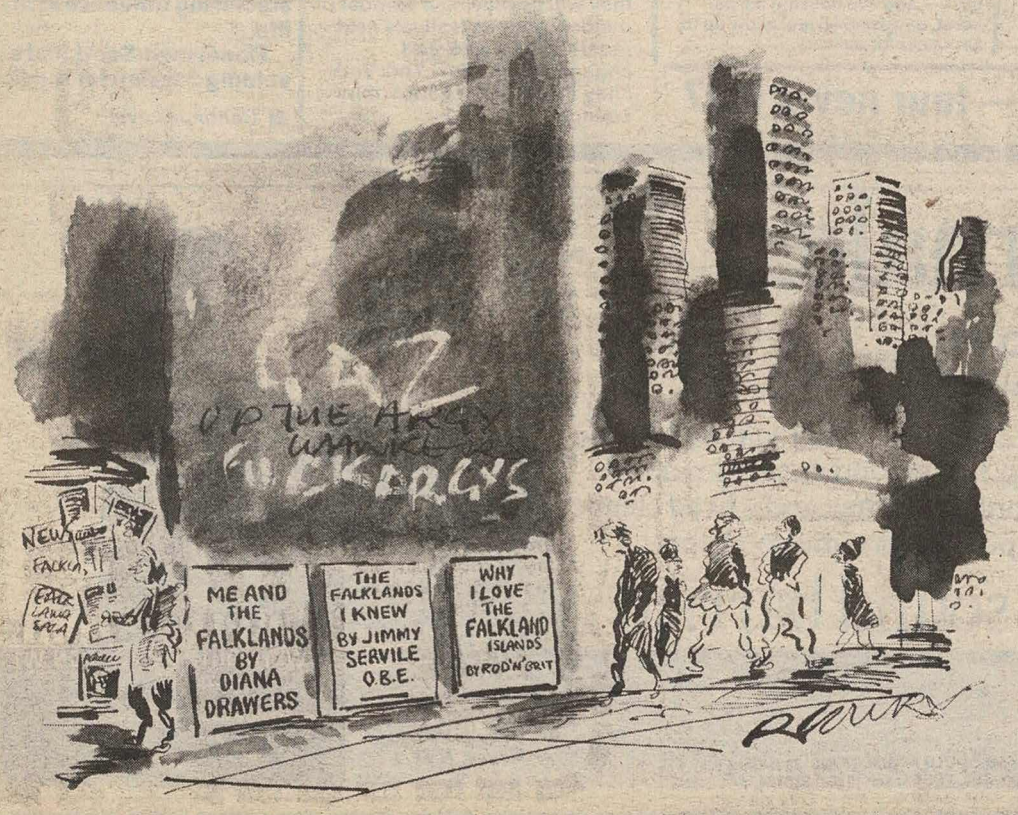
"There's bugger all in this place," says Feargal. "Derry needs people who'll forget about their pockets for once, and Derry people need to be educated because unless they see someone's been on *Top Of The Pops* they won't go to watch bands. We get to play local places cos we can pull the crowds and make some money, and Declan McGonagle, the manager of the local council gallery, puts some groups on, but otherwise people just can't pay three quid to see bands. But we don't mind spending money if we know it's going to *work*."

That's pop power. That's The Undertones.

—ADRIAN MADDOX

FALKLANDS LOOKING BACK

Lowry


UP THE ARGY
FUCKERS
NEWS
FALKLANDS
ME AND THE FALKLANDS BY DIANA DRAWERS
THE FALKLANDS I KNEW BY JIMMY SERVILE O.B.E.
WHY I LOVE THE FALKLAND ISLANDS BY ROD 'N' GRIT

"Imagine this wineglass is a bunch of BBC cameramen, the ashtray is the ITV crew, this packet of cigarettes is the Express team, that beer mug is the Mirror reporters ..."

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

BELLE STARS

EDITED HIGHLIGHTS

Belle Stars L-R: Jenny, Stella, Judy, Clare, Lesley, S-J, and secretive Miranda. Pic: Simon Fowler

JUDY BELLESTAR

HOBBIES

Drinking
Reading palms
Doing accounts
Plotting graphs
Making a noise

BOOKS

The Good Soldier Schweik — Joseph Hasek
The Outsider — Albert Camus
Catch 22 — Joseph Heller
Gormenghast trilogy — Mervyn Peake
The Castle — Kafka
Lord Of The Flies — William Golding
Beginning Logic — P J Lemmon
The Black Hole — Fred Hoyle

AMBITION

To make a scientific breakthrough

SARAH-JANE OWEN

SINGERS

Kokomo vocalists
James Brown
David Byrne
Grandmaster Flash
Joe Strummer
Brian Setzer
Joni Mitchell
Miranda Joyce

READERS

The Man Who Fell To Earth — Walter Tevis
The Illustrated Man — Ray Bradbury
The Incredible Journey — Jules Verne
Vogue
Cosmopolitan, Honey, 19, Over 21
The Sunday supplement

CLARE HIRST

TV SHOWS

Muppet Show
Rhubarb & Custard
Not The Nine O'Clock News
Captain Pugwash
Coronation Street

RECORDS

Memorial — Eric Dolphy
Electric Spanking Of War Babies — Funkadelic
Are You Glad To Be In America — James Blood Ulmer
A Love Supreme — Coltrane

FOOD

Mostly rabbit food — carrots, salad, cheese
Alcohol (large whisky & dry please)
Salt & vinegar crisps

STELLA BARKER

FILMS

Metropolis — Fritz Lang (1924)
Eraserhead — David Lynch (1977)
The Enigma Of Kaspar Hauser — Werner Herzog (1976)
The Seven Beauties — Lina Wertmuller (1976)
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
Ryan's Daughter (1970)
Walkabout — Nicolas Roeg (1970)
Psycho / The Birds — Hitchcock (1960/63)
The Tramp — Chaplin (1918)
La Bonne Annee (1964)
Mad Max II (1981)
Whatever Happened To Baby Jane? (1962)
Cousin Cousine (1976)

BUILDINGS

Beaubourg in Paris
Hoover factory, Alperton
Hyatt Regency, San Francisco

PEOPLE

Bette Midler
Alexei Sayle
Kevin Turvey
Lily Tomlin
Bet Lynch

JENNY BELLESTAR

DISLIKES

People picking their noses
Bad smells
Crossroads
Men who don't get to the point
Guys trying to impress

LIKES

The boyfriend (Chrissy Foreman)
Baths
Showers
Nice smells
Coronation Street
Old movies
Outer Limits
Scala Cinema
Mirrors
Good looking people
Music
Loud noise

ENGLISH RESTAURANT

"Tillys" in Camden Town. All the Belle Stars go there. George Tilly is the best pie-maker I know and does huge servings of gravy.

INDONESIAN RESTAURANT

"Bali" in Edgware Road, W1. They do a great line in Singapore laksas, gado, satay and keow teow. If you're really hungry you can always try their 16 courses downstairs.

LESLEY BELLESTAR

SINGERS /BANDS

Chaka Khan
Larry Graham
Diane Birch (Kokomo)
Stevie Wonder
Kid Creole
Motorhead

ACTOR /ACTRESSES

Bette Davis
Rod Steiger
Donald Sutherland
Gene Wilder
Walter Matthau
Woody Allen
Margaret Rutherford

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CLOSED MONDAYS

Art Pepper dies

ART PEPPER, one of the true greats of modern jazz saxophone, died from a cerebral haemorrhage last week, three months short of his 57th birthday. Though he played and recorded prolifically in his last years, his health had long since been ruined by addiction (he remained on methadone to the end). But it's hard to accept he's gone.

Pepper had come to symbolise the cadence, spirit and resilience of jazz. He was, for many, the greatest alto saxophonist to emerge from the legion of post-Parker players: the standard of inspiration he set remained a marvel.

Born in Los Angeles in 1925, he spent his first significant tenure with the Stan Kenton Orchestra in the '40s and later became a stalwart of the West Coast/Cool grouping in the mid-50s.

His alto sound tore through glib felicities and cut to an emotional quick — a formal, lemony tone, a terse struggle between vulnerability and strength and a uniquely skidding rhythmic impetus set him apart. He undertook improvisations of extraordinary daring.

But the realities of his life, as recounted in the compulsively confessional autobiography *Straight Life,* conspired to almost destroy that inspiration: 12 years of prison for various narcotics offences, two broken marriages and long cycles of illness and rehabilitation made any survival of his gifts remarkable.

After a brilliant series of albums for Contemporary in the late '50s, Pepper went 15 years without a proper record date before astounding the jazz world with his comeback 'Living Legend' LP in 1975.

Even then he was slow to secure patronage; but once word finally spread (assisted by his work on the soundtracks of Clint Eastwood's *The Enforcer* and *The Gauntlet*), Pepper's reputation was restored after a decade in limbo. His many records for Contemporary and Galaxy since (not forgetting the two albums with Milcho Leviev for our indigenous Mole Records, both lauded in these pages) found his talents resoundingly intact; and somewhat to his bewilderment he discovered himself the recipient of waves of affection across the world.

From the great store of masterpieces I would select two moments, 18 years apart. From a 1957 date ('The Way It Was!') his favourite ballad, 'What's New?' — an already gorgeous melody made ruefully bittersweet by a breathtaking series of variations. His closing phrases sound like the very cry of love itself. And from 'Living Legend', the harrowing 'Lost Life' which he wrote in San Quentin, a transfixing evocation of the wasteland brought about by heroin addiction.

His first return here in 1978 engendered a hero's welcome; his last, at the 1981 Capital Jazz Festival, haunts me still. After a fine set he walked shakily offstage and I looked into the eyes of a shattered man. A closing passage from his book is moving in its resignation and determination: "Physically, emotionally, I can't work very much. I can't take much pressure, but I do have to survive, and I do still want to play. But I want to be more than just a 'jazz player' playing. I want to make the people forget the categories and hear what's really happening. I want to make them feel the joy and the sadness. I want them to open up and listen."

As a tribute, Marty Paich, an old colleague from West Coast days asserted: "When Art plays, it's all, all the time. I never heard him lay back at any time and that, to me, is an honest musician."

— RICHARD COOK

Art Pepper at the 1981 Capital Jazz Festival. Pic: Peter Anderson

ADRIAN THRILLS introduces The French Impressionists

JAZZ WITHOUT THE SUPERIORITY

THERE IS something a little odd about Malcolm Fisher of The French Impressionists. In the steamy lunchtime rush of the Sauchiehall Street cafe where we are discussing the music and motives of the four young Scots, Malcolm seems to create his own time and space.

With his dry humour and rustic dress sense — tidy thrift shop threads topped off by a pale paisley cravat — this lean Glaswegian pianist and songsmith could be the son of some bygone bohemian age. Just as August Darnell could have been time-warped into the modern world from the Manhattan of the '40s, so Malcolm sometimes seems as if he belongs in a forgotten era or puritan elegance. He certainly appears considerably older than his professed 24 years.

He sees himself — not too seriously — as a man of leisure seeking an education in the arts, a man with time and talent on his hands.

His conversation is flavoured with bizarre facts and a hint of blatant fantasy. Towards the end of our talk, he teases me with a tall tale of how he met the other three Impressionists — singer Louise Ness, drummer Barry Ross and bassist Paul Yacoubian — at a chess tournament, a grouse shoot and an antiques fair. And as for how he stumbled on the band name . . .

"I was racking my brains trying to come up with a chord sequence for one of our songs when I found myself in this antiquated bookshop where I unearthed this book called *Play Jazz*. There was a piece in it by that old French muso Debussy on 'impressionist' chords. I became obsessed with the sound of them and that's how I struck on the name for the band."

This interest in the fine arts is played deliberately down, however.

"I have got the odd arty book at home, but I only keep them on a coffee table basis. I look at the pictures from time to time. The original impressionist art gives us something that we can incorporate into our own artwork for the band, modernising and updating it to an extent. I like the French art and music of that period . . . it's a whole new area to plagiarise!"

THE PREVIOUS evening The French Impressionists had played their fifth live date at the newly-opened Venue in the centre of Glasgow. It had been a mixed affair. Their tastefully tuneful songs are impeccably performed, but the group lack the urgency and drive to project them properly on a club stage and they were upstaged *on the night* by the four polka-dotted femmes of the support band Strawberry Switchblade.

The French Impressionists cannot really be seen at their best in the context of a rock gig, but they were to redeem themselves a few days later in their London debut at the Grapes wine bar in Islington, where the fine and mellow moods of their music were allowed to flow more freely.

The group claim to be a reaction to the cacophony of much modern music. Inspired by a remarkably wide span of source material, from Judy Garland to George Gershwin, Irving Berlin to the early

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PAUL MORLEY listens to the radio radio

Andy Peebles said at first he thought Costello on

ANYONE WHO is asked by a man with a microphone what it was like to realise that your child was being born as you rammed in that winning goal or what it was like to take your first bite of Turkish Delight or is it really that interesting to have sex with your schoolteacher or is it much cop to sail on the QE2 from Southampton to the Antarctic to fight for the freedom of a grand little nation will ineviatably answer, "Well, y'know, it's unbelievable . . . words can't explain it."

Of course, words *can* explain it, and it is entirely believable — but in a world of *Sounds, Star* and our boys' own *Sun,* words are dying their death each and every day. Words could explain it, if they were still around.

A little while ago many of us would have stated, all of a frown, that Radio One was doing its unwise and wealthy bit to contribute to this mass killing of words — not long ago the Radio One vocabulary was all of 78 words. These days it's at least ten times that, and Radio One is more radical and enriching than *Melody Maker, Sounds, Record Mirror* and *The Face* put together!

It says a lot about Radio One that Elvis Costello — a song and dance man who's done his best bit to keep words *going* — is happier to have a chat with Steve Wright than with me or Ian or Barney or Chris. Elvis knows that Radio One isn't *cool* and that you don't have to watch your back. He'd rather gossip than rip apart the seams of his songs. (if only he'd realise that me and Ian aren't cool and that we'd rather gossip!) Elvis — a happy kind of guy — is better suited in 1982 to the *fresh* and friendly environment of Radio One than the stuffy music papers.

So . . . you've a day off school because your teacher is having her first baby and you're listening to Steve Wright — right! — and Wright is natte[illegible]g to himself with that idiotic articulacy common to [illegible]e Radio One DJ, Bob Dylan in conversation with Ralph J. Gleason, and Erich Fromm, and suddenly he's wishing, oh wishing that Elvis Costello was sitting next to him.

Radio One DJs do a lot of wishing — they wish they were Cliff Richard, they wish they were Kenny Dalglish, they wish they were on the beach, they wish they knew the answer to *that* question — but mostly they do this to keep our minds *hopeful.* Keep wishing, you lovely ones! But, cutely enough, Elvis *is* sat next to Steve: can words explain it?

ELVIS COSTELLO is hosting this week's *Roundtable* whilst Dicky Skinner visits the beach or whatever. He drops in — a radio term — on Steve Wright's Friday show taking a break from the preparation for his very own *'table.* So Steve's wish comes true. What is Elvis's wish? To be friendly, it seems.

Costello selected his own *'table* cast — Alf of Yazoo,

PAPER HEART
ROBERT KING
PRE 23

Fishing for a left bank chic style caption — Impressionists L—R: Louise, Barry, Malcolm, Paul and angling acquaintance. Pic: Peter Anderson.

COMPLEX

Beatles, they reflect more than most the renewed respect for The Song. All they ask is for you to put your ears at ease and enjoy the melody.

"People keep trying to tell use that we're a jazz band," says Malcolm. "But we don't specifically play jazz. It is just popular music with tinges of jazz and classical. I've always tried to write good songs with good tunes, some of which might use jazz as a source but no more.

"It's just the sort of music that we have a feel for. I wasn't brought up listening to rock. I was brought up listening to music like jazz, so it wouldn't be *us* if we tried to play rock music."

The Impressionists, though, are keen to steer clear of the snobbish trappings of the 'new' jazz with its barely-veiled superiority complex. You won't find them underestimating pop.

"It's not as if we don't like what's in the chart at the moment," continues Malcolm. "There's some great pop around right now. The last ABC and Spandau singles have been great songs. What we are trying to do is strike a balance between the disposability of pop and something more enduring. We're not rebelling against pop . . . we all go out to discos and dance away. Between the four of us, we're probably into everything.

"The snobbery that surrounds a lot of jazz is just insincerity more than anything else. It's the sort of snobbery that used to be associated with classical music in the past. We'll probably be compared with a lot of the new jazz groups because it's an easy handle, but I don't want to identify too strongly with it.

"A group like Pigbag put the emphasis on instrumental improvisation and a dance beat, whereas we put the emphasis on the song and melody. We'll probably be compared with some of the groups that play at Club Left too, although we're less of a sophisticated, cabaret thing than they are."

An early incarnation of the Impressionists was featured on last year's Belgian compilation 'The Fruits Of The Original Sin' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule). Their song 'Guardian Angel' was written by Malcolm with the help of Edwyn Collins of Orange Juice and Paul Quinne of Bourgy Bourgy, who also sang on the track. With two members of Aztec Camera providing the rhythm section for the session, The French Impressionists were initially very much part of Alan Horne's Postcard pack.

Various reshuffles saw the introduction of Paul and Barry, a succession of female singers and a gradual shift away from Postcard. The ensemble only began to solidify, however, with the arrival of Louise's sweet syncopation. A former hairdresser and dancer, Louise brought her own colour to a band who might otherwise appear a shade too earnest and academic.

"I heard about them through my boyfriend," explains the vocalist. "It sounded like the sort of music that I might like. I love old films and musicals and I'd been a collector of soundtrack albums for years. I'd never sung properly before, but I felt that you can do anything if you put your mind to it, so I decided to give it a go.

"I love just running and doing things. I'd rather do something like this that I really enjoy than spend my life getting no real satisfaction from a boring job. I'd do this for love, even if it means not making a great living."

Malcolm, a little older and worldy-wiser, begs to differ.

"We'd rather be in the position where we can make a living out of this. The record companies we've seen in London say that there isn't really a market for what we are doing, but we know the market is already there. It's the sort of music that should be able to appeal to anyone. Most people that I know are really into this sort of stuff. We should be able to appeal to people of all ages and backgrounds."

THE IMPRESSIONISTS' music probably needs to be toughened up for the sake of accessibility, although such a move could conceivably destroy their delicate balance of jazz sensitivity and pop precision.

"I think we've got our own style which should come across through our songs in time," says Malcolm. "Surely the quality is the important thing. We've got a pretty natural acoustic sound as opposed to the usual electronic and electric bands around at the moment. We've got our basic foundation. I would agree that we need a bit of outside help now to make it a bit more accessible, a producer to add a few more modern touches."

For the time being, however, the French Impressionists are developing at their own pastoral pace with a debut single 'A Selection Of Songs' (Crepuscule 12") due out at the end of next month. They are at pains to point out that it is not an EP but a *selection* of their live set, featuring the four songs 'Pick Up The Rhythm', 'Blue Skies', 'Since You've Been Away' and 'Theme From Walking Home', with no one song given particular emphasis.

The record is a taste of the group at their most raw, minus the polish and perfection that a producer might have been able to add. The disc is far from the ultimate Impressionist article, but as an introduction to the band, it allows their promise and potential to shine through.

Besides, since when has any Impressionist been definitive?

Roundtable was Tony Blackburn. That friendly . . .

Tony Visconti of Bolan and Bowie but the rest are crap, and Martin Fry. "It's just an excuse," he tells Steve about his chairmanship, "to meet all the people that I want to meet . . . like Martin Fry!" It's not necessarily unbelievable that Elvis so much wanted to meet Martin, but it's an interesting turn-up for somebody's book.

Elvis's selection reveals that: he knows a good voice when he hears one (Alf), he has an idea about what makes up a pop legend (Visconti) and he's quick to recognise anyone standing close who wants to keep words *coming* and going (Fry).

Elvis was *friendly* and competent but no catalyst — was he in awe of Martin, or just under the table with him? Alf, a real mystery I always feel, was supremely confident, Martin regularly polished off a few crispily fried quips — always the very best *corn* oil — and I can't remember anything about Tony Visconti, except he'd produced one of the records played, John Hiatt, which I was just dying for someone to say was *tedious cotton wad.* What was needed was somebody like . . . well, somebody like me, to chase these blues singers (and the man who is forgotten) away into 'controversy'. This really is what Radio One *is* missing: a sense of controversy, which is really just honesty.

The thing abour class artists is that they're reluctant to slag off other artists. Why should they? It's none of their business really. So when Elvis and his party got to the duff records there was just gentle sarcasm or muffled laughter.

Mostly Elvis — a friendly, positive person — had picked records that were likely to be enjoyed. Something like REO Speedwagon was just thrown in for the muffled laugh: Speedwagon was mugged, McCartney was shrugged at. Hot Chocolate, Bananarama, Beautiful Americans, Everything But The Girl, Laurie Anderson, Linx were hugged. Bobby Womack, justly, was just about the favourite. And the featured LP, a turn-up for somebody else's book, was the new Joe Jackson.

After the fruit panel had been polite and admiring about what Joe was getting into, the real man himself just happened to be on the phone. Jackson and Costello had a conversation that appeared to consist of no words at all: an interview? I don't think so — see, it ain't easy, friendly El. "When are you going to let me interview you?" asked Joe. Elvis was momentarily lost. "Oh, that'll happen next time," he chuckled, quickly finding himself: "Well, hopefully that will put an end to the non-existent feud between the two of us."

Andy Peebles started his show after Costello's *Roundtable* saying that at first he thought Elvis was Tony Blackburn: he was friendly enough certainly. For me Costello was more like Richard Baker: there's only one thing that suits Elvis better than Radio One and that's Radio Four. Costello hosting *Start The Week*, or a quiz show featuring Willie Rushton, Nigel Rees, Martin Fry and Ned Sherrin, now that would be . . . unbelievable.

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RAP
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NEW SINGLE OUT NOW ON INNER VISION RECORDS No IVL A 2442 AVAILABLE IN PICTURE SLEEVE ALSO ON 12 INCH No IVL A 13 2442

AMRIK RAI sees Chron Gen getting impatient for their ride on the rock machine. But he knows — and they know — that the 'Chronic Generation' LP won't get them past the first stop . . .

Chron Gen — one day they'll be bigger than the Rolling Stones! (if they were now, we could have all these captions like "Chron Gen — Their Satanic Majesties Request Stop" or "Chron Gen — Gimme Shelter" or "Chron Gen — Goin' To A-Depot", but they're not, so . . .) Chron Gen — L-R: Glynn, John, Floyd and Eric. Pic: Peter Anderson.

"WHAT TIME'S THE GRAVY TRAIN DUE AROUND HERE?"

"PAUL McCARTNEY earns 56,000 dollars a day and Chron Gen are hot on his heels. We might only be on thirty quid a week at the moment . . . but we'll catch the bastard someday."

John Johnson, the Chron Gen drummer, pursues the dream of 'making it' with a singlemindedness only slightly diluted by a self-effacing humour. He smiles and shakes a head bristling with blond spikes at these ludicrous imaginings — yet still returns to the subject with clockwork frequency. As Floyd, the guitarist, later explains:

"John wants to be rich and famous. He's been in the band four years now and I suppose it's only natural to lose a few ideals and become a bit narrow-minded when you're playing this sort of music. All the best intentions in the world can get soured by years of touring and releasing records."

I ARRIVE in Hitchin, Chron Gen's home base, armed with a belt studded with praise for a recent stunning live performance and boots laced with criticism for the dreadfully chronic first album.

As damning a testimony to the stilted ritual of punk '82 as anything The Exploited or Discharge could have dreamed up, 'Chronic Generation consists of twelve slices of grinding punk rant extolling the virtues of violence and tribalism ('Rockabill'), changing systems and phoney individualism ('You'll Never Change Me'). The gaping disparity between a record breathing stale, sordid despair and a live performance charged with irrespressible vitality demands explanation — and the burden of accountability inevitably descends squarely onto the hunched shoulders of vocalist, guitarist and songwriter Glynn Barber.

"I had a feeling you'd ask something like that. I've got this all worked out, this section's called 'In The Beginning . . .', isn't it?

"The point is that everyone dismisses Chron Gen as being just another one of those fresh/new young punk bands that've popped up from nowhere after listening to the Pistols four years too late . . . and it's all *crap!* We started Chron Gen when we were 14 (they're 19 now) and I played drums and John sang. When you're that old you don't think about anything, you just go and do it.

"I wrote the songs on the first album, songs like 'You Make Me Spew' and 'LSD', because that's what I thought punk was all about. They seemed like the right sort of things to say, and we said them for years without getting anywhere apart from playing in Letchworth and Stevenage in front of a load of mates. Then suddenly you got the revival and somehow we managed to get caught up in it all, just as we were changing and starting to think about a lot of other things.

"We got booked fourth on the bill with Anti Pasti and The Exploited . . . and suddenly everything was so different. We did a tour with them, got a record deal and BANG! The fact that we were younger than a lot of the other groups and keen as hell to do the album meant that we didn't really think about anything else. In the end there was only enough money for five days in the studio, five bleedin' days, and all we could do was to go in there and put down the songs we'd been doing for years. They were the only ones we could play well enough.

"OK, so you want to give the album a bollockin'. Go ahead — but how can you say we were wrong to grab a chance that for so long had seemed impossible? It was like a fucking dream."

So what have Chron Gen got to say that's valid in 1982?

Floyd: "Whatever we say, I think that it's important that if you've got the privilege of getting up on a stage before 2000 people then you should have the guts to say something worthwhile and intelligent."

John: "That's crap. You don't have to say anything. I don't want to teach people anything. I just want to go out there and entertain."

Floyd: "Yeah, but there's a difference between entertaining in a bland way and actually saying something worthwhile while you're entertaining."

John: "But the way you want to teach them makes you sound better than you are. You can't treat them like shit, they're the people that buy your records."

Floyd: "I still think it's important that what's happening in 1982 is reflected in our music. I mean it'd be great if, fifty years from now, someone could pick up a record and say 'That's what it was like in 1982'. All these things, like the CND and the state of the country, are things that need to be said. It doesn't matter if a lot of bands are saying the same things, at least they're being said."

John: "Let's change the subject. I hate talking about the fuckin CND or politics or fuckin' religion. It's only gonna cause an argument."

BY FAR the most articulate of the Chronics, Floyd shows considerable restraint during the interview. He's only been with the band since the most recent tour and stresses that it's not his right to play a predominant role in group discussions. But later on in the pub, when the others have left and he's more relaxed, the

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Natty Cultural Club

JEREMIAH FANTAYZEE:
Artful Dodgy Dreadee

black-haired guitarist talks easily about himself and Chronic Generation.

He's a vegetarian, wears an inverted cross around his neck and has done a fair share of travelling abroad. The notion of being a cosmopolitian, diabolist vegetarian appeals to Floyd's sense of humour.

"I'm a vegetarian but I still eat cheese and eggs. It's really difficult, but where the slaughter of animals is concerned I'm totally against it . . . and yet to survive, I've still got to eat things like that. Like punks wear leather jackets and they don't really think about where they come from. I don't wear leathers myself but then again it could be quite alright if they were made using animals that had died naturally."

Floyd stands out as the only member of the band to deviate from the obligatory biker's jacket, preferring to blanket his gangly frame with a shabby green mac.

"I get a lot of stick from punks about not wearing a jacket, but the rest of the band don't give a toss. We're trying to be getting away from that sort of thing anyway."

How do your views relate to the rest of Chron Gen?

"Well, you heard that argument with John. It's good really to have things that we disagree about 'cos that keeps the friction and energy going in the group. Glynn's getting to be a really good writer now, but the only problem is that the general attitude of the band is that 'We're not a political band' sort of thing. Everyone's afraid of being dragged into a 'political-band' rut. But when Glynn's writing songs that are relevant to what's happening today then there's no use in saying that your're nothing to do with politics. The typical Chron Gen audience is obviously going to be really young so instead of being afraid to say something there should be a real sense of satisfaction that you're actually saying something worthwhile."

How different do you think Chron Gen are going to be in the next year or so?

"The stuff we're doing now is quite a big change for us. I mean, Glynn's musical background is mainly in rock and it's coming to the time now when he's competent enough to translate those influences and actually change the sound. Personally, I'm just glad we're going to get out of the punk routine and get a much wilder audience.

"One of the new songs is about uniforms, you know, punk, heavy metal and disco. It all stemmed from when Glynn went to see Iron Maiden and there were all these idiots just staring at him. It just shows how exclusive all these groups are really.

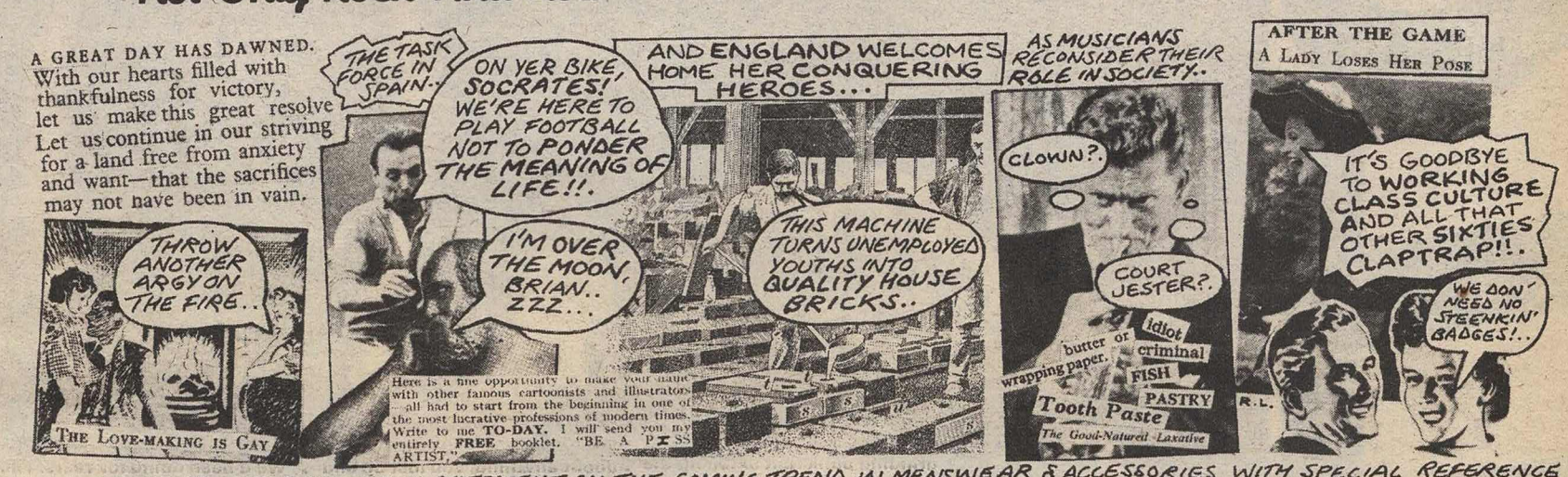
"It was the same on the tour we've just done with The Anti Nowhere League. They've got a pretty bad reputation for being outrageous and yet if you looked at the audiences we got, they all looked exactly the same. It worries me when I think about it (punk) these days, it's all so tame and controlled. There's just no room for outrageousness in that sort of situation . . . the most outrageous thing about the League was their 1½-hour soundchecks.

"Anyway, what do you think about the new Chron Gen sound? Did you like the tape we played?"

The four tracks I heard, three of which will be Chron Gen's new single, were a mild revelation. Discarding almost completely the hereditary punk thrash, they've branched out and created a melange of (very) musical styles. Rock, pop, disco, reggae and even, they say, psychedelia figure to some degree in the new Chronic sound.

Chron Gen stand ready to throw away the punky blinkers and utilise that cranked-up vitality, displayed with stunning effect in the live arena, to kick up a storm in a broader rock world. The next generation . . .

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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With our hearts filled with thankfulness for victory, let us make this great resolve Let us continue in our striving for a land free from anxiety and want—that the sacrifices may not have been in vain.
THROW ANOTHER ARGY ON THE FIRE..
THE LOVE-MAKING IS GAY
THE TASK FORCE IN SPAIN..
ON YER BIKE, SOCRATES! WE'RE HERE TO PLAY FOOTBALL NOT TO PONDER THE MEANING OF LIFE!!.
I'M OVER THE MOON, BRIAN.. ZZZ...
AND ENGLAND WELCOMES HOME HER CONQUERING HEROES...
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WE DON' NEED NO STEENKIN' BADGES!..
R.L.

NEXT WEEK: TOWARD A DEFINITIVE STATEMENT ON THE COMING TREND IN MENSWEAR & ACCESSORIES WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO JONATHAN KING'S HEAD AS A DOORSTOP. The beautiful young daughter of the house meets the new librarian, who happens to be a lovely full breasted girl not much older than (CONT.)

The Lone Groover — Benyon

HMM—BRIAN FERRY SAYS TH'DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ARTIST AND AN ENTERTAINER IS THAT TH'ARTIST CARES MORE ABOUT HIS WORK THAN TH'AUDIENCE...
HEY GROOVER!! I AIN'T COMIN' TO NO MORE OF YOUR GIGS—Y'PLAY SO BLEEDIN' LOUD I'M GOIN' DEAF!! — Y'PLAY IN SMALL STINKIN' CLUBS WITH NO BARS, NO BOGS, NO NUTHIN'... AN' Y'ONLY PLAY FOR TEN MINUTES.....
YEAH!... WELL ON YOUR BIKE LEAD HEAD—I DON'T GIVE A DAMN—SO SLING YOUR HOOK!!
RIGHT!!
—FOR GODSAKES, MAN, THAT DUDE WAS YOUR AUDIENCE— Y'JUST DON'T CARE!
ERK ALORS!! I'M AN ARTIST!!

wham!
RAP!
ENJOY WHAT YOU DO!
Hell I ain't never gonna work
Get down in the dirt
I choose to cruise
Gonna live my life sharp as a knife
I found my groove and I just can't lose
A.1. style from head to toe
Cool cat flash gonna let you know
I'm a Soul Boy I'm a Dole Boy!
Take pleasure in leisure I believe in joy

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YELLO

DIETER MEIER

Would you buy a secondhand concept off this man? ANDY GILL explains why you should place your trust in eccentric performance artist DIETER MEIER — the man who brought the sound of a Pygmy elephant-hunt into a group called YELLO, a most influencial synthi-pop trio. Photos ANTON CORBIJN.

SET IN THE pavement outside the railway station at Kassel, West Germany, is an iron plate exactly one metre square bearing the legend "On 23.3.1994 between 3-4pm Dieter Meier will be standing on this plate". The plate is a continuing source of puzzlement to tourists and locals alike.

DIETER MEIER is Swiss. Of that, there is no doubt. I think. At least, that's what it says on his passport — though he exudes a kind of suave, cosmopolitan statelessness that makes a mockery of biographical "facts".

He travels a lot; to New York, London, Rome, Oslo, and Rio de Janiero, usually. The last time I met him was in Berlin, for the premiere of a film he'd written and directed called *Jetzt Und Alles* (literal translation: "Now And Everything", although its English title is the more prosaic *Take It All*).

A kidnap thriller/mystery/musical, the film's a more than merely creditable first stab at a full-length feature, especially for someone whose only previous film-making experience was as a contributor to various avant garde festivals. (You know the kind of thing — austere, out-of-focus monochrome flickers and solarised prints of horses running in circles. Fun stuff, for sure).

The biggest mystery about *Jetzt Und Alles* is how the director managed to raise the half-million big ones necessary to take the project off paper and onto screen. But then, Dieter Meier's had plenty of experience in getting oddball projects off the ground.

Come to that, he's had more than his fair share of oddball ideas.

THAT PLATE, for instance. That was Dieter's contribution to one of the *Documenta* exhibitions of modern conceptual art, where otherwise rational people drill enormous holes in the ground, sit in bathtubs of rotting meat for days on end, or fill art galleries with lard and turn up the heating, then sell the justification in the form of documentation to collectors with more money than mental processes.

Getting a dirty great cast-iron plate was, apparently, a piece of piss compared to the behind-the-scenes machinations necessary to get the West German Railway Board to agree to have the damn thing embedded there for a decade or two. Well, have *you* ever argued with a German bureaucrat?

Then there was the occasion when Dieter set up stall in a New York street, offering to buy "Yes" or "No" for a dollar a time. Several hundred people queued up to say yes or no, and received in return a dollar and a certificate with a little polaroid photo of them, stating that they'd sold him the word. Dieter recorded the whole thing, then rented a gallery, blacked out the windows, turned off the lighting, and had the recording piped into the room. By all accounts, it's quite disturbing to walk into a darkened room and hear disembodied voices solemnly intoning "No . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . No . . . Yes . . . No . . ." endlessly.

Not a particularly cost-effective kind of enterprise, you'd imagine, but there's always someone willing to foot the bill for professional daftness. It's just a matter of persuading them they're buying something important. Ask Gilbert & George . . .

One of Dieter's more sensible ideas — the selling of Swiss lager to the Americans — has so far failed to get off the ground. Dieter and his secretary Peter went into this in a very businesslike fashion, doing the necessary market research, lining up suppliers, copyrighting the brand-name *Matterhorn* "a very clean, crisp and typically Swiss name" — and printing up the labels. But the brewers backed out at the last moment, figuring that if there actually *was* a market for the stuff, they might as well sell it themselves.

Another fairly sensible idea that Dieter's involved in is Yello, and that's what concerns us here.

YELLO — NOTHING to do with colour, more a kind of yelled hello — is a Swiss synthi-pop outfit with a difference or two, with whom Dieter shouts, mutters, mumbles, declaims, and generally makes every vocal sound short of singing. Dieter's co-conspirators in Yello are synthesist Boris Blank, who makes the music, and Carlos Peron, nominally "tapes and effects", but more a kind of musical ideas man and co-producer.

Boris and Carlos, who both look more Latin American than Swiss, first met at a car-crushing plant, where they'd each gone to tape the sound of cars being crushed. Regular guys, the pair of 'em. Snappy dressers, too.

Yello music is an individual and oft astonishing blend of atmospheric pop which has a full awareness of The Peripheral, those sounds, activities and emotions occurring away from the mainstream which, when introduced into the mainstream, can alter it in ways that only become clear years later. Without the Kraftwerks of this world, for instance, there can be no Human Leagues, no Depeche Modes, no important change at all.

What constitutes "pop" for Yello is likely to sound pretty weird to most people, for the time being at least. Besides the odd, elliptical nature of the tunes, and the absence of formal, *acceptable* vocals, there's entire galleries of "found" sounds and integrated effects bouncing around in each song.

Yello use factory hooters, birdsong, thunder, Algerian singing — the usual stuff — and elements as bizarre as a recording of a Pygmy elephant-hunt, but unlike the massed legions of sound-collagists trooping around in Throbbing Gristle's footprints, they're put to non-random use; Yello aren't collagists, they're montagists, and each sound is delicately tailored to fit the atmosphere of a particular song. It's an obviously arduous and painstaking process, but the results are, as I said, often astonishing.

The musical side of Yello's mainly down to Boris, who develops his ideas in strict privacy.

"It may sound pretentious, but it's almost the *holy moment of creation* for Boris," says Dieter, who always talks that way. "He's in a warm relationship, a *conversation situation* with his machines. He's not *using* them to create an idea he has, he's in a real dialogue with them, he *lets* it happen."

While Boris, aided and abetted by Carlos, is letting things happen in their Zurich studio, Dieter makes cassettes of what he calls "instant singing", from which come Yello's words. Several of their songs feature first-take lyrics by Dieter, a man with the necessary intelligence, madness and sheer gall to make them more than merely meaningless rambling rants.

"It's a very *Tachistic* approach to singing," he explains, drawing on the visual-arts metaphors which constitute his conversational frame of reference. "You know Jackson Pollock the painter — Jack The Dripper? It's like that, very Tachistic. It's not a case of being confronted with a studio and reproducing an idea, but of really *letting go*."

It's their attention to coherent immediacy which probably accounts for the warmth and deeply atmospheric nature of Yello's electronic pop. At one time — not all that long ago — it was considered enough to make a guitar talk; in the synthesiser age, they realise, it's more important to make the machines feel.

SURPRISINGLY, for a group with two LPs, a slew of singles and a streak of cultured insanity several miles wide, Yello have yet to play live. For one thing, Boris is painfully shy, and flatly refuses to go onstage. For another, they're wary of simply "doing gigs". Dieter, after all, has his performance art credentials to consider.

"What we're trying to do is use the sounds as backings for an opera-like thing, where the visual side is more important. The musicians jumping around on a stage are much more important than the musicians as musicians: it's a bit like the idea of an opera orchestra sitting hidden in a pit in front of the stage. The music *is* important, of course, but there's visually not much in a few guys sitting around reproducing music."

These sentiments perhaps explain why each Yello song sounds like a self-contained mini-soundtrack. Both their LPs, 'Solid Pleasure' and 'Claro Que Si!', are packed with sound scenarios and intimations of action, narrative and plot, reaching an apogee of sorts on the new single lifted from 'Claro', the peppy 'Pinball Cha Cha', in which a subliminal Carmen Miranda sways her bananas in the background as an obsessive pinball player reaches communion with his machine.

Yello are one of the increasing number of groups (all, notably, involved in areas synthi-pop) bringing alternative approaches to pop music production, in their case ideas and techniques more associated with visual media — with cinema, theatre and painting. Their avant garde apprenticeship in things "experimental" serves them well as they push into the mainstream.

DIETER THINKS of *Jetzt Und Alles* as a Zeitgeist movie, reflecting today's "desire for everything" rather than the specific social and political desires which motivated in the '60s. A healthy thing, he reckons.

"There's nothing you can fall back on, become absorbed in; you can't run away from yourself serving another idea, or whatever — there's something very healthy with this, that you have to live *with* yourself rather than *for* anything . . ."

This man is *Swiss?*

See you outside the station . . .

POETS' CORNER

BARD CASES AND JELLY BABIES

Attila The Stockbroker checks the accounts on 'New Departures' Second Poetry Olympics issue.

Heathcote Williams *John Cooper Clarke* *Adrian Mitchell* *Allen Ginsberg*
Roger McGough *Brian Patten* *Wilfred Owen* *Anne Clarke*
Lynn Lifshun *Paul Weller* *Tom Pickard* *David Henderson*

I REALLY don't want to do a Doc Marten job on this, because I have a great deal of respect for Michael Horovitz as promoter, organiser and publisher. He spends a large proportion of his time advancing the cause of poetry in all its forms and as far as this ranter is concerned he has more integrity and commitment than most. He is, in his own way, as opposed as I am to the hypocritical mouthings of the plummy-voiced literati who, for instance, invited Enoch Powell to last year's Cheltenham Literary Festival — what's next, *Mein Kampf* as 'A Book at Bedtime'?

There is, however, a big difference between supporting his worthy endeavours as organiser and publisher and automatically raving about the material he publishes. To judge this issue of *New Departures* on its merits; forty percent of the work on offer is good, with the occasional moment of spine-chilling inspiration, thirty percent is OK and the rest is turgid, pretentious garbage — it's a bit like the Clash's 'Give 'Em Enough Rope'; it's worth having for the great moments, but when you're sitting through one of the duff bits you wonder if it was really worth getting after all.

To give you the best first. John Cooper Clarke is in here, and what's more with 'I Married A Monster . . .' among others; a real classic. But, to the astonished gasps of '60s poets all over Hampstead, I give first place by a very long way to Adrian Mitchell for his intense, emotional, brilliant anti-nuclear piece 'On The Beach At Cambridge'.

"And I am standing on the beach at Cambridge/And I am watching the broad black ocean tide/Bearing on its shoulders a burden of black ashes/And I am listening to the last words of the sea/As it beats its head against the dying land."

In the view of your humble narrator this long and extremely vivid poem should be compulsory reading for all those obsessed with the 'nuclear deterrent' and the Russian threat.

Vying with Clarkie in the battle for second place is Aidan Cant with 'Anyone For A Jelly Baby' (about castrating politicians), Paul Weller with 'Elvis On Self Destruct' *("Well you can do anything/but lay off-a my gilt-edged investments")* and Heathcote 'Jesus' Williams with a magnificently manic poem about DEATH; definitely not the usual sentimental shit written on the subject. In very different styles, Geordie Tom Pickard and West Indian James Berry get up there as well.

Then come the worthy ones. Sentiments I agree with entirely, expression which leaves me totally unmoved; despite being Japanese, Noriko Shiba writes of Nuclear war without the passion of Adrian Mitchell and despite being black, David Henderson writes of racism without the fire of Berry or Linton Kwesi Johnson (or Gary Johnson).

Next the bland ones who write about sky and trees and nature and love and things like that in a way which is so safe and uninspiring that they could be used as lyrics for a Haircut One Hundred song. Some of these write in Russian and are translated by someone called R Milner-Gulland and one of the people who write in Russian is called Yevgeny Yevtushenko and is REALLY FAMOUS. Object lesson number one is what happens to culture under repressive regimes. People like Yevtushenko become famous. (It's probably a lot better in Russian though: translators ruin everything).

And finally the real turkeys; pretentiousness made into a fine art and puked onto a page to insult the reader. Of the fairly numerous examples of this two stand out, and second prize, if that's the expression, goes to someone called Jonathan Williams for an opus called 'At The Wheel' which runs as follows:

"Edmund Clerihew Bentley/Wrote Clerihews Couchant in a Bentley./Anything more formless/made him feel gormless"

But even this mind-boggling piece on upper class verbal masturbation pales into insignificance beside a piece called 'Hastily Assembled Homage To Denis Roche' by David Gascoyne. The hastily assembled homage is in fact twenty-five lines of nonsense in several languages followed by an equally pretentious 'note' purporting to explain them. Sorry, Mike, but this hog really doesn't wash.

My overall impression is of a brave attempt by the editor to publish a poetry magazine of varied styles which will appeal to varied tastes. There's just enough in it to suit my taste to make me put up with the pretentious crap; hopefully, if kids all over the country respond to the clarion call of the New Wave Of British New Wave poetry, the dead wood can be cut out and replaced. Oh, you get some illustrations as well, most of them quite good.

'New Departures Volume 14' costs £2 inc p&p from Michael Horovitz, Piedmont, Bisley, Stroud, Glos. GL6 7BO.

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BUZZCOCKS

LOOKING BACK

PETE SHELLEY holds up exhibit 'A' for the defence: clockwise Steve Garvey, Steve Diggle, John Maher.

PROTO PUNK PURE POP AND OTHER BITES & SCRATCHES

RICHARD COOK assesses the career and impact of "the world's first modern pop group."

1 April 1976: Buzzcocks play their first gig, Bolton Institute of Technology. Two numbers — "We started the second so fast they couldn't switch us off" (Peter Shelley).

TO TALK of pop history — to sketch in or fumble towards a genealogy of commercial youth music that flags the moments and faces and noises of proper significance — is maybe a foolhardy undertaking. Hindsight can be valuable, of course, but it cannot rekindle (or revoke) the feel of a particular rush and its split-second importance.

Turning on a radio and being transfixed by an unexpected music; glimpsing an image or a movement on a screen or a stage; running home breathless with a new record . . . the intransigence, the momentary heat of pop music reduces history to an errative and illogical string of memory pockets, flashes and fragments stitched by personal favours, affections, exposures and chance encounters.

The beauty of 'everyone has their favourites' means that such *incredibly diverse* groups as The Sex Pistols, The Clash and Buzzcocks dominated 1977 — in the same way that Abba, Television and Graham Parker also did. Or, to put it another way, what you remember most — be you artist, consumer or critic in guise — is your historical mainline. Your memory is your perspective.

Buzzcocks are one of the things I remember most; and I'd suggest that their impression stuck to many memories — more, perhaps, than that of their peer groups who've lasted far longer — many *influential* memories. Buzzcocks cast an influence over an articulacy they helped to uncage, the lovers' remorse they revelled in, a credence in pure romance and the sharktooth drone they played on and finally played out — and at the same time they remained tangential to all their following groups.

They became a trigger, a catch loosened on the great stretch of possibilities not indulged in by what we can responsibly refer to as post-Buzzcocks pop.

THE HISTORY of Buzzcocks, like the history Buzzcocks are inside, can best be remembered as a jumbled, uncertain sequence of snapshots: so let's reconsider, in a love sometimes touched by anger, what Buzzcocks left behind them — three LPs, a dozen 45s, an opportunity never quite grasped.

'Spiral Scratch', the one (legitimate) surviving example of Buzzcocks under the joint guidance of Pete Shelley and Howard Devoto, stands up well, if pale and scratched — both as a hastily scribbled blueprint for the two different directions Shelley and Devoto were to take and as a pre-emptive foray into the treatment of the sheer frustrations of affection between people which *moderne* pop has now come to accept and rationalise.

What Devoto was singing about on the four scrappy little songs — recorded in a beat-the-studio-clock rush at the very end of 1976 — was a view of love as a source of boredom, resentment, release, very occasional relief: no great revelation, maybe. But the way it was put over — in Devoto's own sickly snarl, in Shelley's strangely spangled chords ('starway guitar' as the credit had it), in 16-year-old John Maher's impetuous and irritating drum rolls — linked it with the punky clamour that Buzzcocks almost accidentally found themselves caught up in and whispered of a revitalisation of the eternal concern of pop music.

'Boredom' and 'Breakdown' — titles entrenched in the spirit of '76 — coursed across emotional battlegrounds with the same charged fervour that 'the punks' were employing to (mostly) far less coherent ends. The grey polaroid on the cover spoke as eloquently as the noise: Devoto diffident and faintly smug, Maher blankly youthful, Steve Diggle (then playing bass) distantly tough, Shelley furtive but inquiring.

Buzzcocks were always a Manchester band. They wore their provinciality defensively and it told partly to their advantage; absent from the forcing-house of the London scene for much of the time they didn't have to squander their breath. But it critically delayed their progress, time and again.

It was a rather cruel irony that music which depended on speed of delivery should have taken so long to actually emerge. By the time 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen' finally appeared in the early spring of 1978 we'd already assimilated 'The Clash', two Jam LPs, 'Ambition', 'Holidays In The Sun' . . . and 'Shot By Both Sides'.

Devoto had quickly outgrown his first group. It left Buzzcocks to Shelley, and this shy, strangely tempestuous player found he had his own group to play with. 'Orgasm

Addict' was the first Buzzcocks single of UA, with Diggle moving to guitar and the lone appearance of the rotund Garth on bass. It spun on one of Devoto's wickedest lyrics, a gamut of images scattered like shrapnel — *"You're making out with schoolkids, winos and heads of states / You've even made it with the lady who puts the little plastic bodies on the Christmas cakes"* — and it unveiled Shelley's voice, a quavering highness pressed resolutely into a virtue.

Most of all, it roared. It stormed. It started like a thundercrack, bolted over 1:58 without the least tremor of hesitation and hit the buffers minus any dislocative jolt. Martin Rushent's production made Buzzcocks gleam where Foot's sound had subdued The Clash and Thomas had mired the Pistols in stodge.

BUZZCOCKS RELEASED the second UA single, 'What Do I Get?', in January 1978. Almost directly contemporary with Magazine's 'Shot By Both Sides', Shelley's song somehow faced all the trauma which Devoto, for all his brilliance, always viewed with a cooler detachment.

'What Do I Get?' is probably the most significant and prophetic single of its era. It begins with a guitar chord reverse-echoed into sudden focus, like an indecision abruptly channelled into impassioned certainty, before the now immortal *"I just want a lover like any other, what do I get?"* Shelley sings it with a kind of insomniacal *("I only get sleepless nights!")* entreaty in his voice, bridging the forlorn and the frustrated; the instruments charge and blur the simple chord pattern and the middle section has one guitar merely twanging out the melody — an emblem rooted in the very foundations of beat group playing.

That classical pop feel, twinned with the sense of a new confrontation with the emotions that Buzzcocks seemed to be dealing with; the almost unearthly tensions brought about by Maher's drumming and the fragility of the singing — no other group was making music like this. 'What Do I Get?' is Shelley's Buzzcocks at their most complete and untainted: it is virginal in its unaffectedness. Its brief flirtation with the lower reaches of the charts did it no justice whatsoever.

If 'What Do I Get?' set a standard they could mostly only allude to — another transient moment — then 'Another Music Is A Different Kitchen' at least progressed on its implications. In shape their first LP took the form all its successors were to follow: a first side of short, flaring pop songs and a second where Shelley's insecure fascination with structure and electric noise was given a greater rein. Fittingly, it garnered a mixed reception. Buzzcocks were never supposed to be an LP group.

Shelley exorcised Devoto's influence by racking their last collaborations beside his own newer songs. 'Fast Cars', 'You Tear Me Up' and 'Love Battery' were explorations of how the inanimate harboured metaphors of raw feeling, masques of intellectual diversion: Shelley tore through them. His contributions to the first side were romantic in a way Devoto dared not face — 'No Reply' was straight telephone angst, 'Get On Our Own' explicable adolescent hunger and 'Sixteen' — well, 'Sixteen' bled all over 'Substitute' *("You only want me because I'm so young!")* and set its iron-grey chords to finger the bogus hard rockers of the new wave. When Shelley blurted that it went *"on and on and on"* he sounded bitterly disappointed at the surrounding truth.

Along with 'I Don't Mind', which begins the second side, it was a group of songs conceived and executed with the stinging, reverberant purity that imbued records like 'Fifth Dimension' or 'With The Beatles' — except the way it walked, talked, stripped away ornamentation and held out hooks that felt like fistfuls of needles shot the music several worlds distant from such arcane pop (masterpieces).

But Shelley wanted even more than that. The two longest tracks on the record took on an interest in repetition leading to the point of insensibility and a trait of deep pessimism in the worth of his enterprise — as if he saw Buzzcocks pop as too ephemeral to stand up.

'Fictionromance' slowed it to a worried mid-pace lament and 'Moving Away From The Pulsebeat' dispensed with it altogether — replete with infamous drum solo and headache guitar refrain. It was seen then as a new group toying with lumpy old serious group values; now its simplistic radicalism seems almost quaint. After an unbearable pause a reprise of the intro to 'Breakdown' comes in like a ghost, without reason or form.

It wasn't entirely Shelley's obsession. Steve Diggle offered 'Autonomy' — it sounded like a disturbed fantasy on Shelley's dream, impaled on a chromatic line of fearful brutality, fascinatingly obtuse — and co-wrote 'I Need', which showed off the prowess of the new bass player Steve Garvey. And if the central vision in this Buzzcocks emanated from Shelley, 'Another Music' remains a record of brilliant *playing* — its familiar constituents came out shaken because all the members seemed to hear differently, something almost akin to Dylan's 'silver sound'. This should be in your memories as a great LP.

THEY RUSHED to record the following 'Love Bites' as if concerned at the time already lost. As a result it came out sounding stretched, hurried, hungry in a wasted rather than predatory sense. There was no real indication of advance — no forays into specifically new terrain — it stood as an uncomplicated encore, if not a mere rerun.

Yet 'Love Bites' still frequented Shelley's haunted romance. He used his gift like an amulet over the songs to charm away the weariness Buzzcocks must have felt.

The first half again came out like a choker of fiercely gleaming pop stones, the tempo fractionally slowed but a clear-eyed sense of melody lent to their unmistakable razor-burr noise. 'Ever Fallen In Love' was their biggest single hit and epitomised a wistful regret they had come to make their own — *"Ever fallen in love with someone you shouldn't have fallen in love with?"* ran the question; and there was a multitude of answering calls. Shelley yearned for his innocence ('Nostalgia'), fell out with reality ('Real World'), winked at Devoto ('Operator's Manual') and met the first album's 'Sixteen' with the Janus face of 'Sixteen Again'.

It sounded like he felt Buzzcocks had to mature on 'Love Bites' but couldn't bring himself to give up the seed of youthful wonder which he felt guilty about clinging to. So the first six entries on 'Love Bites' rang with the echoes of that conflict in collision with Shelley's own intuitive grasp on pop form, ostensibly derived from Bolan but probably owing more to The Beatles' 'Not A Second Time' and The Searchers' 'When You Walk In The Room'. If it missed some of the lustful life of 'Another Music' it took stock with riveting candour.

The self-conscious plunge into diversity, which 'Another Music' had eventually staved off, possessed the second side. Garvey's 'Walking Distance' was a brief, showy instrumental that the customary background of Buzzcocks songs had already rendered superfluous; Diggle's 'Love Is Lies' was a direct hark back to the beat group ballad, acoustic guitars and his gruff vocal at unkempt odds; and Shelley's two songs come out as weird contortions of rock routine. 'Nothing Left' employed the riff tension and release of a thousand hard rock mundanities and 'ESP' poked the embers of repetition, Maher sardonically riffling through a joker's pack of rhythmic styles. Looking for something new Buzzcocks resorted to unconscious parody: like a lame man kicking his own crutches.

In the concluding 'Late For The Train' they did it again — except this time they dumped the vocals, faded the track halfway and brought it back to hammer home the pointlessness of the motif, two chords from obilivion. If they had hoped the experimentation of this side would provoke breakthrough they were mistaken — for there was nothing new about the *form* of these tracks. It was their unique mannerisms that make them sound novel.

What was happening to Buzzcocks? They were pulling themselves apart.

IT WAS CLEAR by 1979 that they would never make the headway that statesmen like Weller and Strummer would. Shelley insisted on his romance; Diggle, who called himself a kid in the street, stuck to (albeit very different) love songs too. Garvey wanted more than anything just to be a pop star. Maher said he didn't listen to the lyrics: he wanted to play better and better. He even took lessons. How were this group ever going to make it?

Buzzcocks live were more often depressing than exhilarating. Shelley had to strain his voice too often, the exemplary control of the best two-guitar line in pop as harnessed by Rushent toppled into an unfocused thrash. It was like a lovers' dream gone stale and ugly.

The three singles after 'Love Bites' scarcely freshened their taste for trying, each meeting with at best tacit approval. 'Promises' / 'Lipstick' suggested they'd be content with an almost mantra-like drone filleted by an occasional hook: the different treatments of the sequence that makes up both 'Lipstick' and 'Shot By Both Sides' offer salutary listening — one affected darkness, the other darkly effective.

The derided 'Everybody's Happy Nowadays' traipsed Shelley's worst judgements into view — *"Life's the illusion, love is the dream."* But 'Harmony In My Head' should have changed everything.

'Harmony In My Head' was their best 45 since 'What Do I Get?' Rushent seemed to suddenly reappraise Buzzcocks' strengths: the guitars were bevelled into harder instruments, the drums were made enormous. It was Steve Diggle's song and he sang it with a throaty anger that directly challenged Shelley's rubbery legato style.

Shelley and the rest of Buzzcocks were growing distant. Their final LP 'A Different Kind Of Tension' (such ironies!) limelighted nothing so much as the differences that had blown up between Shelley and Diggle. In songs like 'You Just Can't Help It' Diggle stomped over the wispier reveries that Shelley still embraced; while his companion fell adrift in music that had abruptly grown hard, exclusive, almost ruthless. It was Diggle who was beginning to pilot Buzzcocks, not Shelley.

Only beginning — nine of the 12 songs were Shelley's. But Diggle's writing was showing the only possibilities for progression. 'Sitting Round At Home' replayed their favourite theme of repetition with methodical force, 'You Know You Can't Help It' stained the dream with blunt carnality and 'Mad Mad Judy' had a murderous rip to it, the instrumental tension held breathlessly. Diggle claimed his songs sprang from a working class inferiority complex: these examples dealt with it conclusively — *"I got all the answers!"* he sneers at 'Judy's' close.

With one glorious exception, Shelley sounded confused, disoriented, grown up and not liking it. 'Paradise' is callow in a way he must have recognised. The second side is all his — he groups his hopes and fears as on the first half of 'Another Music' but it's a far more painful journey. 'Money' is a maxim, 'Hollow Inside' a question and 'I Don't Know What To Do With My Life' is bait. They sound depressingly ordinary and the vocals take on the drone that Buzzcocks guitars were supposed to approximate (though they never actually did). Shelley was growing sullen.

He made 'A Different Kind Of Tension' itself a long list, an arbitrary string of words. The others simply back him up. Listen close and you can hear a group cracking open. 'I Believe' was the end: it goes on and on and on, for over seven minutes. Shelley's voice takes on a cartoon edge to suit a catechism of purposeless flippancy — it kills the record's impact stone dead. With *"There is no love in this world any more"* he sounded not cleansed of heartbreak but drained to a blank.

But that exception . . . in the middle of the first side is 'You Say You Don't Love Me', his most cannily beautiful song since 'I Don't Mind'. A familiar melody of lustrous warmth enclosed a lyric of far more truth than the crumbly proselytising of 'I Believe' — *"I wanted to live in a dream / That couldn't be real / I'm starting to understand now / The way that you feel."*

IT WAS THE autumn of 1979. Over the next 18 months Buzzcocks put out a last triumvirate of singles that were anything but triumphant, muddied stabs at experimentation that sounded as patchwork and unsure (or perhaps overdone) as 'Spiral Scratch'. Except the last one, for which Buzzcocks summoned a violence suppressed on one side, exhaled on the other.

Diggle's 'Running Free' let a keyboard pin the cornerstone and clouded it in an exceptionally dense production that released the subtlety of a peaceful, pensive song only after many listens. Shelley's 'What Do You Know?' was an explosive retort in answer. A brass section came in to argue directly with a breathtaking electric barrage and Shelley gave his all: *"There's no turning back now/'I'm under attack now!"* But it was the final paragraph.

6 March 1981: Pete Shelley announced he is leaving Buzzcocks and the group effectively ceases to exist.

It doesn't seem to amount to much for the time capsule: five years of working at playing, not many records, a lot of disappointments and frustrations, an erratic and jumpy series of highpoints. Pete Shelley has his continuing association with Martin Rushent and the fine 'Homosapien' can surely be built on; Steve Diggle and John Maher are beginning again with the monochrome promise of Flag Of Convenience.

Buzzcocks bore many offspring, though they wear very different clothes. There's no need to point to particular groups. As has recently been remarked, an hour with the radio should register the tremors, the points of detail.

As we circle back, I will reiterate my first points: Buzzcocks must take their place in history as a starting gun. They were the first modern pop group — the first to charge a molten punky noise with a fountainhead of true romance and bring it to the ears of a multitude. We can hardly hold it against them that it has also sired a flood of sheer banality — Hendrix might as well be crucified for inventing heavy metal.

I'll remember 'What Do I Get?', 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen', 'Harmony In My Head' and 'You Say You Don't Love Me' as long as I remember pop, I suppose. I think most of you will have other favourites too. It's a dream that won't altogether fade.

Marc Bolan pays tribute to the new thing, '76.

Devoto & Shelley, 100 Club Punkfest '76.

Backstage, Marquee, summer '77.

The Vortex, '77.

Still together, '80.

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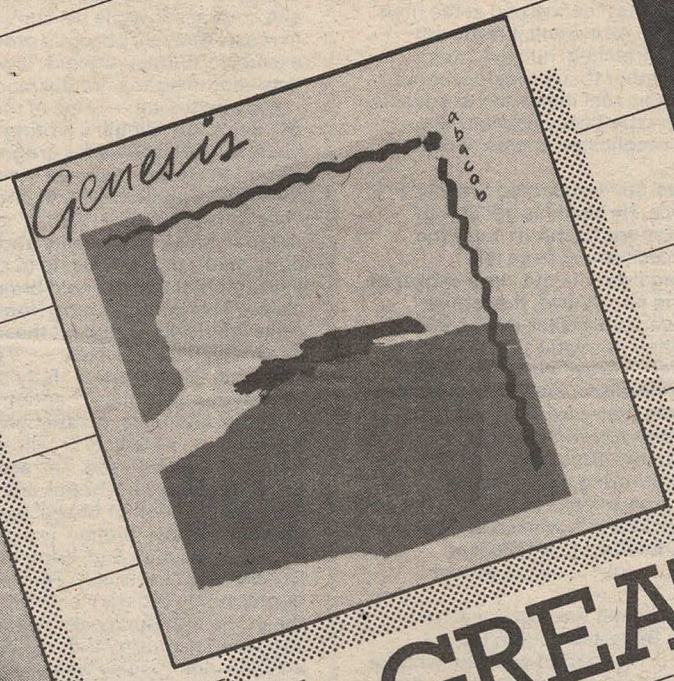

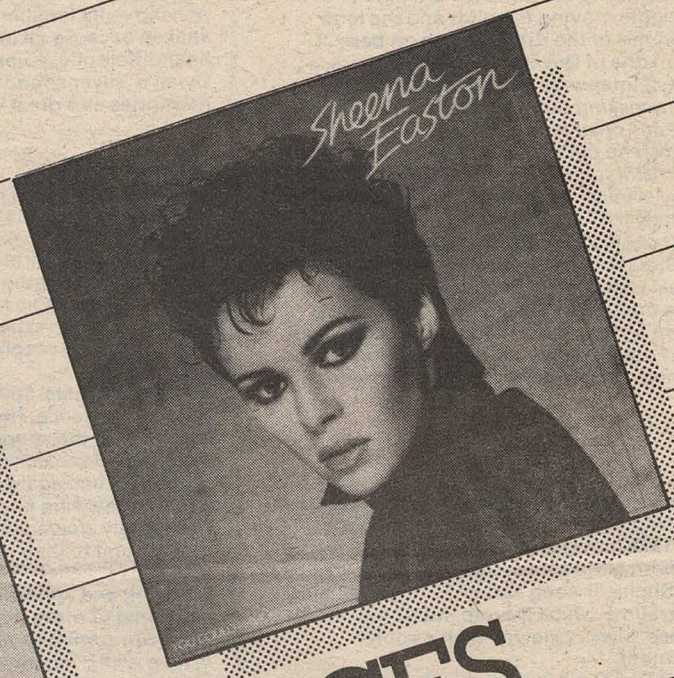

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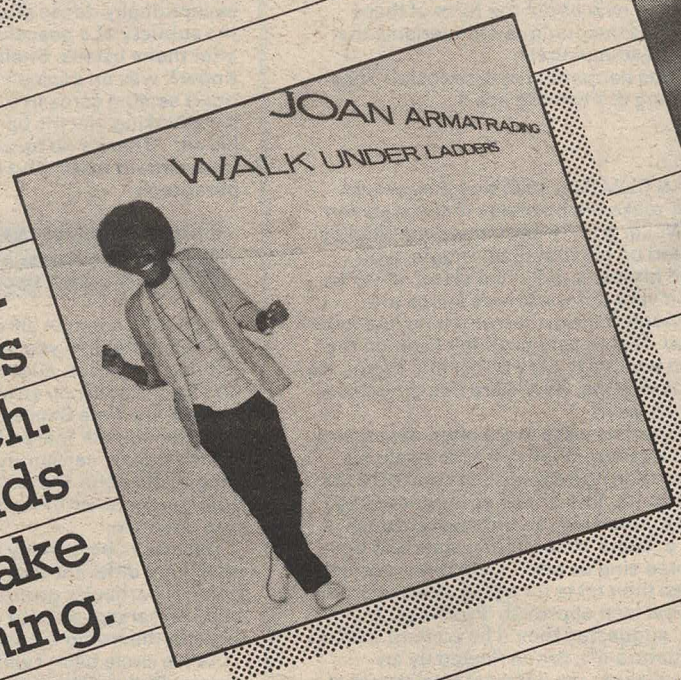

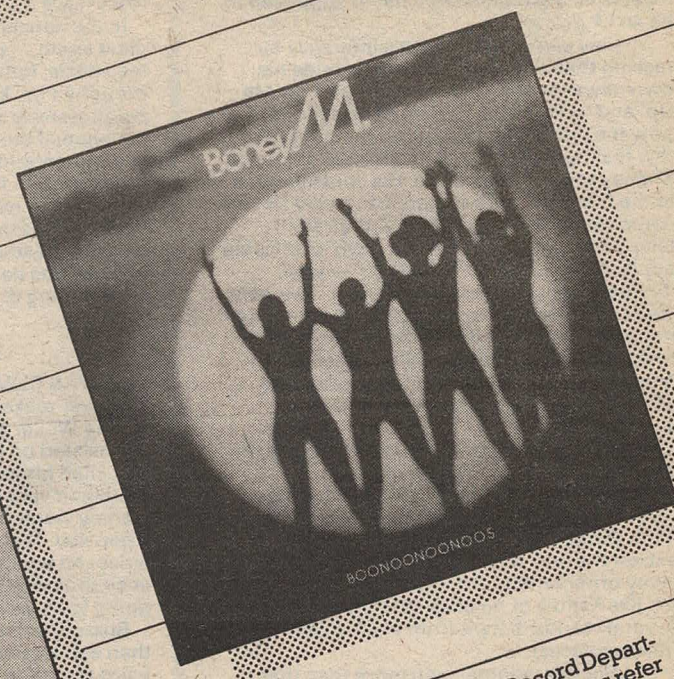

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WHO'S AFRAID OF BIG BAD ROCK 'N' ROLL?

Does international success after twelve years change a person — or was PETER WOLF always an opinionated rock 'n' roll diehard? GAVIN MARTIN encounters the Rock Machine at its most smug. Photos KEVIN CUMMINS.

DAZED AND sweltering in the blazing afternoon sun thousands of young Dutch people make their way around the edge of the huge Feyenoord Stadium.

They roam from beerstalls to T-shirt caravans, from hotdog stands to poster shops, making way for the huge articulated trucks that come past belching smoke, or the police who trot past looking down on the assembled throng from their horses' backs, and any number of trailers, vans and cars with special red and green passes. Some faces look confused, others look hot, some look bothered.

But they're all looking for that fabled experience — *the awesome power of rock 'n roll.*

Ted Power didn't show but The Rolling Stones did. This may be just another stop on The 1981-82 Rolling Stones World Tour, but for 50,000 (mostly young) people it's a testimony, an affirmation and a celebration. . .I mean *The Rolling Stones:* how can you knock *that.*

And if when you get inside the gates (where you can look out at the poor ticketless mites on the other side of the high railings), it all seems just too vast to take in and you can't quite figure out if this is how you should feel — don't worry about it! Get inside onto the pitch and look around at all those little dots high up in the stand, see that 300 foot stage, feel the surge of the roaring crowd because *that's* what The Rolling Stones are all about.

Ahh, rock of ages.

A FEW YEARS ago there was something called punk, but it was pretty much the same thing only in smaller clubs, with a sharper tongue. It faded away without changing much and the experienced practitioners emerged from the wings chuckling and ready to take their place again, stronger than ever.

And so you get thousands — hell, millions! — of young people who see The Rolling Stones as the ultimate rebels because they've survived the longest and put out the most. So it must be at a Rolling Stones concert that the whole baloney about mind blowing renegade outlaws comes alive more than anywhere. So you pay your £10 and soak it up and believe it. I mean how could it be anything else?

And if someone suggests that it's all just a money-spinning enterprise, with no content of any value from either the Stones or their 'guests' and what's going down onstage is a set of redundant gestures rooted in false or fanciful ideals, then just laugh in their face because you've got the nunbers, you've got the history and this Rolling Stones concert is your victory.

You see the Stones are rock n roll is the Stones and the Stones are back on top and nothing's really changed.

Everyone's too blind/complacent/lazy/stupid/scared to say it should.

We're in Rotterdam to interview the J. Geils Band, one of the guests on The Rolling Stones bill. As they have been known as something of an Americanised version of the Stones, and as they're putting their lot in with the champions — and we have to bend over backwards, sideways, everyways around the corporate muscle of the Stones' management to get through to J. Geils Band singer Peter Wolf and pianist/arranger Seth Justman (at the third time of trying for photographer Kevin Cummins and then traipsing to Germany after them) — it's only natural that our conversation should hinge around the value and meaning of big business rock'n' roll.

J. Geils have sweated and strained for 12 years, from being a smalltime raunchy club band , through years of slugging it out as middle-league contenders, keeping their heads above water and fighting off debts. Last year with the release of the LP 'Freeze Frame' they finally hit paydirt. 'Freeze Frame' is quite a respectable LP — efficently gathering together the various strains of music that Seth and Peter enthuse about during the intervew. The caterwauling raunch of old is offset by some neatly integrated synthesizer and the production gives the music a clear made-for-the-radio sound.

At the Feyenoord stadium, however, J. Geils Band are hopelessly outdated, subservient Stones clones — a big stadium blurge with flat batteries, one part rhythm and boogie three parts valium. Their success with the new LP and 'Centrefold' isn't being used as a chance to step out and take challenges. They cling to the past, regurgitating their history rather than seizing the present. Perfectly in keeping with (their respect for) the whole event.

When we finally catch up with them the next day, Seth and Peter have been sitting in their hotel room from two in the afternoon playing host to an endless stream of foreign journalists. It's late evening when we enter the room as the rap with the English press had been left to the end.

In recent interviews mainman Peter Wolf (the one with the gab and copy filling line in zonked-out boogie raps and rhymes) has been publicising concern for The Outside World. As things become more drastic and hectic, rushing towards some sort of implosion, don't rock 'n' roll interest and imagery look a bit futile and antiquated?

"I think what helps keep rock'n'roll relevant is that it doesn't still represent itself in the same way. That's why I get excited by a lot of the new groups that are out because their bucking a lot of the tradition," says Seth. "I don't think rock music is irrelevant or in danger of becoming irrelevant."

Wolf and Justman surprise me when they start to enthuse about any number of groups that "tear us apart" from Haircut 100, Gang Of Four to Theatre Of Hate and Blurt.

But all that antiquated gesturing onstage yesterday, you really reckon you've got your finger on the pulsebeat of the times?

Seth: "To a degree, we don't feel we're a political band, we're a band that's politically aware and that assimilates itself into our music. We're not out to make political statements. What we do is just be aware, be on top of what's going on. Especially now because the government in the States and the government in England are both ultra-conservative.

"There's an urgency in the world, too much going down that you can't ignore. We talk with our audience after shows and there's lots of people out of work, a lot of pain and

OVER

"In England you know it fucken changed the whole class system, it's still there but that whole phenomenon sure pulled the rug offa a lotta shit. And it was rock 'n' roll that did that."

Peter Wolf & Seth Justman

WOLFMEN

CONTINUED

suffering going on. I'm not telling you anything you don't know but it's overwhelming, you can't help but be aware."

So what role does your music play in all this?

Seth: "Sometimes it makes it clearer for people when they just hear someone or realise that someone else is thinking about it or that someone they respect is thinking about it. Maybe it just gives people an idea how to think about stuff what might be important. It might affect you and you don't even know why — it just seems so overwhelming that you start getting a clarity, a feel for what's going on.

"You can look at the whole Stones show as some sort of huge business event, but to me it's a victory for rock'n'roll. When I see that stage and all those kids there, man, it's rock'n'roll that's bringing that altogether. No way can you have a show of that magnitude without business, big business being involved."

You feel you're part of a stream?

Peter: "I just feel part of rock'n'roll — that rock'n'roll is valid and powerful. It's reaching all those kids, everyone put out to the hilt and everyone enjoyed it. That's what it's all about. It may be necessary to work within the system to pull it off, but it's outside the system that it's occurring."

What do mean, 'outside the system'?

Peter: "It's like the renegades prevailing — there's rock'n'roll, man. Nothing but rock'n'roll, man, going on in there."

But nothing ever changes with the Stones or your type of music, to maintain its stability the imagery and the sound keeps parodying itself.

Pete: "I don't think the Stones would be as big as they are now without changing. What they were doing in the '60s wouldn't necessarily be popular today. They're not just popular but relevant — a maturing rock'n'roll band."

THE PROBLEM IS that most of rock music is so wrapped up in itself and its hollow conceits, that it loses any of its power to shock, or strike you in the heart. On the new J. Geils Band LP there's a song called 'Flamethrower'. It's about some madly active woman; I wouldn't call it offensive but it does sound like the sort of ridiculous sort of metaphor that went out with the ark. How can you take it seriously?

Seth: "But it's not just about a woman, it's about a woman factory worker and how she lets loose at night. It's about a certain spirit that's in everybody. In the middle of that song the spirit in the body has taken over. It's not just a hot chick in hot pants. It's a woman who punches the clock everyday at 8 and 5 and when she leaves she does something with her life, whatever she has to do to punch the clock the next day and not go crazy.

"That punch clock is in everyone; there's something inside everyone that makes you want to go on and get better and stronger."

So yesterday 50,000 timekeepers went on holiday, you'd say it was to let the flamethrower out. I'd say it was to suppress the flamethrower and hug a huge lifeless jelly.

Pete: "What was going on yesterday was the exposure to a whole long tradition. Those people weren't gathering for a soccer game to to hear some dumb preacher they were coming to hear some rock'n'roll. It's a release through music, everyone getting there.

"You think the mayor of Rotterdam wants to sit down and have dinner with Keith Richards? You bet your ass he does, and that's what makes rock'n'roll so important. The Rolling Stones have made a great contribution to rock'n'roll.

"It's like I loved to hear people talk about Elvis Presley saying he's fat and he's not doing it like he used to. Everything was negative until the day he died and then it all became how great Elvis was. But they didn't respect the dude when he was alive. That's why he got fat, because they all turned their back on him when he was fucken alive, man.

"So what should the Stones do, die and have everyone say how great they were? No man, they're still out there and they're still enjoying it. They might not have the edge they once had but if they weren't still fucken doing it half the bands in your fucken paper wouldn't be around today because the Stones paved the way for those bands.

"A lot of those bands don't have the fucken balls to get up there and stay up there and go through all the shit that we or the Stones have. Because it's easy to be a band for one album, it's easy to be a band for two albums, but try it for three, four, five. . .fourteen albums then call me, man. Then send me a fucken postcard! After going through the debts, after going through relationships, after getting the old lady, after getting rid of the old lady, after trying to keep this together, after trying to keep that together. Then you can come back and talk to me but if you're sitting in some club and there ain't nothing to lose, forget it man.

"We have paved a long, long commitment of our lives not by being bankers, not by being guys who drop bombs but by loving music by loving rock'n'roll. Yeah, we sit around here now and drink record company wine. . .but we've still got our dignity, and no one's gonna ever take that away from us.

"So to sit here and say that concert was kinda dull — well, I agree with you. There are bands that would get me more excited that would play in a more innovative style than the Stones did. But that does not detract from the fact that the Stones are still doing something very important. It has my respect, it's not the most important music being made right now, but their idea of remaining together and persevering is important. Because a lot of people enjoy the death of Elvis, enjoy Jerry Lee Lewis in hospital they don't want to see the human testimonial — guys pushing and pushing.

"Well, we're gonna keep pushing and I hope to God that all the fucken bands starving today are gonna stay together as well becuase it's one thing to get together, it's another thing to stay together."

AFTER SITTING all day listening to polite run-of-the-mill interviewers Wolf enjoys the challenge of an argument. His commitment is genuine, although the claims he makes for his music and the context he places it in are totally different to the claims I'd make about it and the context I'd put it in.

But going back to his roots he has the suss on soul music.

Pete: "There's been a few groups over the years like James Brown And The Famous Flames and Sly And The Family Stone, who have done something really extraordinary and in many ways have never, probably will never be equalled. There's not so much personality in soul music now as there was in the '60s. It's much more predictable now, but before there was so many personalities to focus on and get involved with — James, Otis and Aretha. There wasn't all these faceless groups, it centred more on the movement and characteristics of a single performer."

But rock'n'roll he sees as a movement, something more than poncing around the stage in satin straightlegs to an interminable guitar filled racket.

"Sure it is, the music is only a part of it — it's about getting people together with their T-shirts and their cassettes, having a few beers, getting loose and having a good time. And when it happens on the scale it did yesterday it's a victory for rock'n'roll because it allows all the dudes who want to be avant-garde who want to be political to continue. Because the police and all those other motherfuckers are standing aside and realising that they're dealing with big amounts of people. Events like that pave inroads into the establishment.

"I mean, although I personally didn't enjoy Woodstock, to me it was just a buncha people sitting in the fucken mud, I can't deny how important it was to rock'n'roll. I mean, there was some poeple there who just seized the moment like Sly and Jimi who really turned on. It might not have been important to John Lee Hooker, the Talking Heads or James Chance, but in a way it was.

"On one level it was a tremendous solidification of people rejecting all the shit going down: the Vietnam war, the draft and racial discrimination. A lot of people felt strongly about a lot of things and rock'n'roll was at the core of it, bringing all these people together, it was real important.

"So when you get a band like The Beatles playing Shea stadium and suddenly they start mind-bending and becoming political they're gonna change a lotta fucken shit. And they did and it was big fucken rock'n'roll, it was T-shirts, it was lunch-boxes it was hold my hand lalalala and little pop melodies, but there was a lot of other shit going down with that, a lot of heavy shit. In England you know it fucken changed the whole class system, it's still there but that whole phenomenon sure pulled the rug offa lotta shit. And it was rock'n'roll that did that."

And now the ball is in your court?

"Yeah, we're on the frontline now and who knows what we'll do with it. Maybe we will take the money and run, maybe we'll take it and do a whole lotta heavy shit with it. I tend to think the latter."

As we get up to leave Wolf takes off his dark glasses and smiles knowingly, shakes my hand — he enjoyed the confrontation. After it I couldn't help respecting him and his soft spoken partner Justman, but I couldn't believe them, certainly not that closing quote.

Because groups like The J. Geils Band and The Rolling Stones are too fixated on their own world and the sheer number of people who follow them to ever reinvest their music the spirit and challenge it maybe once possessed. So they satisfy themselves with a spurious notion of institutionalised rebellion built up through 30 years of great cultural heritage even though most of it has been a waste of time, money and energy that deserves to be burnt to the ground.

The rock machine grows and grows. It keeps feeding on the past, and feeding and feeding and feeding, because that way everyone stays full and happy and no one asks any questions. It's when bellies start to rumble that hearts start to rise — if that happened the whole business would come tumbling down and there's far too much money and blind faith tied up in it to ever let that happen.

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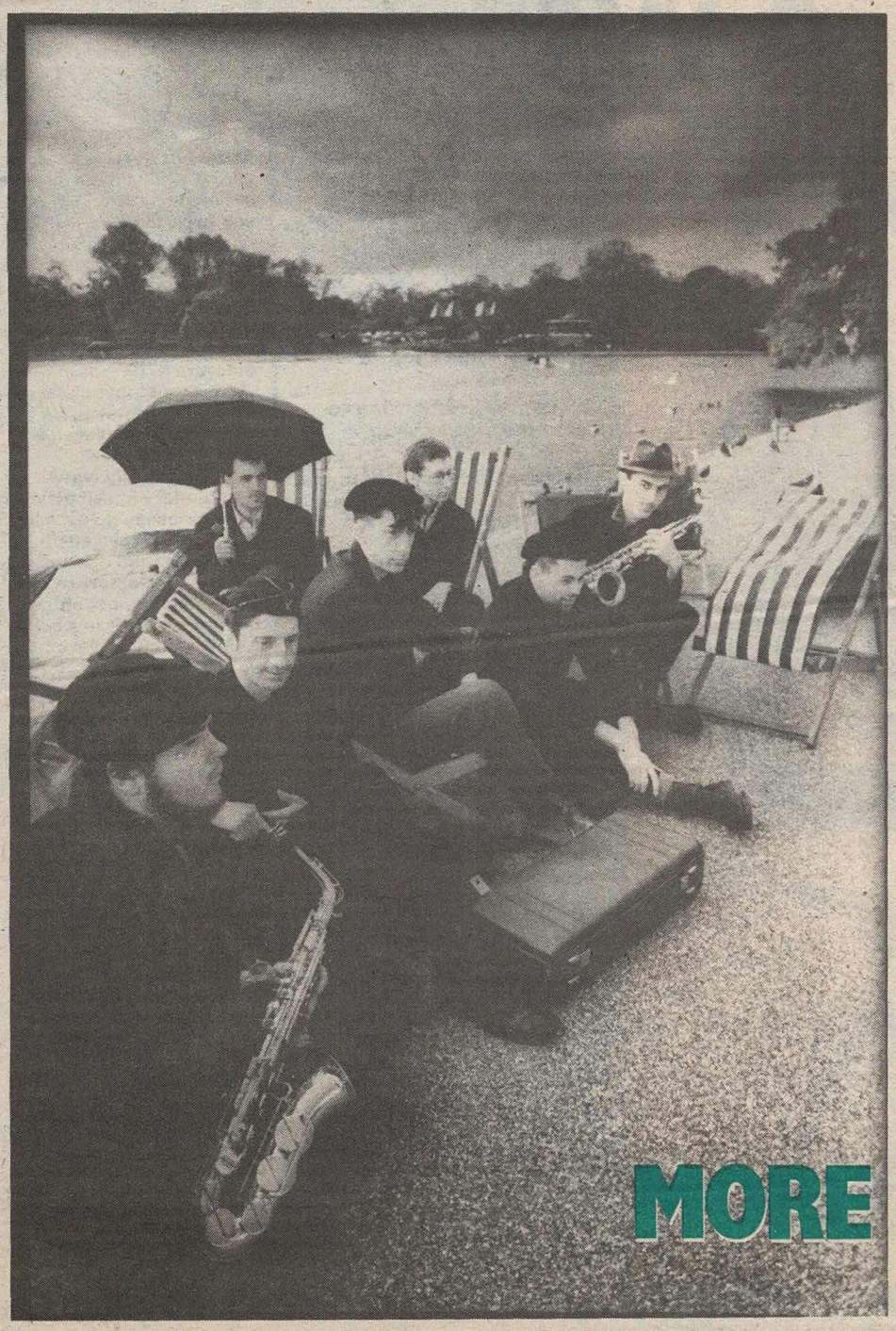

MORE

NEW JAZZ TO GORP AT

DAVE HILL hears how GORP are going to cash in on the Pigbag pay-off. Pic DAVID CORIO

IF A BUNCH of persons and bands with little in common apart from headgear are to be lumped together and dubbed the New Jazz Scene, then let Gorp form the grey and growling part of a spectrum which covers explosive black comedy with Design For Living, yearning pastoral pastels with Weekend, and aching shades of blue with Everything But The Girl.

Gorp are the tense, frowning men of this rediscovery of 'jazz'. That word 'jazz' — for the philistines among us, it still equals bearded Habitat men with superiority problems, casual sweaters and stripped-pine trendy self-images. The seven young men of Gorp know about all this; but they'll put up with the jazz bracket quite happily for now.

"The original spirit of jazz was something very wild and free and exciting, although it inevitably degenerated into a more boring, traditional music. But now there's a whole new generation of a lot younger people playing it."

So says Jules 'Don' Webb, bandleader and guitarist, as he sits at the apex of an arc formed by the full Gorpestra membership; a company dotted with invented (?) names, pitched to suit their musical ambience. Big Nat Davarro plays the alto sax; Michael J. Harding, the trumpet; Gareth Pitt, tenor sax; J.D., bass guitar; Charles Crotty Jnr, drums; and Gordon U T'Ang is the man who sings and writes the words.

It was Gordon and Jules who formed Gorp. They'd been writing songs together for some time, and decided they'd like to dip their toes into more dangerous musical waters. They sought out a varied, but similarly bored selection of musicians, and launched themselves on the christening night of that early 'new jazz' mecca, the Beet Bop Club in Camden Town. In fact, Jules and Gordon actually invented and administered the club themselves; a little matter they kept mum about during our conversation. But, in view of this writer's unfriendly review of the place, can they be blamed?

Naturally, the band were the club's regular players, and relisd what they consider the original, liberal spirit they'd hoped for; a spirit which reflected their own musical outlook, where the end result grows from freely contributed ideas, rather than a pre-ordained concept.

It's here that we find the jazz ideal. Or, as Nat explains: "I think the affinity our music has with jazz is that it's *organic*, it's not a music within a style, it's a style created by the music."

Jules: "I think what we're trying to do is combine basic exciting rock rhythms with more improvised, jazz-type things going on on top. You've still got the heavy backbeat, so it's not really boringly experimental in *that* way; but you've also got this exciting horn improvisation, and the vocals as well. So I think that all makes us a bit different."

Gorp live seemed a fraction too disorganised and raw, but their debut single 'Swallows'/'Cross' boasts surprising clarity and power. Produced by Ken Thomas (23 Skidoo, Clock DVA), it will be release number one on a new label engineered as a result of their Beet Bop set-up.

This is harsh, urban music, pinned together by ugly, concrete rhythms, intensified with terse guitar, and activated by saxophones and trumpets which swirl, explode and collide. Gordon's voice, all nagging nerve-ends and worry-lines, swerves through the tangle of instruments, delivering wry metaphors, craving space, simplicity and room to breathe. Gorp aren't perfect, but they're already superbly expressive.

Jules: "I think we were described as not being a good night out in *Sounds*. But we definitely *don't* wanna drive people away."

Nat: "But at the same time, we're not after summer booking at Butlin's."

Gorp don't see themselves as 'underground' purists, directly opposed to the glamour which unifies much of the current popular scene. They just want to provide another option. They've seen the great Pigbag pay-off and feel sure that an audience is there for groups adopting their approach. They're looking to move beyond the Beet Bop's 'bohemian' stance and reach into the wider world, although they'll be swimming against the tide. As Nat puts it, "People make the tide, so if we can reach enough people, the tide will turn our way. We hope."

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SILVER SCREEN

A WILDERNESS

For part two of NME's anti-Obituary Chris Bohn looks through the criminal loves and camera punishment of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's window on the world, Germany's inverted state and all points West. Starting in the mire of revolutionary theatre and the subject of social margins, progressing to the resplendent acceptance of subversive melodrama, and furthermore . . .

Ulli Lommel with Fassbinder in Love Is Colder Than Death (1969).

THE SIMPLE FACT of the matter is: Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Germany and perhaps the world's leading film maker, is dead. Has been for two weeks. Cause of death still undecided. Not that any of this matters anymore.

For the worst thing to do now would be to invoke sympathy. Anyone who cares for Fassbinder's work will know it has no place in his world. Empathy maybe . . . if there are any lessons to be learnt, but there is nothing to be gained from dwelling on details.

A famous figure, notorious for an excessive intake of stimuli, be they emotional or artificial, dies. It's too familiar to be of any use, and whatever sense of grief I — or you — feel is best kept locked inside. I'd do his memory better by pointing you to the demise of a Fassbinder character than that of the man himself, someone whose death had a purpose.

Unlike his own, the (many) deaths in Fassbinder's films are exemplary, people's lives are wasted to serve a point. They come as a grim conclusion to a process that begins with a person experiencing a vague dissatisfaction with his lot, but hasn't got the means to pinpoint exactly what it is that is wrong or the wherewithal to improve it. Anyway the people around him — their security threatened by his flickerings of life — sullenly and silently conspire to stifle his longings.

When I think of a Fassbinder death I recall *The Merchant Of Four Seasons*, who weighs up the betrayals of his trust and affection and sombrely decides to drink himself to oblivion.

Or I ask myself *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?* and laugh nervously at the comic futility of Herr R.'s efforts to keep his family comfortable. The pressure — dull, thudding, like a persistent headache — becomes too much, he batters them to death and then hangs himself.

Or I helplessly watch Fassbinder himself playing the homosexual *Fox*, a bit of rough who is picked up, sucked dry and discarded by the son of a factory owner. His ingeniousness abused, he commits suicide in a coldly lit Munich subway. Two youngsters rob the corpse of the jacket bearing his name . . .

The way Fassbinder's characters are forced to their deaths has lead to accusations of him being either excessively cynical and callous, or ludicrously melodramatic. Certainly his technique leaves you as to no doubt who's deciding their fate, and his claustrophobic style permits them no escape.

In his early films — *The American Soldier, Gods Of The Plague, Herr R.* — figures are scorched onto an almost bleached filmstock, the stark lighting of which seems to drain them of the will to action. The camera records long, torpid sequences during which those figures don't so much move as twitch, while muttering little nothings to each other. Until something explodes.

Later, being a more accomplished and adventurous film maker, he

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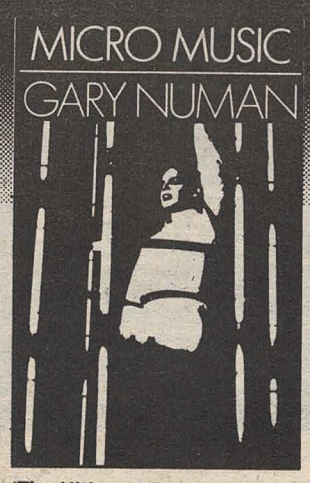

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IN THE CAN

Blazing Saddles (Directed by Mel Brooks) / History Of The World Part 1 (Mel Brooks). "Sheer Mel!" shout the ads, and there's nowt wrong with that. Mel's two crudest movies, full of fart noises and disgusting double entendres. A sublime double bill. **(Col-EMI-Warner)**

Britannia Hospital (Lindsay Anderson). This is what happens when an intellectual film-maker with no discernible sense of humour offers up a Mel Brooksian vision of a terminally ill society going down the toilet: no one laughs (except the French — huh!) and the intellectual film-maker thinks his audience is stupid. *Blazing Saddles* and *History Of The World* are now showing at a cinema near you. **(EMI)**

Das Boot (Wolfgang Petersen). The distributors have dumped the atrocious dubbed prints of *The Boat* in favour of the original German version. The submarine is still the hellish hero, the futility of war is still the grindingly obvious point. **(Warner Bros)**

Death Wish 2 (Michael Winner) / Blow Out (Brian De Palma). Winner's trashy follow up to Charlie Bronson's original Old Testament tactics in *Death Wish* is a must to avoid. In a strikingly incompatible double-header De Palma's re-working of similar themes done to death in *Blow Up* and *The Conversation* is stylish but hollow. *(Hello! — Ed.)* **(Columbia)**

Making Love (Arthur Hiller). After turning Erich Segal's sickly *Love Story* into a celluloid fantasy lapped up by millions, Mr Hiller has plumped for a more 'meaningful' and 'relevant' fairy story for the '80s: Michael Ontkean leaves Kate Jackson for the butch charms of Harry Hamlin. Silly, love. **(20th Century Fox)**

Missing (Costa Gavras). Lauded political thriller that comes complete with the Cannes festival's Palme D'Or, striking central performances from Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, and a commitment that shines out of every frame. What's missing, I'm afraid, is dramatic tension; not so much *Z* as zzzzzz . . . **(UIP)**

Once Upon A Time In The West (Sergio Leone). Don't miss the chance to see Leone's 1968 masterpiece, a superbly orchestrated Western that breathed fresh life into a moribund genre. And you'll never look at Henry Fonda in the same way again. **(UIP)**

Shoot The Moon (Alan Parker). Schematic domestic-hell drama, with abrasive (ie irritating) performances from Albert Finney and Diane Keaton as the unhappy couple. **(UIP)**

Monty Smith

Dom DeLuise in Mel Brooks' History Of The World. Don't ask us who the guy with the apple in his gob is, though.

ON THE BOX

Friday June 25
Husbands (John Cassavetes 1970). This 'short' (by his standards, 138 mins is pretty nifty) will tax or touch depending on how you take to the overtly expressive meander of Cassavetes' rep. company rapping. Peter Falk, Ben Gazzara and Cass himself as three maudlin friends on the lam (and on the juice) after the death of an old partner in crimes. **(BBC1)**

Saturday June 26
Marathon Man (John Schlesinger 1976). Olivier, Hoffman and Bill Devane all on high register in Schlesinger's (a name which is listed under "3 O'Clock Hack's Nightmare" in anyone's book) sturdy, slowly involving thriller. Famous for the fingernails-down-blackboard-style dentistry-interrogation scene, but smaller moments maintain such tension. **(ITV)**

Sunday June 27
The Pawnbroker (Sidney Lumet 1965). "Lumet in his element," pronounces renowned *Sun* et Lumet-watcher M. Smith ('element' is in fact a cheap anagram of 'Lumet' writes I. P. etc etc). Seriously, a strange suspended world of memory and despair — Rod Steiger as the ex-concentration camp prisoner, now resident in New York's ghettos but still imprisoned by the past. "Moving, grim, depressing" are just three of Smith's adjectives of recommendation. Sounds like great fun, Mont. **(BBC2)**

The Thrill Of It All (Norman Jewison 1963). Good matinee: Carl Reiner gags (and cameos) in story matching James Garner ('ray! Let's hear it for the big guy in the rowing boat with the Polaroid!) and Doris 'Monday, Tuesday, Happy' Day with object of spoofing USA TV Soap style commercials. One for all the family! **(BBC1)**

Ian Penman

OF MIRRORS

has his camera circling his character in a predatory manner, frightening them into motionlessness.

And in his most stylised films — *Chinese Roulette, Despair* — he looses his characters in a wilderness of mirrors, trapping them with their own reflections, which the camera duly films in rapid tracking shots.

In short, Fassbinder's characters don't move unless he tells them to.

But then film making isn't a democratic process and he's not trying to peddle you the illusion that it is. Does that make him callous? I'd argue that his methods provide the essential distancing device that turns his melodramas into a form of heightened realism: you are forced to empathise with the people, while the sense of distance encourages you to reflect on their fate.

Anyway to film the banal and the everyday straight would be boring. Fassbinder prefers instead to choose slightly extraordinary situations — that is, ordinary people reaching the end of their tether — to illuminate the pressures of daily life that bring people to despair.

Thus his films are often about the marginals of society — scuffling crooks, shuffling barrowboys, immigrant workers, homosexuals — whose problems are accentuated by their position. He doesn't attempt to present them in an endearing light; on the contrary he emphasises their shortcomings, their avarice, their brutishness.

"The best way to describe the majority's view of the minority is to show the kinds of failure and cruel pressures an individual of that minority is forced to accept," he once said, by way of explanation.

FASSBINDER MIGHT BE judged heartless if he didn't subject himself to the same harsh scrutiny as his characters. He's never been one to keep his emotions hidden, claiming recognition of his own ugly traits as a necessary step to purging himself of them. The most revealing glimpse of his personal life comes in *Germany In Autumn*, a collective effort made by new German film makers by way of response to the deaths of the Baader Meinhof gang in Stammheim Jail.

During two autobiographical sequences, he is seen at first in a state of panic on hearing the news, which manifests itself in the bullying of his boyfriend, the acquiescent Armin Meier, and later in an argument with his mother, who expresses a longing for a benevolent dictatorship, which would be better equipped for crushing terrorism.

The contradiction of his professed belief and his behaviour is obvious and around that difference many of his films revolve, pointing up the sado-masochistic relationships that exist between lovers or within families, acknowledging that no matter how much pain loved ones bring each other, it's nevertheless difficult to separate.

Ironically in this battle of dominance and submission, women often come out better, especially in his recent movies *Lola, Lili Marleen* and *The Marriage Of Maria Braun*. Though ultimately these three characters lose out, too, women undoubtedly bring out the best in Fassbinder.

"The point is that I feel I can express what I want to say better when I use a female character at the centre. Women are more exciting, because on the one hand they are oppressed, and on the other they aren't really, because they use this 'oppression' as terrorisation. Men are so simple, they're more ordinary than women. It's also more amusing to work with women . . ."

It shows. Fassbinder's women's pictures are far less oppressive and much more fun, even if they too eventually end in tears. Over the years he has established an excellent rapport with his repertory stock of actresses (actors, too) and he's made a star of Hanna Schygulla, who's been with him since his days in the theatre.

His three recent women's pictures have also been his most exploratory of Germany's recent history. *Lili Marleen* — clumsy and stilted though it is — is about a working girl who rises high in Nazi Germany on the strength of that hit; *Marriage Of Maria Braun* takes up the story of Germany's post-war reconstruction through the metaphor of Maria (Schygulla) who subordinates her feelings to build a home for an absent husband, only to end up wealthy, but hollow inside and disillusioned to the core. And *Lola*, a fabulous, funny remake of *The Blue Angel*, focuses on a small town sweet whore who's used as a catalyst in the bribery and corruption of petty officials to see through building plans.

Lola and *Maria Braun* come closest to his ideal of a critical Hollywood melodramatic form placed in a European context. They're also his most attractive films, especially *Lola*, what with its wit and its detailed use of pinky blues to authenticate its '50s period. They're restrained without being restricting in a way that his earlier, clammy chamber piece *Bitter Tears Of Petra Van Kant* is.

In these films are contained Fassbinder's muddled emotions about his native country, one that he loves for its people and its culture, but despises for its inhibiting lack of confidence. To a large extent his characters are governed by fear of being out of step, of saying the wrong thing, of being accused of reactionary Nazi tendencies. Nobody is allowed to act naturally or let his true self be known (except in the dark of *Lola's* brothel).

That fear manifests itself as a conformity which stifles the soul of modern Germany. It's something that Fassbinder has always refused to bow to.

LIKE VOLKER Schlondorff, Fassbinder belongs to the '68 generation, whose absurd hopes of changing the world were eventually crushed by the day to day reality of making a living. Back in the '60s he formed an action theatre group called *Anti-Teater* in Munich, which didn't so much perform plays as present provocations to the authorities, almost inviting them to close the theatre down. Which is what happened.

Nevertheless he never lost the taste for baiting and incensing institutions, be they on the right, the left or in the centre. Fassbinder's cinema isn't about making friends or canvassing for popularity. It is about the search for love, and if it begins from the optimistic position of someone dissatisfied with society's meagre ration, it's not unduly pessimistic to suggest he invariably fails to find it.

Sometimes the search is incredibly manic, sometimes messy, at best both — the tawdry, brilliant *In A Year Of 13 Moons* — and spread across some 40 films not to mention the 13 part TV adaptation of the classic '20s novel *Berlin Alexanderplatz*) it occasionally wears thin.

But above all Fassbinder's cinema is about taking chances, even if the stakes are high, and his odd failures only add to the vital, constantly probing nature of his legacy.

Not so much a living body of work, as Ian Penman said last week, as a raw, livid one.

Ulli Lommel and Alexander Allerson in Chinese Roulette (1976).

Fassbinder with the Golden Bear at this year's Berlin Film Festival awarded for Veronika Voss. James Stewart (right) seems suitably impressed.

Penn tangle

Georgia's Friends
Directed by Arthur Penn
Starring Craig Wasson, Jodi Thelen, Michael Huddleston and Jim Metzler (20th Century Fox)

Jim Metzler, Michael Huddleston and Craig Wasson as Georgia's Friends, getting horny in the good old summertime.

ORIGINALLY CALLED *Four Friends* in the States — where their irretrievable wetness was recognised; the film bombed — this is a maudlin graft of one man's Great American Novel complex onto another's unpredictable visual imagination.

For scriptwriter Steve Tesich (the "bright young hope" of *Breaking Away* and *The Janitor*) let's be charitable and hope this slice of sublimated autobiography serves as purgative for his pretension. For Arthur Penn, well, we throw up our hands in perplexity and wonder — Art, your art has confounded us again . . .

What a shadowy creature is Penn — an almost grotesque caricature of the director as willful anti-*auteur* (pardon the phraseology). His moments of cohesive brilliance (two of the most important American movies of the '60s in *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Alice's Resturant* — whether you like them or not — and the underrated, abrasive elegy of *Night Moves* in '75) are offset by other stretches of burgeoning Seriousness or outright silliness.

Tesich probably has to shoulder most of the blame for *Friends*. The frame is Odyssey, the intertwining progress (or not) of the four friends — Danilo, Georgia, Tom and David — from their muddled '50s dreaming, through the ravages of '60s America, to a kiss-and-make-up 'mature' resolution.

Danilo (Craig Wasson) is the pivotal character, son of hard working (class) Yugoslavian immigrants; his Dad's a life-drained hard hat — QED Oedipul guilt, etc — who slaps his son's chops off for daring to suggest there might be life outside the steel foundry.

The four friends flirt with how they're going to fashion their adult lives. Jodi Thelen's Georgia (we'll have to look far to find a more irritating drippy moaner in the cinema this year — Di Keaton retire hurt!) wants to be Isadora Duncan and the other three really don't know what they want, poor lambs.

At its worst, *Georgia's Friends* seems to celebrate the grating immaturity and cluelessness of these fey seekers - after - something - or -other and matches the breadth of their indecisiveness with a dragging pace. I was left feeling that they got everything they deserved: Vietnam, Nixon, drug casualty friends, campus cop violence — and was *relieved* by Danilo's penultimate confrontation with redneck bigotry (yeah, let's hear it for redneck logic!).

Penn still has a keen eye for peripheral detail — particularly evident in the one truly vibrant scene, Danilo's tragic wedding — and is lavishly aided by the photography of the late Ghislain Cloquet.

But the continual imprisonment of widescreen Social significance in crude pointers (my favourite has to be the bus full of swinging black kids happily singing their way "Alabama, Ohio bound", close winner over a portentous burning Stars'n'Stripes) is claustrophobic, a sort of cutesy pie pessimism. I can remember no film where more people have burst into sobbing more often, more reliably (whether it's heartbreak or happiness — you know those sobs are on their way).

Georgia speaks an unfortuante truth in between her final sobs. Collapsing into the ragged arms of Danilo, she blurts: "Why does everything take so long?"

Agreed. I went away to find *Cutter's Way* again — now there's a *real* emotional study of the impotence of idealism, the death of the '60s.

Ian Penman

Weedy 3D

Parasite
Directed by Charles Band
Starring Robert Glaudini, Demi Moore, Luca Bercovici and James Davidson (Entertainment)

Comin' At Ya!
Directed by Ferdinando Baldi
Starring Tony Anthony, Victoria Abril, Gene Quintano and Ricardo Palacios (GTO)

"Say — those three guys look real stupid over there in 2D." Pike and Polk model the latest lines in three dimensional hooters and bellies in Comin' At Ya! (sic).

EVEN IN its '50s sci–fi heyday, 3D was never good for more than a laugh and a headache, the latter generally lasting longer than the former. Long since consigned to the gimmick graveyard along with "Percepto", "Emergo", "Sensurround", "Aromarama" and the rest, it's now been disinterred to tart up a couple of exploitation quickies well worth expending effort to avoid.

For *Parasite* and *Comin' At Ya!*, the red / green blurring into murky monochrome has gone, replaced here by some polarising processes called (respectively) "Stereovision" and "Dimensionscope", which give full-colour but prevent you looking sideways at the screen. We have the technology, it seems.

But we're still a little short on imagination. *Parasite* is standard Mondo-Disgusto splatterama fare, set in a post-holocaust landscape and featuring an outsize liver-fluke with teeth which attaches itself to its victims' bodies and sucks them into pastel shades of blue, bursting out of their faces and into your lap if a little dramatic effect is called for.

The story draped limply around the special effects mixes equal parts *Mad Max* and multinational-corporation conspiracy theory, but throws away all kinds of plotline possibilities to concentrate on the gimmick and the gore and precious little else. It knows its audience, that's for sure.

Comin' At Ya! is a spaghetti "style" western of quite hilarious ineptitude, concerning the deadly deeds of brothers Pike and Polk, who kidnap young girls and sell them into whore-slavery until Our Hero H. H. Hart (Tony Anthony) blows them and their gang into various shades of three dimensional sunset.

Rather more intent on ramming home its gimmick than *Parasite*, it features all manner of lengthy set-pieces involving yo-yos, slow-motion cascades of coins, water-spray, genuine imitation bats, flaming arrows, snakes and gun-barrels poking out of the screen at the unlikeliest moments — then caps it all by running all of them again in a pre-credit reprise at the end.

At least it's honest, I suppose; there's nothing else worth watching for.

The trouble with 3D as a film technique is that it dominates the direction and the set design too much: the need to shoot through room dividers, hanging ladders, plants and pointless bric-a-brac overwhelms such basic considerations as continuity, camera angles and the like; and the need to festoon the foreground with strung-up brushes, sacks and similar objects dangling from the ceiling makes a mockery of conventions of "suspension of disbelief". Even in old westerns, the frontages *look* real; here, no one's in any doubt as to why the dangling objects are around.

Note for rock'n'roll types: ex-Runaway Cherie Currie puts in an appearance as a street-gang moll-cum-victim in *Parasite*. Surprisingly, the parasite's last name is not Fowley.

Andy Gill

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Jays Records
Millers Music
Record Bar
Andys
Our Price
Long Player
Odessey
Tracks
Soundwave
Parrot Records
P. Nutts Records
Stylus Four
Record House
Ames
Penny Lane
Boots
Hudson
Lion Records
Phase One
Lion Records
Parrot Records
Inferno
Virgin
HMV
WH Smith
Williams
Binns
Siren
HMV
Unitapes
WH Smith
Collectors
Fox
Bradleys
Lewks
Graduate
Studio Musica
Menzies
I & N
Bruces
Chalmers
Cathie McCabe
Max's
Coppard Whitney
Ames
Virgin
Boots
Menzies
WH Smith
Tors
Phoenix
Music Box
Records & Tapes
Pitts
Subway Records

FOLKESTONE

GLASGOW

GLOUCESTER

GUILDFORD

HULL

HALESOWEN
HANLEY

HARBOURNE
HAVERHILL

IPSWICH

KIRKHAM

KNUTSFORD
LEEDS

LEICESTER

LEWES
LIVERPOOL

LONDON:
EC1
CAMDEN TOWN, NW4
WOOD GREEN, N8
WOOD GREEN, N8
STOKE NEWINGTON, N16
CHINGFORD, E4
E4
E17
E17
FOREST GATE, E7
BARKINGSIDE
E4
BOUNDS GREEN, N10
BARKINGSIDE
EDGWARE
FORTIS GREEN, N10
MUSWELL HILL, N10
HENDON, NW4
OXFORD WALK, W1
FULHAM ROAD, SW10
THE STRAND, WC2
CLAPHAM JUNCTION
OXFORD STREET, W1
EDGWARE ROAD, W1
KENSINGTON, W8
COVENTRY STREET, W1
CLAPHAM
EALING
ROMFORD
CROYDON
KINGS X
MARBLE ARCH, W1
CROYDON
PUTNEY, SW15
LOUGHBOROUGH
MAIDENHEAD

Humming Bird
Marc 2
23rd Precinct
Fiesta
Virgin
Lost Chord
Listen
Tom Russell
Gloucester Disco Centre
WH Smith
Boots
Music Market
Subway Records
Venus Records
Bonaparte
HMV
Syd Scarbro (Fox)
Binns
WH Smith
Boots
Pied Piper
Lotus
Lloyds
Bloods
Sound Court
Andys
Norwich
Disco Round
Andys
Parrot Records
Rays
Sinfonia
Boots
Ken Palk
HMV
Virgin
Brakers
Len Lyons
Boots
WH Smith
HMV
Martins
Ainleys
Revolver
Brees
WH Smith
Record Centre
Penny Lane
Phoenix
Probe
WH Smith
Crown
Gully

Fenchurch Records
Sounds 84
Davids Records
Dereks Records
Phase 3
Turntable Records
Master Blaster
Master Blaster
Sounds Right
Gilberts
Golds
Record Centre
Morgans Records
Record Centre
Loppyluggs
Harum Records
Tudor Records
Groove Line
Virgin Records
Raven Records
Music Discount Centre
Citicentre
Our Price
Our Price
Our Price
Our Price
Readings
Beggars Banquet
Street Life Records
Bonaparte Records
Bonaparte Records
Virgin Records
Our Price
Our Price
Castles
Our Price
Opus One

MAIDENHEAD
MAIDSTONE

MANCHESTER

MATLOCK
MIDDLESBROUGH

NEWCASTLE

NEWMARKET
NORTHFIELDS
NORWICH

NOTTINGHAM

NUNEATON
OXFORD

PAIGNTON
PLYMOUTH

PORTSMOUTH

PORT TALBOT
PRESTON

PRINCES RISBOROUGH
RAWENSTALL

READING

ROCHDALE

ROTHERHAM
SHEFFIELD

SLOUGH

SOUTHAMPTON

ST HELENS
STOCKTON

STROUD
SUNDERLAND

SUTTON
SWANSEA
TORQUAY
TUNSTALL
WASHINGTON
WEST BROMWICH
WOLVERHAMPTON

WORTHING
WORCESTER

WH Smith
Our Price
Long Player
Challenger & Hicks
Marshalls
Piccadilly
Virgin
HMV
Robinsons
Bradleys
One Stop
Boots
WH Smith
Hudson
Record Shop
Fearnley
Hamiltons
WH Smith
Boots
Callers
HMV
Virgin
WH Smith
Volume
Bloods
Music Shop
Harpers
Studio Musica
Goose & Son
Bonds
Top Deck
Robins
HMV
Revolver
Fox
Co-op
Selecta
Virgin
Shooting Star
Our Price
Selfridges
Russell Acott
Sounds
Virgin
Radio Rentals
Subway Records
G. Knight
Virgin
Allders
Subway Records
Dereks
Ames
Laskeys
HOR
Record House
Ames

Quick Silver
G. Knight
Our Price
Bradleys
WH Smith
Sound Music
Virgin
Bradleys
Impulse
Revolution
WH Smith
Our Price
WH Smith
Subway Records
Virgin
Owen & Owen
Henrys
Ames
HMV
WH Smith
Boots
Turntable Two
HMV
WH Smith
Mere Green Recs
Dereks
Sounds
Replay
Fox
Sounds Good
HMV
Ruby Red
Sundown
Record Centre
Music Market

Fashiøn is shooting the best photograph of any one of the tracks on 'Fabrique' in our Olympus Camera Competition. Fashiøn is winning a photo-session with the band and David Bailey. Fashiøn is taking home £400 worth of Olympus equipment afterwards. Fashiøn is winning an Olympus OM-10 Camera as second prize. Fashiøn is winning one of 8 Olympus XA1 cameras as a runner-up. So shoot to win a shoot with Fashiøn.

FASHION

album and cassette «fabrique»

SHØØT TØ WIN

Fashion is shooting to win a shoot with Fashion. Fashion is winning an Olympus Camera. Fashion is never tailored to suit, never made to measure. Fashion is 'Fabrique.' The album/cassette including 'Move On,' 'Streetplayer' and 'Something In Your Picture.' Fashion is the special edition double-play cassette with extensor mixes. Fashion is produced by Zeus B Held. Fashion is Fabrique.

FASHION THRO' OLYMPUS CAMERAS

ABC.

a-z affectionately, 1 to 10 alphabetically. from here to eternity without in betweens. still looking for a custom fit in an off the rack world? sales talk from sales assistants when all i want to do is lower your resistance. no rhythm in cymbals no tempo in drums. love's on arrival, she comes when she comes. right on the target but wide of the…

the Lexicon *of* Love

THE LEXICON OF LOVE.

ONLY 3.99. ALBUM OR CASSETTE.

ABC

ABC AT HMV.

ABC will be at our Oxford Street shop from 6 o'clock on June 24th to sign copies of their new album, 'The Lexicon of Love.'

So if you want to meet them it's as easy as ABC.

the HMV shop

All offers subject to availability.

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DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Come On Eileen (Phonogram)
Ever since I claimed their LP was the greatest thing in all of the world I've been secretly avoiding Dexy's Midnight Runners for fear that I might be confronted with the lie. Dexy's 9 says the label. I think I was with them up until about 4, when they were still a grimace, a wrench and 76 trombones, and this single comes as a shock. 'Come On Eileen' is good enough to give them another number one record. It's spry and merry cobbled together from fine plucked mandolins, sawn fiddles and tack piano and still retains that 'Geno'-style northern soul refrain for the chorus. Actually, recommended though it is, I don't know if I *like* it too much. Their past dealings tinge all their work with a thorough thought worthiness that I don't care for in-records, and the gypsy feeling to the package makes me think they've been digging into early '70s Van Morrison chic a little studiously. But I hate tooing and froing. So let's leave it that *here* is the liveliest and freshest sound on British 45 this week. Folky rather than funky. Why does that last sentence worry me?

RAVE REVIEW

PAUL McCARTNEY: Take It Away (Parlophone)
Are you listening? Kevin Rowland, Peter York, Maggie Thatcher, John Peel, Andrew Lloyd Webber, Chris Bohn, Gary Kemp, Bryan Ferry — can you hear me! *This* is the acid test. If anyone out there can listen to the final 20-second fade out on this and still shrug, then the last five years have numbed you to jelly. *Lime* jelly at that. The final 20-second fade out is one of McCartney's greatest strokes and most spiteful jokes. Great hollering saxophones and trumpets — messed up to full treble as on 'Got To Get You Into My Life' or 'Lady Madonna' — blowing up and down a scale so perfect, so sweet, I find myself writing a review more enthusiastic than anything for years. But Waaaaarrgghhh! Paul decides we've all been too mean to him in recent years, and being the richest man ever ever ever, he can afford to destroy it all. He fades the triumphant sound down and out after just a taster. The track itself is fair-to-above average McCartney but just as one genius shot can win a game so the climax raises 'Take It Away' to a rare status. Oh but worse! The 7" version of this fades it even sooner! Quick, get out now and buy the LP for the 'full' recital before the crazed octogenarian Bootle Beatle orders them all in as one moon-faced nut's revenge on a generation. It is a piece of music worth ten thousand pounds! Paul, dear frowned upon old friend, may I take this moment to frankly apologise for ever calling you a modern day Dorian Gray or slippery old lunatic — whatever it was. Here, take my home, my watch, my headphones . . . but give us back our ending. *(Review ends with writer sobbing over type-writer until his tears cause a short-circuit that fries his eyebrows and causes tongue to roll up like top of old Persian's slipper).*

CULTURE CLUB: I'm Afraid Of Me (Virgin)
You see what we're in for don't you? With this, following so close on the heels of 'I've Never Been To Me', I see a huge tract of 'Me' songs all referring wistfully to the first person as some kind of luscious illusive unattainable movie starlet. I once sat in a New York bar and heard two fags scream at each other for a whole hour on the theme of whether either of them really knew themselves.

1st Fag: "But do you really know yourself? I mean I don't. My God, here I am, I'm 36, and I wake up screaming most nights saying, y'know, it's frightening, I don't who who I am!"

2nd Fag: "I know. I don't know who I am either."

1st Fag: "I wonder who we are?"

In contrast, I know exactly who I am. I know what I think, where I live, who I want to win this world cup — all sorts of complicated things like that. Whatever he might insist, I think Country Club's Boy George has his problems. Man? Woman? Bill or Ben? Then again, who cares in this get-ahead funky day and age? Isn't too much attention paid to others' appearance when, after all, none of us really know ourselves? Who shall casteth the first stone? (Well yes, actually I'd love to but I know a number of people who're already up at the stoning pit jostling for position.) So let's forget all about Boy George and his queer appearance and talk about his voice. He has a very good voice indeed. And Country Club sound excellent.

Beggar & Co fall in for this faggy fad of using dumb-bells as props and taking a decidedly obsessional attitude to P.E. They adopt a sound that is certainly an improvement on all that early mindless call & response stuff. It's tougher, slightly more original, very American and, I decide on repetition, a very healthy record indeed. I think I'll obtain myself a fat 12-inch version, though Olivia's 'Physical' is still the first and last word in this genre though.

A HACK WRITES . . .

BANANARAMA: Shy Boy (London)
I read a terribly funny thing the other day wherein this record reviewer "thought" Bananarama were the boys and the Funboy 3 were the girls. There were tons of hilarious jokes about how well "the boys" were looking and how "suntanned" some of "the girls" had become. "Must be our recent heatwave" joked the writer. I suspect our "confused" wit knew all the time don't you! Anyway, enough of this messing around let's see what the girls — or is it the boys! — have served up for us this time round. Yes it's that familiar beaty blend of drums, echo and those lovely Bananarama vocal arrangements on another easily remembered tune that should have us dancing all the way to the topspot in the charts. No sign this time of *those other three* but I suspect they weren't far away when the girls were putting this little *opus di pop* together! Lovely stuff. More please ladies!

FRANK ZAPPA: Valley Girl (CBS)
I see. 'Valley Girls', in the UK, are the type who having come to terms, and see nothing wrong, with their "boring" comfortable middle class upbringing now live in run-down London boroughs amid a shambles of funky squalor. Ask for the toilet and they'll tell you to turn left at the drum kit. As you leave the room they'll shout out "Don't worry about making any rude smells!" and then giggle loudly at their "honest condour". It's a shame that to hear a perfect, faultless performance of a 'Valley Girl' in full flight you have to wade through one of Frank Zappa's clumsy, dated songs. CBS should just release the girl vocal unaccompanied — a stunning, merciless tour-de-France . . . no, Force — and then start a nationwide search for a male equivalent who could perform the same accurate assassination on zip-head Zappa and his abominable wry moustache.

DONNA SUMMER: Love Is In Control (WEA)
Donna is the latest, and perhaps most predictable, recruit to the Quincy "Quincy" Jones/Rod Temperton factory. Most people thought Donna was dead, killed under a weight of worthless contracts that fell from the sky when the Geffen Label Building fell down during the last wave of Californian earthquakes. But she's a game old gal who refuses to accept that 36 months without a hit necessarily means you're on the skids. "That's no time at all," she told massed reporters, "I'll start to worry after three years". This sounds singularly flat, Temperton is rich — but struggling, as witnessed on parts of the new Herbie "Lad Himself" Hancock LP. (Herb, you will recall, spends much of his time as *NME* photographer Joe Stevens, the only man who parks his car three cities away "just to be safe"). 1982, and disco must be unashamed and brazen else it ends up muddled and apologetic like this.

BAD TASTE

MIGUEL BOSE: You Can't Stay The Night (Epic)
Do you know who Miguel is? Well, according to this creased and sacred press handout, he's currently outselling just about every other act in Europe. I took a public opinion poll in Madrid recently and seven out of ten housewives said that in preference to Miguel they'd rather have their cooking oil back. He sings like Peter Frampton with pretensions that Bruce Springsteen has somehow blessed this lush-pop-epic style of songwriting. He looks like Bruce but with definite and sinister Tommy Steele overtones.

THE CLASH, JOHN LYDON & THE JAM: Remembering That Punk Feeling (Elektra Import)
There is no such record.

HAYSI FANTAYZEE: John Wayne Is Big Leggy (Regard)
The single of the trite poster campaign. Two and a half modern day hippies — white, dreadlocks, big brimmed hats, odd clothes in curtain patterns, no socks — try to hoist another 'amalgam of dance influences' onto us. The song would be free and crazy but actually sounds winsome and windy. (Note for fanzine writers: When interviewing Haysie Fantayzee ask them what the title means. How did it come about? Was there ever another mix? Stuff like that) . . .

"PROGRESS"

PH.D: Little Suzies On The Up (WEA)
I have news. When we all danced so gleefully around that enormous bonfire we made out of all the world's mellotrons we were a little lacking in thoroughness. One appears to have survived. Now the eunuchoid PH.D. have restored it and taunt us from their secret smelly lair. In this toady little tome they celebrate the bones of an old Family style song and should this prove to be their second foul hit. I dare say the cheap press will bore us all again with how this band are so great just because one member has a Ph.D (PHysical Disability) and the other is a complete idiot. Apparently they take turns.

CHANGE: The Very Best In You (London)

PINO D'ANGIO: Ma Quale Idea (System)
Two 12" records that I play all the time. Change, who have taken up the glove that Chic laid down in challenge and have reduced Rodgers & Edwards to spectators, seem all set to make it three perfect LPs in a row. 'The Very Best In You' seeps down into your fibres like camphor, a lush sensurround production of warm lapping piano chords and clipped rhythm guitar falling out the speakers like Teddy Pendergrass backed by . . . well, Change — the old masters have been retired by style such as this. I could kiss it. And then the curious Pino. A rap record, possibly the very last I'll ever buy (and I've only bought a few), "sung" in either Spanish or Italian — I can't tell and anyway it makes no difference unless *you're one of them* in which case you probably have trouble with my columns in any case. The music is a little too fey for some of the muscely butch tastes up here but it's a driving barmy little record that tells the tale of two soda-syphon engineers with conflicting views on how much deposit breweries should demand on each bottle. It ends, bleakly, with Jose imploring Juan to *"Sui encale el puchachos de sevros im Shakin' Stevens"*. And that, frankly, is not a lesson that many of us could master.

MICK KARN: Sensitive (Virgin)
Japan are very big now. Such a shame, like Bow Wow Wow, how one meagre little bit of success can ruin a hundred stock failure jokes. Jap's Mick Karn has some interesting credits on his new single. Ricky Wilde gets one for "movement". "Movement"!

Wilde: "Aw come on Mick, I've hung around these studios all day why not give us a plug on your single bag?"

Karn: "Sure Ricky. But what've you done?"

Wilde: "Well . . . I walked over there and put the milk back in the fridge."

Karn: "Great, that'll do!"

Actually that's not too fair. Both Wilde and Karn get a credit for "occasional piano". Remember Pete Sinfield? He always got credited on old King Crimson records with "lights and illuminations". I think we're headed that way again. "Movement" and "Occasional pianos" aside, the main 'driving force' on this dreamy extravagance sees a wobbly plucked bass serenading a backdrop of mournful northern brass played on a synthesizer. It's slow and lush and quite, quite dreary.

CHAS AND DAVE: Margate (Rockney)
How I love Chas & Dave. How I hate people who have theories about them. The most common thrust is the old "professional cockneys" jibe. This is meaningless. Chas & Dave write local songs in the same vain as they were written by Gus Elan, Max Miller — well I've been through this many times. I think a lot of people dislike them because they're afraid C&D might offend real working class Londoners because they are in some way a distorted lampoon or patronizing slur. Others simply resent the capital having it's own *anything*. But Chas & Dave have written many fine songs with terrific happy words that I should love to sing to my kids — "Sideboard Song", "Gertcha", "Banging In Your Head" as well as straight ahead *good tunes* like 'Ain't No Pleasing You'. 'Margate' now joins the former bunch although I suspect I never will sing the new lyrics in place of the excellent advert ones. I hope they're around for ever.

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: Your Imagination (RCA)
At first I feared the subject matter might be drawing attention to certain overly hirsuit British funk musicians but I called John who told me, "Originally the cut did take Leee's disgusting perversion as its theme but we ran into problems with the radio stations. In the end, if you listen closely, we changed the line *'You unsexy cretin cover yourself up before I throw up all over your back catalogue which all happens to sound remarkably similar"* into *"Oh yus baby I love you so much'*. It was a compromise OK but I think the original anger is still there . . . y'know if you want to hear it". I have to say that 'Your Imagination' sounds like a pale fourth option LP track especially when backed with the wonderful 'Sarah Smile' from 1975.

MODERN ROMANCE: By The Way (WEA)
Now's my chance. I spent an entire day with Modern Romance's Geoff Deane last month finding out that he's the cleverest — if the most cynical — operator in the modern music field. He's literate, witty and not a little bitter, and we found ourselves in the company of *Harper's & Queen* style-chief Peter York and passed the day putting the world to rights, deciding what's good and bad, who should live and who should die and hearing of the shocking rise of Modern Romance in America coupled with Deane's confession of "how I went to America a hip liberal and came back raging on the verge of bigotry". It was all 12-page banner headline stuff. At the day's end I went to play the little collection 9 C90's back and found myself listening to some random, though interesting, snatches of Radio One's programmes for that day. Not one of the tapes had come out. This I decided was the only fitting fate for such discussions, I think Goeff Deane knows that whatever is written about him now — however good a light it's in — the "thinking" rock public consider he and his group hopeless shallow oafs. It bothers him . . . but not enough to budge him from his schemes within the charts of which 'By The Way' is a logical, if unradical, small step. So remember — in this wild and whacky world of pop not everything you see is what you might believe. Well actually, 99½% of it is and is predictable as hell. But that other ½% . . . that's the bastard. Byeee.

REVIEWER **DANNY BAKER**

SINGLES

"shock"

"hirsute"

"eucch"

A shunned Hasselblad Bonanza watches two Woodbines discuss the meaning of life in a New York boozer.

THE BLANC GENERATION

LYNN HANNA takes a trip to Paris with BLANCMANGE and discovers that art is more than just a bowl of jelly. Photos PETER ANDERSON

ALLO and welcome to one of my wonders of the world, *le centre Georges Pompidou, Paris.*

Whereas Britain's attempt at a national cultural centre in the Barbican has all the architectural allure of a provincial shopping complex and is set in an inaccessible area of London that's almost totally depopulated after the City's businessmen have commuted home to surburbia, France's major monument to modern art exerts a powerful pull on its environment.

In the middle of the picturesque muddle of small shops and cafes that form Les Halles, situated not too far from some of the city's naughtier quarters, its spacious forecourt attracts both the curious and the casual stroller, the exhibitionist and onlooker, besides the active seeker after Art.

Rising cleanly out of the cluttered charm of its surroundings, the structure itself is a breathtaking monument to modernist optimism. Steel, glass and stunning colour blend in a building that balances mass against delicacy and detail, harbouring light, space and facilitating movement. It contains libraries, cinemas and a comprehensive collection of 20th century art movements, but, most magnificently, the Pompidou Centre has been constructed inside out.

Cables, pipes, water tanks and lift mechanisms formally pattern the structure's shell, while the glass escalators glide up the outside of the building, offering a progressively widening panorama of Paris.

It leaves the impression of an art that's not ossified and revered, cordoned off for dry inspection by jealous experts, but an experience vitally linked with *Life*.

And it is here that Peter Anderson and I have arranged to meet Blancmanage, perhaps motivated by some vague idea of linking pop's present unashamed, glamorous functionalism, its direct, provoking invitation to pleasure with the Pompidou Centre's shiny populist splendour. Or maybe it's just because I can't keep away from the place, and from what I saw of Blancmange performing for a thin but politely appreciative audience at the celebrated Bains-Douches nightclub last night, I think the atmosphere could be conducive to our conversation.

Et voici Blancmange, arriving rather late and running across the courtyard; two visual opposites colliding in the surprising sphere of pop. Neil Arthur is tall, hale and as fresh-faced as a young farmer, genially loquacious in a rich Lancashire accent. Stephen Luscombe his partner, is frail, blond and more cautious in manner.

We set off immediately up the escalators for an appropriately contemporary section where we spend some time searching for a work entitled 'Two Prunes In Bed' which both Stephen and I remember with much enthusiasm from previous visits as a low-ceilinged room, a worn bedroom suite haphazardly splattered with paint, a radio left playing besides a kitsch pink light while two grotesquely distorted heads recline on the pillows.

Failing to find it, we pause instead besides some dismembered piano pieces called 'Chopin's Waterloo', which prompts Stephen to recall a past prank at a Southern agricultural show, when he and some friends set up a stall of rubbish to which visitors were invited to contribute at the price of ten pence a piece; a stunt that, not surprisingly, was trustingly sponsored by the local Arts Council.

Not that Blancmange are about perpetrating an act of intellectualised con-trickery or elitist esoterica. Both Neil and Stephen formerly worked as commercial artists, as graphic designers in separate small businesses. Only Neil went to college, and whatever the fully formed state of the still developing Blancmange art — an identity that will be determined by circumstance as much as by design — it seems likely to stress accessibility and application as much as experiment.

BLANCMANGE STARTED as an occasional collaboration about three years ago after Stephen had been involved in an adventurous outfit called M.I.R.U. and Roger had sung in an embryonic group that specialised in murderous versions of Beatle's standards in his college bar. Eighteen months ago they started to get more serious, with a track on Stevo's idiosyncratic 'Some Bizarre' compilation and an EP released under the alter-egos of Irene and Mavis, with themselves listed as guest artistes.

"Special guests!" snorts Neil. "As if anyone knew who we were anyway."

After the familiar increasing conflict of interests between the demands of a day job and the attraction of a deeper musical involvement, they left work three months ago, signed a deal the same afternoon, recorded a tender for a 7 Up commercial the next day, spent three days doing backing tapes, stayed up all night recording a single, then two hours later set out on tour with Depeche Mode. Although it was their former stint supporting Grace Jones for three nights at the Theatre Royal last summer that's so far proved their major formative experience.

"That was the turning point," says Stephen." That was the time when we decided we weren't doing what we should be."

"She just gave such a performance," adds Neil. "And what we were doing was just going onstage, saying, This is it; almost take it or leave it. It was a really awful attitude. And we thought we've wasted two years without even being aware of it. We thought we'd got to do something so the audience didn't think we were really embarrassed about being there.

"The first night we were so overawed, we just did it. But the second night we knew what was coming — 3,000 seats with only 800 people in them, people talking and walking around. We thought, We're not winning this. There must be something we can do to attract their attention."

Stephen: "I thought who the hell am I to stand there and imply that I'm good without making an effort to make an audience think that? Before then we were a bit snobbish and thought, Entertainers, us? The fact is that you get up on a stage and you get people to pay money to come and see you — you're an entertainer. It doesn't matter what you *do*, whether it's lefty or experimental, you're still an entertainer.

Neither of us liked that whole attitude of rock and roll with all its hideous connotations. We wanted to do something else, on the one hand getting rid of all that and on the other hand something valuable and entertaining. We still feel a tiny bit guilty about using a tape, but we've found something at last that we can do. We've got the slides, which is something else for people to look at, and then there's *him*, he says affectionately of Neil "poncing about."

LIBERATED BY the streamlined simplicity of electronic technology, Blancmange travel light. The day before they played Paris they had driven down to Lyon with the back of an estate car easily holding their luggage, slide show, screen, synthesizer and suites.

"I always believed in the fact that anyone could do music," says Steen. "And I'd like people still to think that they could do what we're doing.

"I'm 27, and before punk I listened to a lot of other things like late progressive music. There's a lot of people, like our producer, whose experience comes from those formative years of rock music and now they're working with people like us who are experimenting with electronics. It's really good that there's that fusion going on. It's finally got rid of the awful guitar-based thing, which is quite sexist as well, which I *detest*. I can't bear that headbanging thing."

Onstage, Blancmange convey an interesting contrast between Roger's emotional, instincitive approach to singing and the cooler, more considered images of the complimentary slideshow. Stephen's

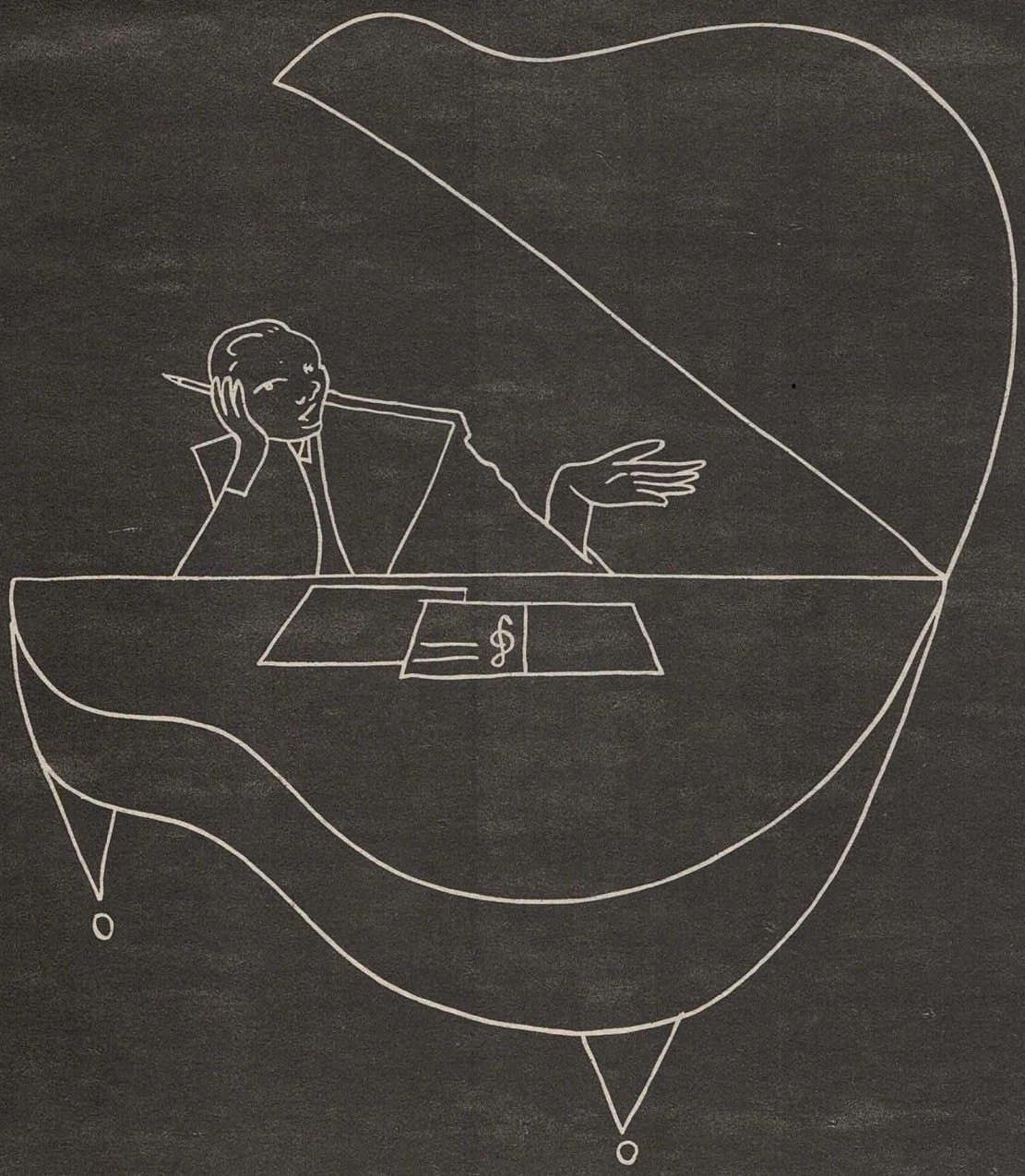
Continues page 51

Neil sizes himself up.

Stephen waves goodbye to traditional keyboards. Behind him 'Chopin's Waterloo'.

JOE JACKSON

NIGHT AND DAY



A NEW ALBUM
A NEW BAND
A NEW TOUR

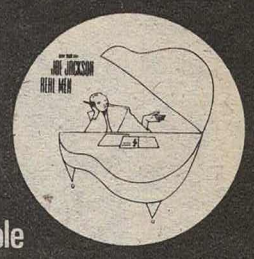
Already being hailed as Joe's finest album to date, "Night And Day" is a brand-new collection of original songs recorded in New York.

THE TOUR

June 29	LONDON Dominion
July 31st	AYLESBURY Friars
August 1	SOUTHPORT Theatre
August 3	MANCHESTER Apollo
August 4	BIRMINGHAM Odeon
August 5	NEWCASTLE City Hall
August 7	EDINBURGH Playhouse
August 8	GLASGOW Pavilion
August 10	BRISTOL Locarno
August 12	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
August 13	BRIGHTON Dome
August 15	HAMMERSMITH Odeon

"REAL MEN"

A controversial new single
"But now and then we wonder who the real men are"



A&M RECORDS Album AMLH 64906 Chromdioxid Cassette CAM 64906

Limited Edition Picture Disc Available

LAURIE ANDERS

UNITED STATES 1

". . . it was the speech that clung to the ears, the link that tingled the blood; U.S.A. U.S.A. is the slice of a continent. U.S.A. is a group of holding companies, some aggregations of trade unions, a set of laws bound in calf, a chain of moving picture theatres . . . U.S.A. is the world's greatest rivervalley fringed with mountains and hills. U.S.A. is a set of bigmouthed officials with too many bankaccounts. U.S.A. is a lot of men buried in their uniforms in Arlington cemetery. U.S.A. is the letters at the end of an address when you are away from home. But mostly U.S.A. is the speech of the people."

(John Dos Passos: *U.S.A.*, published 1938)

Nobody's got time to read nowadays, least of all an emotionally exhausting 1,000 page plus sprawl such as Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* So I give you instead America as perceived through two pop hits:

"So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. So hold me,
Mom, in your long arms.
In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms.
In your arms.
So hold me, Mom, in your long arms.
Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms.
In your electronic arms."

('O Superman' 1981)

"Ooo coo coo. Golden cities. Golden towns.
Golden cities. Golden towns.
And long cars in long lines and great big signs
and they all say: Hallelujah, Yodellayheehoo.
Every man for himself. Ooo coo coo.
Golden cities. Golden towns. Thanks for the ride."

('Big Science' — both from Laurie Anderson's "United States I-IV")

NOT SINCE THE DECLINE OF EVERY COLLEGE KID'S DREAM TO WRITE THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL HAS SUCH A MARATHON TASK AS LAURIE ANDERSON'S "UNITED STATES I-IV" BEEN UNDERTAKEN.

With the advent of teen consumerism and Me-ism the scope of American artists has narrowed to suit pop's narcissistic preoccupation with itself and consequently the pulsebeat of the nation has gone unfelt.

There are, of course, exceptions: some Dylan, Sly Stone, Tom Verlaine, Jonathan Richman's 'Old World'/'New World' arcana, Talking Heads; even bad songs, like Springsteen's sentimental working man's Americana, Don McLean's pseudo-mythic 'American Pie' and Rick Nelson's similar 'Garden Party'. Funny how potent cheap music can be!

But no popular artist has had either the nerve or verve, the patience or humility to conduct an investigation of the American mood so penetrating as Laurie's "United States". Though only fragments of its eight hours have been heard so far, its breadth is already apparent; its tapping of the people's humours is immensely moving, and above all, its method is stunning.

The Dos Passos passage opening is not gratuitously chosen, pre-dating as it does Laurie's innovative multi-layered approach. Unfairly ignored now, his *U.S.A.* was seen as an American *Ulysses* in the '30s.

Dos Passos placed his fictional unfolding of the first 30 years of this century in a documentary framework of newspaper headlines and popular song to authenticate its period, and established its tone by setting himself up as a roaming camera eye, reacting to events real and imagined with stream of consciousness prose. The narrative is further reinforced by the inclusion of bitter, funny pen portraits of famous/notorious figures in the building and selling of America.

The technique that Laurie applies might have evolved from his, though her results aren't attached to any binding narrative structure. Instead her panorama of America is a patchwork of anecdotes, sketches and songs pieced together from the "speech of the people" strained through airport intercoms, telephone answering machines ('O Superman'), Madison Avenue language passing strangers. . .

Most of them in some way deal with people grappling to come to terms with the land they were born into, struggling to get a handle on the new technology, trying to bridge barriers to communication and feelings.

In performance, really the only way to get the full impact of Laurie Anderson, they're illustrated wittily, obliquely or directly with slides, film or sign language. Pieces are linked by Anderson herself, whose invention is astonishing. A treated mike modulates her voice from masculine gruffness to its more natural state; another pick up on her skull transforms it into a ghoulish tom tom; the now famous tape/bow violin (built as a demonstration of the "slipperiness" of language) literally speaks for itself.

Her rummaging through a Pandora's box of tricks checks any tendency towards (over)weightiness. Laurie is as much vaudeville trouper as performance artist, delighting in her machine toys just as she so effectively employs them.

"There are some things there just to tease that show off idea a little bit," whispers Laurie mischievously, "the show off violinist, you know, and that's fun. It's about the silliness of that whole attitude really . . . well, it's not silly, because, for instance, to go to a wrestling match to see someone who wrestles well, well that's also thrilling. But there's something silly about someone who's been practising all this time and then says, OK, come in now and watch this!

"Showing off is silly, but it's also beautiful."

ALTERED STATES 1

LAURIE ANDERSON'S BLACK DISHEVELLED SUIT FOLDS INTO CROOKED CREASES WHEN SHE TUCKS HERSELF INTO A WARNER BROTHERS OFFICE EXEC SEAT.

Falling a little too large on her small frame, she has the urchin appearance of a turn of the century European immigrant who might have stood in the same line at New York immigration as Charlie Chaplin, checking him for a few dress tips while waiting.

Her voice, though, is distinctly American: soft, unpushy, more mesmeric than rhythmic, gauche enough to turn the odd cliche, warm as Mom's Apple Pie (!).

Born in Chicago, she now lives in New York and is currently over here to follow up her extraordinary number one hit 'O Superman'. She's also promoting her first LP proper, 'Big Science' with a series of sell-out performances that paradoxically prove the inadequacy of the recording medium for reproducing her art.

As beautiful as her syntheses of natural medium for reproducing her are, the songs' more ominous implications don't always surface through the overall aural pleasantness without the help of pictures or Laurie's live presence. Coming from a performance art background — the one area of modern art that has persistently defied the technological age's ability to mass produce it — she's fully aware of the problem.

"Making a record is a difficult thing for me to do," she admits, "because no matter what, I always miss the pictures."

Video might appear to be a better medium, for recording both its visual and sound aspects, but she has reservations about that too.

"I don't know," continues Laurie. "My main interest is in live performance, because that's a very sculptural situation. (Physical presence etc.) That's what the work is made for. It's not made for audio discs or video discs. That's a wholly different thing. It means a translation of what I do, not just a recording.

"I wouldn't make a straight video recording, just the same way I wouldn't think of showing films of my performance. But what I'd like to do is to make video — well, film first and then transfer it to video — primarily as film, theatrically produced film with some video effects, but not many. Transferring film to tape means you can squish the picture, zoom in on an image, do all the things film-makers dream about doing and video makers overdo!"

Going by the general state of the pop video, she is sensibly cautious.

"At the moment, it is the technology that is dictating what is happening. Because they've invented this equipment they wanna sell it, of course, and they've gotta have something to show on it, and at the moment people are a little bit behind. The funny thing is now that every band who has finished its record is told by the company, Fine, now what about the video? And they're screaming, Wait! We thought we were done!

"So you have this kind of clumsy situation of people who are musicians trying to work with images or hiring somebody to take their picture playing the guitar in the shower. That's, like, the worst. It's totally redundant, and having to see this arbitrary image, or a boring one of somebody playing the music, takes away a lot of the impact as far as I'm concerned.

"It would be wonderful if these videos were some kind of audio visual experience in which they do little trade-offs. I'm sure that'll happen when people get used to it."

FORMERLY AN ART CRITIC, LAURIE ANDERSON GRAVITATED TOWARDS SCULPTING AND LATER TO PERFORMANCE.

Perhaps her most astonishing creation is the sound table. To hear anything a prospective listener would have to prop his elbows on the table, cupping his hands over his ears, thereby approximating the shape of depression to listen to the sound conducted through his bones!

Like many performance artists, her early work was largely autobiographical. Her first pieces, in particular, pinpointed the uniqueness of the style — its impossible, fleeting nature and the problem of making it permanent. At first its impermanence was part of its attraction to Laurie, but. . .

"The first performances I did were mostly about memory," she recalls. "About its disintegration. The content was very autobiographical, personal stories. And I thought the best way to document this was through the memory of anybody who saw it. But from what people said to me afterwards, I learnt that what they remembered of the performance wasn't what I did at all. So I thought, Oh no, this is going to disappear! Though I kinda remember having done it myself."

Thus she overcame her inhibitions about recording.

Her pieces were scattered across various experimental compilations — the most notable being 'You're The Guy I Want To Share My Money With' with William Burroughs and John Giorno — before the surprise popularity of 'O Superman' elevated her out of the precious obscurity of New York art circles. Once radio had picked up on the single, Warner Brothers possibly intimidated by her reputation, have signed her from the independent 110 label and suddenly she's operating in a completely different market.

So far, she's content with the New Deal as Warners Brothers, given her the money to get on with it.

In some ways pop's instant appeal and disposability is in keeping with the sensibility that governed her early performances: a record holds the attention for a few brief moments and thereafter slips into the realms of memory.

"I suppose that's what I like about the record world as opposed to the art world," Laurie concurs. "The people from the art world are incredibly snobby about things that are commercial and say, How could you have sold out like that, how could you be working with a *company* ? I just think art world politics are 12th century, really complicated."

She pauses smiling, "it depends on a very complicated network of galleries, what's written about it, museums, dinner parties and all of this stuff.

"On the other hand the commercial record world comes down to something else, which is if you sell you make more records and if they don't sell, you don't make any more records. It's so much more simple it's a relief!"

Her pragmatic appraisal, however, leaves her under no illusions as to quality judgments.

"I don't think just because a lot of people like something means anything much, that numbers is enough to judge whether something's great. I think I know for myself what's good, I'm enough of an egomaniac to be most interested in that — the quality of my own work."

Though she now has a powerful new patron in Warner Brothers, who usually guard their own interests before those of the artist's, she hasn't been diverted from her original intentions.

This autumn in New York she will be performing over a series of nights the whole of her eight hour "United States I-IV" for the first

SON

time in its entirety. It will be the culmination of years' work.

What sparked her to even think of undertaking such an ambitious project?

"I didn't think of it as being particularly ambitious when I began working on it," she states in an unassuming tone. "I just thought of it as being something about transportation, and mostly about change. Because change appears to me as one of those things that Americans in particular confuse with the concept of freedom. You're born somewhere, grow up and move away from home some 1,000 miles to go to school, and another 1,000 miles to see your girl. After a while you no longer know where you're from. It's not freedom though — it's mobility.

"Also, Americans to a greater extent than Europeans, are desperate to know where he or she's gonna be when they're 70. Will they be in the clear house? Or will they have sold their novel? Will they be millionaires? They don't know. There's so much possibility of upward and downward social mobility and that, too, is confused with the idea of freedom.

"But freedom doesn't have anything to do with changing. I mean, you're free to change I guess, but anyway *free* is another of those complicated short words, which anyone can define the way they choose to define it.

"For instance Ronald Reagan's definition of freedom is nothing that you've ever heard before!"

UNITED STATES 11

JOHN DOS PASSOS' *U.S.A.* COVERS THE CRUCIAL FIRST 30 YEARS OF 20th CENTURY AMERICAN HISTORY, ITS PAINFUL, BLOODY COMING OF AGE, THE BIRTH OF TECHNOCRACY, THE SPREADING POWER OF MONOPOLIES, THE FAST BUCK CONSCIOUSNESS, ENTERTAINMENT AS A GROWTH INDUSTRY, AND THE VIOLENT CRUSHING OF DISSENT IN THE FORMS OF ACTIVISM, UNIONISM, SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM (c.f. *Reds).*

U.S.A. sourly concluded with its nice guys dead, bought off or disillusioned. As a state of the nation report of a continent moving into depression and ultimately war, it is still invaluable, but its findings need updating.

Cue Laurie Anderson's "United States".

"One of the filters I use," says Laurie, by the way of an explanation that turns into a lengthy, revealing monologue about her work, " is this kind of corporate voice, this out-of-the-body voice, and I guess one of the themes I work with is trying to figure out why those disembodied voices are the typical kind of corporate voices in America.

"The American salesman kind of voice, the guy who is trying to sell you a pair of shoes that is crushing all your bones and he's saying (adopting a gushing voice). *Say, those are really you, perfect, really great. Buy it!* That money mentality and who those people are is a total mystery as far as I'm concerned because nobody really admits to being a corporate person; you know, I work for the corporation, but . . . Who this many armed, many-legged thing is nobody knows.

"It has something to do with working in a totally technological world in which you never really see those people, you hear them telling you what they want you to do, but you never see them. And that's one of the difficulties of the telephone. . .

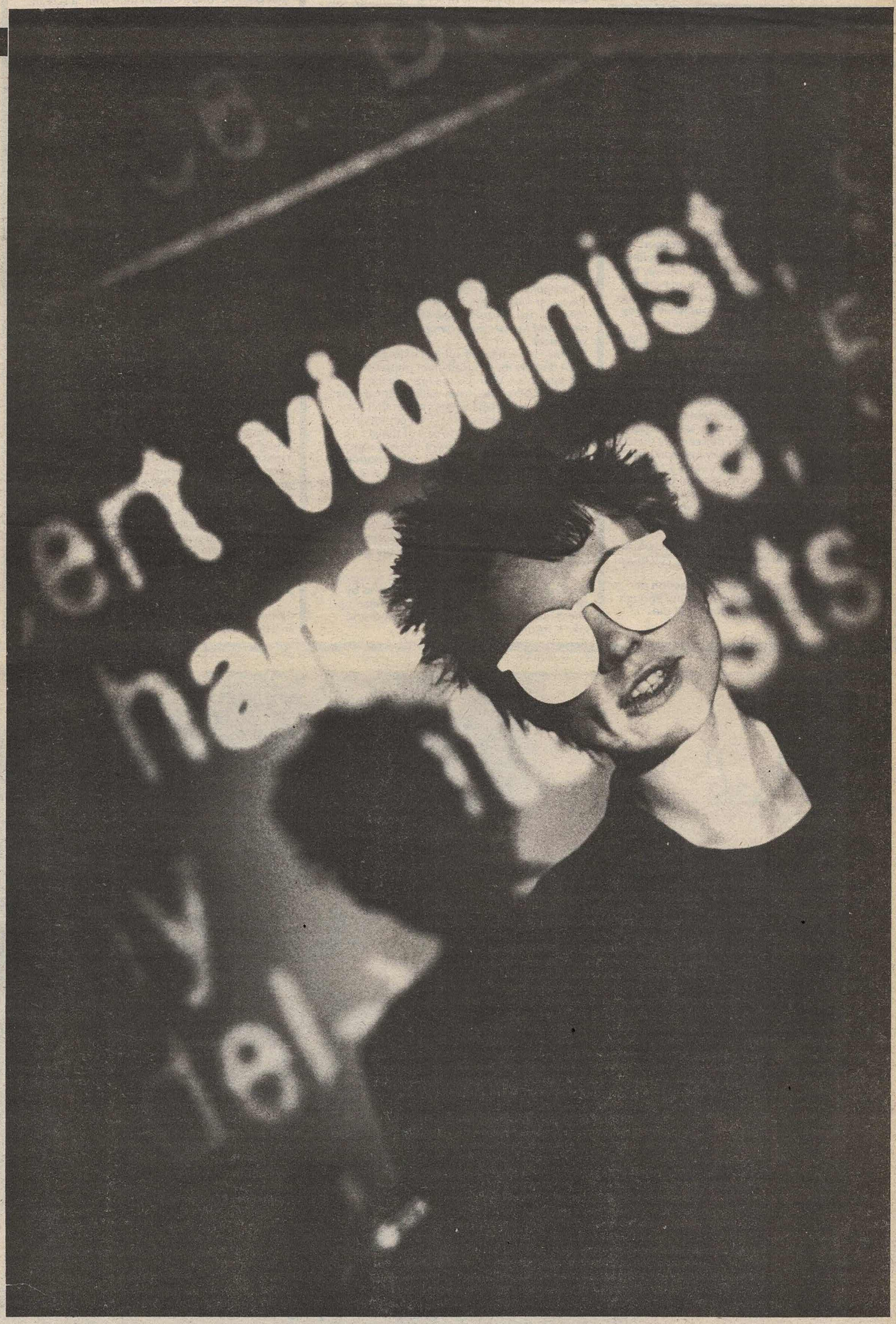
"I mean, what I'm trying to get at is how it is to be a human being in an electronic world and more or less stay sane. Especially in a world where so much is concentrated into totally violent images. That is one thing I learnt more than anything during my last tour of the United States. . .

"I went to Seattle where everyone's convinced they're the first ones to go: we got bombs, we got tridents pointing to Russia, we're the first to go!

"And in Houston: we got that nuclear power plant right outside of town, we're the first!

"Pittsburg: we may not be a steel town

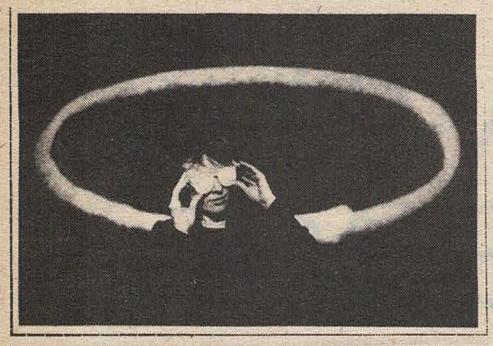
LANGUAGE IS A VIRUS FROM OUTER SPACE



OVER

The story of how New York performance artist Laurie Anderson suddenly became an electronic pop superstar and the new Voice Of America.

BY CHRIS BOHN PHOTOS ANTON CORBIJN



LAURIE ON

anymore, but we got the big companies who dig out coal — or candy bars — they're going to hit us!

"You know, everywhere you go, frontline situations, though there is no frontline. It's a front yard situation! Everybody's front yard!

"And this kind of general terror of the people is being abused. Images of huge fireballs rolling across the countryside, consuming major cities . . . I mean what could be more gripping than the end of the world? What could make your heart beat faster than something so terrible, so final?

"At the other end of the spectrum images the opposite to violence don't make your heart beat faster, they're associated with things like corn. The best way I can explain it, the way this violence is internalised, is through an example of a Vietnam vet, who, during boot camp, was taught a load of slogans to yell out while doing a gun drill, to psyche him up not only to take another life, but also to be proud to be doing it. Afterwards he got a job shovelling snow and he realised he was saying all these things to himself, going through the similar motions.

"Well, what kind of parallels are there on the other side? Are you supposed to swing a golf club and go — tock! — Equal rights — tock! — Equal rights. It just hasn't got the same impact.

"I think the visionaries of this century try to kinds of boring issues, but they just don't make it, they don't have it. And although I'd choose something beautiful before something that is judged politically correct, I do feel tolerant of such an attitude. Especially now, when there's so much attention to violence — or at the corporate business end of things — to barraging you with information of what you're supposed to get for yourself to make you more attractive.

"I still have some hope in the direction of making other ideas gripping, beautiful enough for people to be thrilled by them. Tilt the balance back ..."

ALTERED STATES 11

I THINK OF MYSELF AS SOMEONE WHO MAKES IMAGES AND HOPEFULLY MAKES THEM LOOSE ENOUGH SO THAT OTHER PEOPLE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO.

"I know what I want to do for myself, and I know where to put my descriptive energy, but as far as proscribing anything I haven't the slightest will. I do want to *describe* political, social and economic situations short of saying, Right, we should do this, we should do that, we should love each other.

"You know, it's not pushing things on people, I don't like that when somebody does it to me, it doesn't make me think about it. It either makes me say, yeah, boss, sure, you're right, and kinda resent it. Or be so attracted to what is said that I'm going, *OOOweee!* And then it becomes faith. So then if you have a problem you just call up the Pope and ask, should I or shouldn't I?"

Laurie Anderson's attitude to "statements" is less equivocal than deliberately ambiguous.

She has a deep mistrust of brutalising slogan language on the one side and the soothing Madison Avenue language on the other, of the way language can be (ab)used to incite or subdue.

Perhaps Austrian playwright Peter Handke's character *Kaspar* says it best: *"I learned / to fill / the void / with words / I learned / who / was / who / and to still / everything shrill / with sentences."*

Laurie broaches the subject of linguistics most directly in, ironically, her poppiest song 'Language Is A Virus From Outer Space', the title of which comes from William Burroughs.

"The song is in many ways about that issue of, er, *big* short words like 'free', things like that," she murmurs. "The sort of thing Burroughs is so suspicious of. He has a strong idea of the duplicity of words, in the Buddhist sense, you know — there's the thing and then the name for the thing, and that's already one thing too many. Just as when you meet somebody and learn their name and you think you know something about them. Burroughs has a really smart appreciation of that sort of combination ... even if it's a funny thing for a writer to say ..."

Unlike Burroughs she's not about savaging the language, short-circuiting sentences by cutting them up to discover hidden meanings. She'd rather begin with what we've got and take it from there.

She explains: "Well, it seems pointless to just go 'Cocacolacocacolacocacola'. It might sound good, but why not use the other aspect, the fact words can also mean something?"

Does she ever get the urge to shock?

"I suppose I like things to be abrupt," she ponders, "and I probably do certain things because I find them shocking to myself and they wake me up. And I like to be woken up occasionally. But to shock?

"Well, it's not very easy to shock people. That's one of the things about punk: you can't keep shouting at people and keep them listening to you. It gets very boring. Anything that goes beyond a certain time limit, a scream that goes on for 21 days; well, it may give you a lot of time to think about it, even think the scream is justified, but it loses its impact around the tenth day.

"Maybe then as background noise it becomes something you like and need, but as shock, it's a very temporary thing."

UNITED / ALTERED STATES

PERFORMANCE ART — THAT HAZY AREA LAURIE ANDERSON IS SAID TO OCCUPY — IS ART THAT MAKES AN OBJECT OUT OF A PERFORMER.

Often it's a case of a performer making himself an object to be ridiculed — be it someone so uncompromising as Chris Burden who has nailed himself to cars, or performers so mundane as most rock artists — where the will to flaunt convention manifests itself in needless, self-abusive exhibitionism.

The best, however, defies categorising, its boundaries are only those circumscribed by the performer. It doesn't have to be art terrorism — though Throbbing Gristle's early COUM Transmissions proved it can be — nor does it need to be embarrassingly confessional. It can be funny / daft — The People Show; or stylish and witty — Gilbert And George, Eddie And Sunshine, Robert and Lucinda Wilson (check Philip Glass's 'Einstein On The Beach'), Bowie, Bryan Ferry. Or just discomforting.

"There's a performance artist named Marina Braunovitch, who works with this guy called Boulet," Laurie Anderson recalls with a slight smile.

"The first time I saw them was in Bologna in 1977 at a big art festival and they were standing in a doorway completely naked, facing each other. So to get in you had to squeeze through facing either him or her. And it was wonderful to see who chose who. Some people crawled through!

"The interesting thing is that nudity is strictly forbidden in public so a lot of cops came, but they couldn't decide what constituted an infraction of the law as we had a threshold situation here. Were they inside or outside? And they couldn't bring themselves to arrest the director because then they'd have to go through the door!"

Successful performance art, then, can mean small victories, but victories nevertheless. In the realms of performance Laurie Anderson is unique because the art she presents is curiously impersonal, yet still compelling. She doesn't demand to be the centre of attention, instead she directs it to the stories she tells.

"I feel like, er, a kind of MC or commentator," she says. "Somebody who's sometimes in the middle and at other times jumps to the side. Sometimes I want the visual attention to be the pictures or the signs, and other times it's me talking, or playing violin. That's for several reasons, and one of them is my repertoire is limited.

"I'm not an actress for instance, because acting gives me the creeps, literally pretending to be somebody else. I just don't believe actors. You know where these people are going to be after the play's over — in the bar down the road. I could love what they're saying as poetry, but I'm not interested in their fate as characters.

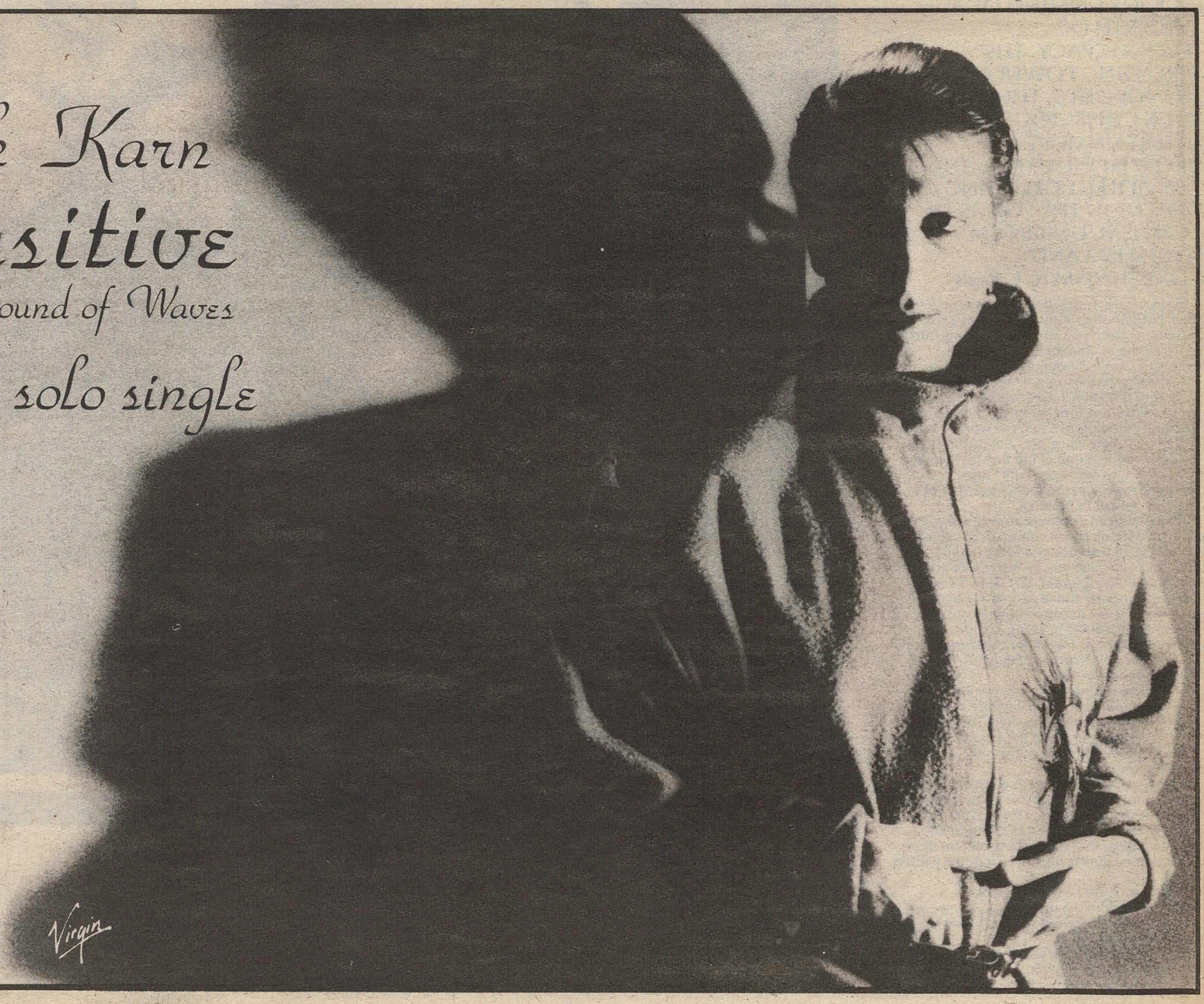
"It's so mannered, and in a way so are the filters I use. But they're not characters as such, with pasts and futures. They're more tones of voice, not people who have a name. There's no cast of characters in what I do, probably a cast of voices though, but they'd be so general; the voice of authority, for instance, a voice coming through a song, a public address system in an airport lounge, or even a voice coming through the air ..." (For the last named check out 'Examples Of Paranormal Tape Voices' on her 'Big Science' LP).

Laurie Anderson doesn't have to state directly where she stands — her performance embodies her beliefs.

"I don't think of myself as being pessimistic or particularly optimistic either," she concludes. "I may talk about how it feels to be helpless with technology, but at the same time I'm using it. I'm not only saying what I'm saying, it's also what I'm doing. A combination of the two. I might be saying that machines can take over our lives, but I'm showing me taking over machines as well."

Laurie Anderson's art is a medium for the voices of America. Listen in and be moved in a way you haven't been moved by an American voice for a long time.

Mick Karn
Sensitive
c/w The Sound of Waves
his first solo single



Produced by
Ricky Wilde
and Mick Karn

Virgin

LPs

CLEAN, NEAT, POLITE, ETC.

THE EXPLOITED

Troops Of Tomorrow (Secret)

APART FROM its marvellous cover, which depicts "an *Escape From New York* vision of a desolated city where punk can express its essential nature of youth anarchy" (a highly revealing bit of blurb, that one), The Exploited's second album is undistinguished by any personal birthmarks. However, it does NOT say "thanks to Gary Bushell" on it — I've searched *all over* it and it quite definitely does not.

This still leaves a prominent question unanswered: Why is it that The Exploited, out of what must be thousands of equally likely/unlikely contenders, have emerged as one of the few BIG British punk groups? Even if one bears in mind what old Gene October said about "the real fuckin' *tough* stuff", it's difficult to place these jovial Scots on either side of the proverbial barricades. Where 'Dogs Of War' was really quite invigorating in its foulness, 'Troops Of Tomorrow' is a mite wet.

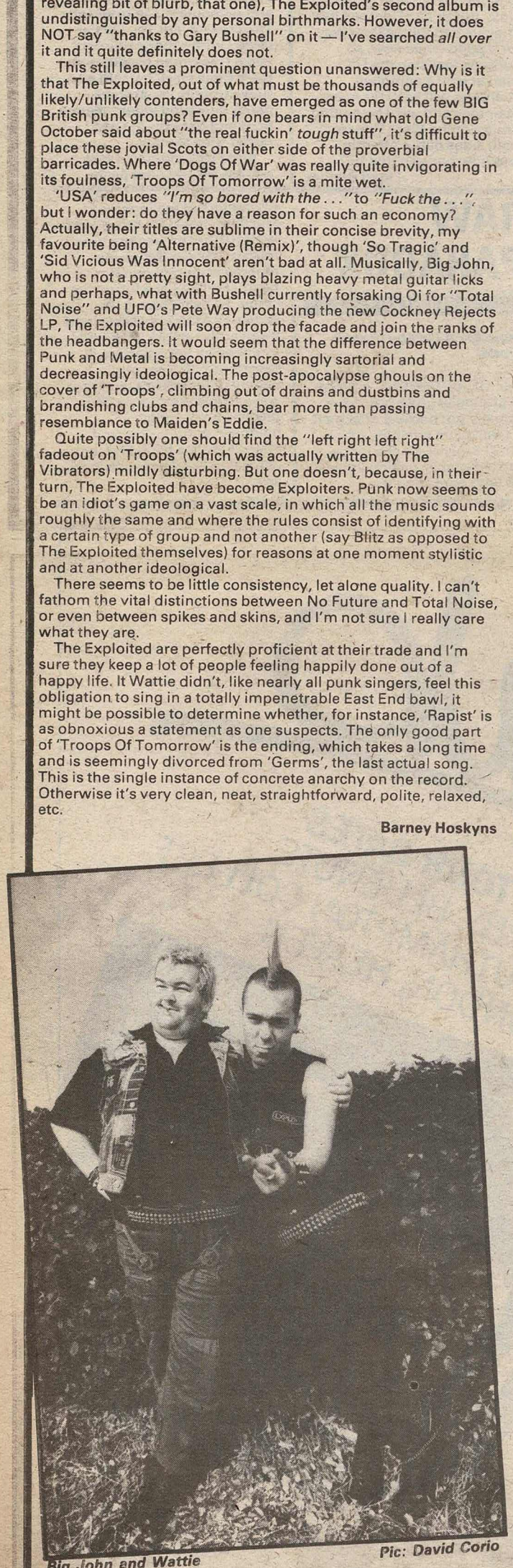
'USA' reduces *"I'm so bored with the . . ."* to *"Fuck the . . ."*, but I wonder: do they have a reason for such an economy? Actually, their titles are sublime in their concise brevity, my favourite being 'Alternative (Remix)', though 'So Tragic' and 'Sid Vicious Was Innocent' aren't bad at all. Musically, Big John, who is not a pretty sight, plays blazing heavy metal guitar licks and perhaps, what with Bushell currently forsaking Oi for "Total Noise" and UFO's Pete Way producing the new Cockney Rejects LP, The Exploited will soon drop the facade and join the ranks of the headbangers. It would seem that the difference between Punk and Metal is becoming increasingly sartorial and decreasingly ideological. The post-apocalypse ghouls on the cover of 'Troops', climbing out of drains and dustbins and brandishing clubs and chains, bear more than passing resemblance to Maiden's Eddie.

Quite possibly one should find the "left right left right" fadeout on 'Troops' (which was actually written by The Vibrators) mildly disturbing. But one doesn't, because, in their turn, The Exploited have become Exploiters. Punk now seems to be an idiot's game on a vast scale, in which all the music sounds roughly the same and where the rules consist of identifying with a certain type of group and not another (say Blitz as opposed to The Exploited themselves) for reasons at one moment stylistic and at another ideological.

There seems to be little consistency, let alone quality. I can't fathom the vital distinctions between No Future and Total Noise, or even between spikes and skins, and I'm not sure I really care what they are.

The Exploited are perfectly proficient at their trade and I'm sure they keep a lot of people feeling happily done out of a happy life. It Wattie didn't, like nearly all punk singers, feel this obligation to sing in a totally impenetrable East End bawl, it might be possible to determine whether, for instance, 'Rapist' is as obnoxious a statement as one suspects. The only good part of 'Troops Of Tomorrow' is the ending, which takes a long time and is seemingly divorced from 'Germs', the last actual song. This is the single instance of concrete anarchy on the record. Otherwise it's very clean, neat, straightforward, polite, relaxed, etc.

Barney Hoskyns



Big John and Wattie *Pic: David Corio*

Fashion
Illustration: Ian Wright

ARTIFICE AND FEEL

FASHION

Fabrique (Arista)

BIRMINGHAM, PARIS and Cologne are not three towns to link themselves automatically in the mind. Yet such a link is forged, and powerfully, by the arrival of Fashion's second album (their first, really, in terms of new style and line-up). Those are the places where they made it, and each one kind of represents an element in Fashion's formula: Teutonic electronic precision, Parisienne chic pose-value, and a down-home English sensibility to bring it all together. It works, too.

Glossing over Fashion's background, as a middling provincial new wave outfit, we find the group re-born (mainly thanks to the recruitment of guitarist/songwriter Dee Harris) and far stronger. This 'Fabrique' LP is so assured, and perfectly-formed, that the four Brum-boys' elevation to major-league status seems imminent, and by no means undeserved. The next move must be a hit single — and the album offers several contenders in that department — so sealing their introduction to the mass-audience which could easily be theirs.

Fashion *are* fashionable: from the pin-up appeal of their cover shot (David Bailey, no less), all cheekbones and calculated haircuts, to the slick electro-funk of the record's contents. It's the fact they carry it all off so *well* which suggests they'll outlive any flavour-of-the-month accolades. A hundred thousand bedroom walls await their imprint.

And what of the music? Crucial to the sound are bass guitar (Martin Recchi) which is tough and spunky and hard-edged, and founder-member Mulligan's synthesised overlay — all locked skilfully into Dik Davies' percussion and singer Dee's guitar. Credit, too, goes to producer Zeus B. Held (and that's a *real* producer's name), the Euro whizz-person who's overlorded Fashion's lean and rangy playing with multi-layers of synthetic texture. The resulting blend is never short of interesting twists to grab the attention, yet subtle enough to avoid showing-off, free of excessive trickery or robotic cliche. However mannered the delivery, or treated the effects, there's a human pulse running through it all, making for warm emotive dance music.

The rhythm is modern funk, fortunately sensuous rather than done-by-numbers, and the message is romance, stylish but not stilted — an astute mix of artifice and feel. And the outlook, for Fashion, can be no other than bright.

Paul Du Noyer

POESY, AND JUST PLAIN POSEY

BOBBY WOMACK

The Poet (Tamla Motown)

ASHFORD & SIMPSON

Street Opera (Capitol)

TWO SOUL products from the mainstream, one of which, 'The Poet', has been on import since last year, the other being the latest album from a songwriting partnership first hired by Tamla Motown sixteen years ago.

Bobby Womack combines the best attributes of, for instance, the hirsute Pendergrass and the languid Gaye, and at his best welds them into something truly stunning. 'The Poet', then, comes as a surprisingly unadventurous outing. Excepting the punchy opener, 'So Many Sides Of You', the first side is weak and floppy, a sequence of rather meagre and nerveless melodies and sub-standard arrangements.

It's the second side that counts. Consisting of three superbly relaxed, undulating songs, each around 6½ minutes long and harmonically close to the others, its accumulative impact is that of one wavering theme, almost meditative in effect. Each gives Womack the freedom and space to carry through a diffuse kind of energy, crying out against the entrancing wash of the background chorus.

It's a gorgeous love trilogy, simultaneously loose and intense. 'Games' rises and falls, at various tumultuous moments pushing lead and chorus vocals together in an eruption of climatic ripples. On 'If You Think', the extension of an effortlessly simple, Delfonics-style chorus allows Womack to prolong a beautifully tender exhortation — a soul incantation — to the night's collective deserted.

"Where Do We Go From Here' completes the cycle: an uncanny fusion of Thom Bell, Marvin Gaye, and even touches of Al Green, it pairs light Philly sweetness with something of the laying-bare of 'Here My Dear', Gaye's obsessive monody to his ex-wife.

'The Poet' is a subdued, even occasionally innocuous record which nevertheless shows a major talent opening out and taking the ballad form several leagues beyond the grasp of most of his in-Corporated contemporaries — and, of course, singing out his doggone poetic heart. Like Smokey Robinson, Bobby Womack continues to give the mainstream a good name.

Though 'Street Opera' is their tenth album as Ashford & Simpson (and the first on Capitol), Nick and Val are still perhaps best known for 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' and 'You're All I Need To Get By', to mention but two of their Motown classics. Back in the '60s, they were Berry Gordy's very own Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil. As performers they can't be said to have equalled the duets they wrote for one-off partnerships like that of Gaye and Terrell, but their voices are pleasant enough and as vocal arrangers they are almost without peers.

The first side of 'Street Opera' contains an isolated beauty in the opening 'Love It Away' but is otherwise rather dull in a lush sort of way. The album is more noteworthy for its title composition, which takes up the whole of the second side and is what they call a "conceptual suite" in five parts, tracing the breakdown of a love affair set against a backdrop of "contemporary social problems" — poverty, dope and violence.

Strained by its somewhat ungainly pretensions to the operatic, 'Street Opera' is hardly an unqualified success, but it at least suggests that "soul", as a cultural given, is being rethought — that, very possibly, the commercial representation of its "emotion" is in question. Developments like this can never be a bad thing.

The theme of 'Street Opera"s mini-tragedy (in five mini-acts) might be summed up by the line *"I'm just a working man/What can I do but leave you?"*, the baleful determinism of which sentiment is most probably responsible for the MOR-style *liebestoden* which seem to dominate the work. OK, so it's not Verdi in Vegas, but apart from the funky 'Street Corner' (which has also been churned out in dancefloor form), 'Street Opera' sounds a bit like half-a-dozen ponderous LA musicals for socially-aware bourgeois jumbled together with no particular place to go. Or like Jimmy Webb producing the Fifth Dimension.

Barney Hoskyns

OLD BOYS' REUNION

THE O'JAYS

My Favourite Person (Philadelphia Int.)

THE TEMPTATIONS

Reunion (Motown)

THE DRAMATICS

New Dimension (Capitol)

OVER THE last year or so, soul music has become increasingly polarised. Between the cooled out strings 'n' things alternating with claptrap mentality, disco 'creativity' that looks for crossover inoffensiveness via suburbia's aspiring affluents and the passionate ghettoland commitment of the children of Funkadelia, there is very little that's grey.

Very little that balances respectability, accessibility and funkability. Very little with the overall ability of ten years ago, to make sounds that would be remembered but not constantly demand attention or would be unique but not out of step. Since 'Off The Wall', truly soulful black pop has been an endangered species, and the expanse of nothing being left behind means the time is right for the past masters to return and once more put down foundations.

Last year's sneak raid by The Four Tops showed the way, and now three more veterans pitch in there. Unfortunately though, two will realise that it takes more than just a name.

Firstly The O'Jays; deservedly in the reckoning, as they were the trio to push The Sound Of Philadelphia into a position where it could give the Motown thoroughbreds their first serious run. Songs like 'For The Love Of Money' and 'I Love Music' put the 'soul' that Detroit was beginning to neglect back into black pop. All that was a long time ago, and under the guidance of the three-minute masters Gamble and Huff. Now, with what seems like a million different fingers (including their own) at the controls, The O'Jays are three grains of sand drifting about on the winds of wishy-washy ideas into the desert called cabaret, where they will blend in with countless other particles of nothingness.

One track on the set, 'My Favourite Person', shows that The O'Jays still have the technology to build bridges from disco into the real world but, when put against the rest of the album, it also shows how they choose not to — it's the only Gamble and Huff song here.

Their choice, and one they will go on to regret, because the hugeness of this void, and the crock of gold that waits for the faces that'll fill it, is shown by the trouble that Motown Records have taken to try and grab a slice.

Out of what must be desperation just to be a part of what they once controlled, The Temptations — past and present — have been assembled and cranked back into life. The 'Reunion' thing will not be the one to do it for them, though, as times have changed, styles have changed and so have public tastes.

Snatches of Temps' magic do get through occasionally — 'You Better Beware' being the only time they keep it up for a whole song — but it largely gets lost in the sophisto-production techniques that weren't available ten years ago. Unlike The Four Tops, who adapted themselves to the sound of now, and were consequently able to come out with the same feel as they always had, The Temptations have just gone out and sung. Instead of *being* 'the groove', they drown in it.

A decade after blowing me away when their 'Watcha See Is Watcha Get' opened the 'Wattstax' extravaganza, The Dramatics are back with the ambiguously titled 'New Dimensions'. It's nothing really new, merely an amalgamation of the frivolities and entertainment values of bygone days with 1982's presentation guidelines.

Banks clearly has not been afraid to learn from what he hears on the radio. He steers every track into an area that is respectable enough for any superfreak and still light enough for anyone else — 'popular' black music, but done with the belief and power that has always been a Dramatic characteristic, and so staying soulful.

Maybe it's no coincidence that this set was recorded at United Sound in Detroit, the shack where Berry Gordy cut his teeth, and was engineered by Jim Vitti and Greg Ward, who after years with P. Funk could feel a groove like a blind man reads Braille.

Get into The Dramatics' 'New Dimension', it'll do you good — in fact the only people it might put out are the likes of Linx, Junior and Central Line. They've had things their way for a good while now, so perhaps realising the US market isn't a complete pushover will keep them on their toes and we'll be getting Truly Soulful Black Pop from both sides of the Atlantic . . . and how bad can that be?

Lloyd Bradley

The O'Jays

The Dramatics

NOT A

RANDY CRAWFORD

Windsong (WEA)

ROBERTA FLACK

I'm The One (Atlantic)

ALAS FOR these voices: they are neither souls crying in a wilderness of sorrow, nor the sensuous claimants of a pathway to the inner sanctum of the heart. They only mope, bray or quail.

With Flack, we have less to expect. Her curious career has long since settled into a stodgy middle-ground between genteel promiscuity and stronger codes of heartbreak — always with the lamps down low. The problem is insoluble because her voice has an innate quality of drabness that no amount of production texture and refinement can brighten. The crew of 'I'm The One' is larded with robotic regulars and a three-man production team (plus Flack herself) and they dutifully construct a gauzy surround where pianos float and bass drums pad rather than thump.

And Flack mumbles and ambles through her parts

RAW PARADOX

THE GO-BETWEENS

Send Me A Lullaby (Rough Trade)

THE GO-BETWEENS, a group to gradually grow into, have actually got buckets of appeal. It's based on qualities which run sharply against a range of current grains, having little to do with parcelling the perimeters of feelings and stitching them into the glossy fabric of an immaculate tune. Rather, The Go-Betweens emerge at a point much nearer feelings at a formative stage. To hear them is to watch a sentiment escape and awkwardly unfold. 'Primitive' might be an apt adjective. It describes both the rough beauty of their lyrics, and the way in which they play. The result is finally edgy, poignant, witty, naked and terse. It hurts a bit at first, but you get to like it soon. As they say.

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with serene indifference. *"Love is my speciality"* she sings on the title track, but it isn't conceit we hear, it's blank incomprehension. 'I'm The One' is painless and untroubled — if you want a Flack record, seek out the slightly more involving 'Blue Lights In The Basement' which at least had some worthwhile songs to encounter.

Part of her dilemma is being cast as a soul smooch singer when she really belongs as a balladeer in the pre-soul mould of Dakota Staton and Ernestine Anderson. Randy Crawford seems to be facing the same problem in reverse.

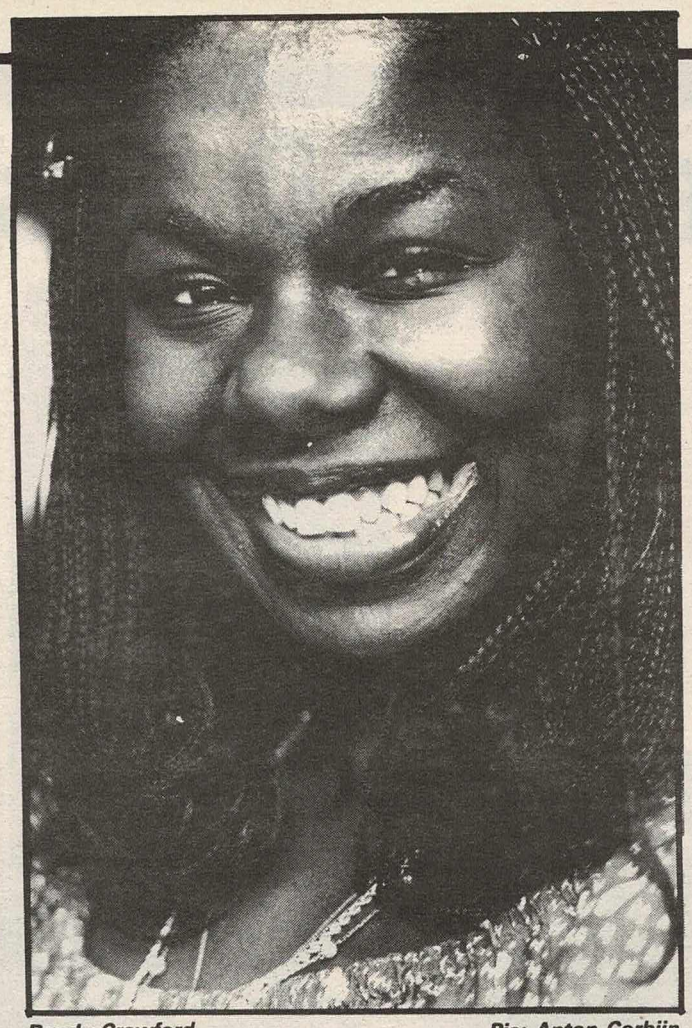
Again, Crawford's new record is pale and flaky beside her earlier tracks. It's easy and altogether too simple to plot a course of decline from the sublime to the soapily inconsequential, yet with the rapt echo of her truly coruscating version of Jerry Butler's 'I Stand Accused' — an exposure of pride and angered determination scarcely ever met with in this rarefied circuit — ringing in the memory it's difficult to hear the contents of 'Windsong' as anything but crisply laundered napkins, the tears all washed out.

'Accused' was from 1979's 'Raw Silk', and the crucial factor in that record's success was its spareness — the players stood back and let Crawford actually sing. Here they refuse to go away: the orchestras and backing singers intrude like a cageful of parrots impossible to silence. As a result Crawford has to struggle against them, not soar above.

Nor is there any scope to work out on a soul confession. When a song of real quality does turn up — Don Covay's 'Letter Full Of Tears' — she surrenders to her accompanists and gets through it on automatic.

It's still a host better than Flack's record, and Crawford's inexplicably huge following have already hoisted it high in the charts. But place this singing beside the fabulous roll-call of 'Lost Soul' — which, as Barney's already told you, holds a bitter sweetness that tracks every teardrop from a broken heart — and it grows callow and stingy. These voices cannot cure me.

Richard Cook



Randy Crawford *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

Some detail: The Go-Betweens are three people, Lindy Morrison, (drums and one vocal), Grant McLennan (bass and several vocals), and Robert Forster (guitar and most vocals). They come originally from Melbourne, Australia, where (a friend Down Under assures me) they were pretty much ignored. They've been playing for about five years. They were not, however, overlooked by Postcard's Alan Horne, who moved in fast, recognising their mix of cracked rank amateurism and tragi-comic neuroticism as entirely in keeping with his label's attitude and outlook. A single, 'I Need Two Heads'/'Stop Before You Say It', appeared in 1980, scoring nicely in the alternative charts. By July '81, the group could be found back home, recording an album in a Sydney studio for Aussie indie Missing Link; an album now licensed to Rough Trade, and, this very week, 'Waiting For A Lullaby' says a big hello-and-nice-to-be-back to the UK.

Maybe I'm forgetting, but this seems the least fussy, least pompous, most natural and moving music I've yet heard from their part of the planet. 'Lullaby' is a raw, rugged record, which leads you by the hand through a land of paradox and fatalism, pain, wry resignation and delightful irony. Example? The enchanting 'One Thing Can Hold Us': *"One thing can hold us/one thing can break us . . . it's the same thing!"* Maybe I'm just daft, but so much that makes their insight and intelligence really work is exemplified in those lines.

The Go-Betweens' vulnerability is perfectly foiled by their noise, an identifiably post-Velvets-cum-electric folk amalgam of treble and discord which helps inject a wounding frailty into their often lovely melodies and eccentric rhythmic rambles. Its clumsiness bolsters its confused emotions, its melancholia matches the wonderment and worry.

It's also a record of tremendous depth, a mystery to be fathomed. I'm still sorting it out. You should start today.

Dave Hill

The Go-Betweens

NEW YORK NIGHTHAWK

JOE JACKSON

Night And Day (A&M)

JACKSON IS the kind of nice guy people admire rather than warm to. He has the right *sort* of moves and an unimpeachable humanitarian streak; it's just that the way he comes on unvaryingly as the hard man with a tendency to blubber somehow scents a bouquet of good intentions with liberal despair, not righteous pugnacity.

'Night And Day' is an important record for him, coming after the flop 'Beat Crazy' and hippity diversion of 'Jumpin' Jive'. He's approached it with that familiarly admirable tenacity: this is Jackson's closest to a solo statement, a traveller's reaction to strange streets and a reappraisal of emotional loyalties.

The sleeve states it was written and recorded in New York City; and the first (Night) side reflects an encounter with a city's viscous heart — 'Another World' is a cat stepping off the boat, 'Chinatown' and 'Target' are heat on the street, 'Steppin' Out' is a checker cab ride to a mythic outland of 52nd Street horns, stilettoes and liquor-filled excitement. As if to blur the fabric of the experience Jackson has all the tracks bleed into each other.

But most of the sequence is flawed by his compulsive symmetry — a clinging to the rock lyric notion of cliche justified by momentary fire — and a simple lack of spontaneity. It's as if he'd arrived with all responses worked out and codified to predetermined results. 'TV Age', in the centre, is a reminder too of the almost puritanical expression of conventional loathing that's tinged all of Jackson's records. For a man with such a succinct grasp of irony ('It's Different For Girls') a song like 'TV Age' is bemusingly facile.

The surprise is the way it's redmeeded by the music. Jackson has gone for broke on his own capabilities: there are no guitars present, and his own keyboards and alto sax are supported only by Graham Maby's bass, Larry Tolfree's drums and percussionist Sue Hadjopoulos. Her inclusion is an inspired stroke, lending all kinds of latinate shuffle and grit to textures which Jackson has to carry off himself — and he does so with such assurance that insubstantial songs like 'Target' and the second side's 'Cancer' are transformed into sweeping, itchily-soled excursions.

The Day side is in fact a deal darker in context. It houses the three most ambitious songs Jackson's written and their strengths vindicate the record — they're an extraordinary attempt at hard talking without hysterics or an averted gaze. 'Breaking Us In Two', to open, is a pitilessly acute exposition of doubt in a relationship; when set to such a poignant chord sequence all kinds of resonances spin out of the music and slide you gently inside your own confessional booth. Whichever way you look, there is denial at the heart.

'Real Men' is even more difficult to pin down. It deals with the ambiguities of masculinity and sexual preference in a manner that refuses to dribble away in statement or resolution, divining instead a nettlebed of paradoxes that Jackson leaves rooted in another classical pop framework. Here and in the final 'A Slow Song' the ungainly passion in his voice finally strikes deep: 'ASS' sketches a couple wracked by day-long pressures, desperate for a moment of tenderness — if the DJ would just play . . . Jackson surrenders it to a romantic climax, but the way he pulls it off is so rousing it clicks like an NYC WALK sign.

Jackson knows where his hairline is. The most serious writing on 'Night And Day' is concerned with growing mature, taking stock and facing up to the issues of a life outside — matters a music obsessed with eternal youth is seldom wont to sift through. Fittingly, perhaps, the Night side is fun, the Day infused with disquiet.

Richard Cook

RICO

Jama Rico (2 Tone)

WHAT DO you mean, you don't like that jungle beat? You must be *crazy*. 'Jama Rico' is the second album that Rico Rodriguez has made as a featured artist since his Special-ised renaissance, and while his mid-'70s 'Man From Wareika' still reign I-preme, this one — simultaneously gentle and martial, playful and serious — is a very fine accomplishment indeed.

Much of the album was cut in Jamaica with a couple of all-star session crews — one of which featured a couple of promising newcomers known as Sly and Robbie — but there are also a few tracks co-produced by Jerry Dammers which hark back to Rico's early collaborations with Rasta's master drummers like Count Ossie. Cut in London and utilising the old Special AKA rydim team of Brad and Horace, the overdubbed layers of funda, repeater and bass drums set up swirls and counterswirls of pure, uncut rhythm. 'Destroy Them' and the extraordinary, wistful 'Some Day' depict the leader's trombone and the cornet of his ever-faithful companion, engineer and producer Dick Cuthell blending to crucial effect.

The music that Rico is making here is not historical or nostalgic: it is taking place *now* and is utterly present *now*. 'Jama Rico' is a funda-mental conference between reggae, ska, jazz and contemporary African music, and — even though it does not include the brilliant 'Jungle Music' single from earlier this year — it should be approached and *sharp*. If not . . . you must be crazy.

Charles Shaar Murray

LIGHTNING STRIKES

FRANK ZAPPA

Ship Arriving Too Late To Save A Drowning Witch (CBS)

EVEN WICKED old Uncle Frank must be tiring of the raddled old formulae by now.

The targets for his smirking, salacious squibs remain the same: women, consumerism, the Californian bourgeoisie. Likewise, he's dusted down the stale mannersims: nudge-wink girlie chorus, stupendously dull guitar solos and harsh, flashy jazz-rock busily meandering up its own orifice. Capping it all is the implicit assumption that if you don't appreciate this tedium, you've no funny-bone.

These days Zappa comes across as everything he's based a career on sneering at — tacky, cheesy, gross, like really nauseating, BARF OUT.

Mat Snow

GREG KIHN BAND

Kihntinued (Beserkley)

KIHN'S PEPPY early records for Beserkley were witty subversions of California pop with a bullion load of sharp tunes to match. 'Kihntinued' is his seventh record and it's doubtful if many people are still listening — Kihn remains as loopily hooked on the livelier side of drugstore rock'n'roll but there's nothing here that wasn't done better on 'Next of Kihn' or 'Again'. The epilogue of 'Family', a wry sketch of US middle-class routines, shows his faculties intact though — a smart place to stop, maybe?

Richard Cook

KEVIN COYNE

Politicz (Cherry Red)

HIS SECOND for Cherry Red, but the umpteenth in his whole career, Coyne's newest album maintains the man's reputation: angst-ridden balladeer, chronicler of mental pain and emotional turmoil, all starkly done and sung vaguely in the manner of Al Jolson. And yet, if there's a raw nerve in your whole being, chances are he'll touch it eventually. The observations this time around are more social than personal, and for that reason, I think, lose some of their customary harrowing power. And I'm *dead* against his move toward synthesised backing — it just doesn't work for him. Not the best LP to introduce yourself to Coyne with, then, but a fair addition to any existing Coyne collection.

Paul Du Noyer

THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT

Eye In The Sky (Arista)

THE LATEST in the series of concept albums from the Alan Parsons Project exceeds the standards set by its lucrative predecessors. Standards, that is, of pomposity, tuneless inanity, bombast, self-mystification and conceit. 'Eye In The Sky' is merely a string of tired, tedious mainstream-rock outtakes, circa 1974, tarted up with meaningless studio icing and the occasional very sub-Leonard Bernstein orchestral flourish.

As usual, all this masquerades as some spiritual/philosophical profundity to give it a bogus veneer of respectability for those stupid enough to think that listening to such records is a path to true enlightenment.

It's so bad it's bad.

Mat Snow

THE ACT

Too Late At 20 (Hannibal)

IF THERE'S anything to distinguish this debut LP *at all,* then it's that four-piece The Act sound like the first group in history to imitate The Jags. In fact, hand-me-down riffs and influences abound all through this powerpop essay in 1978-revisited. Producers John Wood and Joe Boyd can hardly count it with their more illustrious projects.

Paul Du Noyer

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Reggae Sunsplash '81: A Tribute To Bob Marley (Elektra)

LOOKS GOOD on paper: a musical tribute to Tuff Gong himself featuring Steel Pulse, Rita Marley and I-Threes, Eek-A-Mouse, Dennis Brown, Black Uhuru, Sly 'n' Robbie, Gregory Isaacs, The Wailers, Third World and Sheila Hylton. Unfortunately, most of the performances come over dry and stilted, and the production — by one Jay Steinberg — helps not at all. Best bits: a bravura 13 minutes from Uhuru, Isaacs' insinuating 'Soon Forward' and Eek-a-Mouse in a seriously nasal ongoing bong-bong-diddley situation on 'Wah Do Dem.' Horribly reminiscent of all those ghastly festival albums of about a decade past, 'Sunsplash '81' is the proverbial must to avoid.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Low Noise High Output (Coaster Tapes)

A COMPILATION cassette, this, issued by "South East Dorset's Alternative Paper", *Coaster* magazine. Doing their bit for local music, *Coaster* have put together a track apiece from 15 groups around Bournemouth. Reviewing it, I'm divided two ways: on the one hand a venture like this is praiseworthy, as a positive effort to showcase acts who might get no real hearing otherwise. On the other hand, obscurity seems the best place for nearly all involved. At £2.50, cheap as it is, only the odd enthusiast with a passionate curiosity in Bournemouth & district music stands to gain anything from the tape. Sorry.

Paul Du Noyer

SHAKATAK

Night Birds (Polydor)

AS THE field of creative British music takes another step backwards, Shakatak pose delicately looking towards Dingly Dell for inspiration.

Lloyd Bradley

TOM ROBINSON

North By Northwest (Panic)

'NORTH BY Northwest' reveals depths to Tom Robinson's talent I'd never before suspected.

Shorn of the necessity to simplify and sloganise forced on him by the expressive limitations of a conventional rock format, his authentic voice speaks loud and clear.

He no longer preaches the reassuringly right-on line to the converted, but rather reveals himself as a victim of incurable romanticism, bleakly nostalgic for the past, fearful of the future. This confessional self-detachment perhaps results from the perspective of living in Hamburg, where he recorded the album with the excellent Richard (Fall, Fleshtones) Mazda.

The songs are strong, urgent and direct. The sound is muscular and resonant.

Could this be Tom Robinson's 'Broken English'? Whatever, it's his best yet.

Mat Snow

MORRISEY MULLEN

Life On The Wire (Beggars Banquet)

JAZZ/FUNK giants Jim 'Mad Dog' Mullen and 'Big' Dick Morrisey once again team up with Chris 'Production Line' Palmer and prove that being on the wrong side of ninety, knackered and completely out of touch with just about everything is in no way a restraint . . . Yes, friends, anyone at all can make dreadful albums provided they can find a record label simple-minded enough!

Lloyd Bradley

KOKOMO

Kokomo (CBS)

KOKOMO, THAT beer-stained, English R&B/old soul institution, send their stuff to Chicago for brass, strings, synths and sweetening. Result : . . Kokedomo!

Lloyd Bradley

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JAZZ

BY RICHARD COOK

THE WORDLESS VOICE OF TRUTH

AS I apply the torch to the last of my boats let me, then, speak of the truth. It is indeed love's passion; it is also the acquisition of wisdom, the capacity for self-analysis, the search for joy and the recognition of sorrow. It is the awareness of falsehood.

These few records here have several qualitative levels: all look for this truth, and some succeed in broaching it for some of the time — if you care to involve yourself. There are no 'human voices' present but voices seldom speak pure truth — they are too bound up in words, and words are triggers to presets too firmly embedded in our memories to be dislodged. Even when Galas or Monk sing wordlessly we strain to form words from the sound: we have no choice, because we cannot remember to forget.

So *Charlie Parker* — on 'One Night In Washington' (Elektra Musician) — embroiders some show and other tunes with layers of song that are apart from our customary genuflections to 'love' and 'romance' in musical forms. It's a 1953 date, thinly recorded with an orchestra and arrangements Bird hadn't grasped too well; yet time after time the vast strengths and resources of an imagination so complex it seemed constantly at the point of explosion build sequences of melody — pocked by rhythmic twists and unsignalled, bitter asperities of tone — that fashion a slant on a beauteous turmoil, an almost forbidden tongue. He turns a prim plod through 'Thou Swell' into an abrupt rush of stratus-seeking, epic and fresh-minted.

But we must also grant attention to someone as different as *Ran Blake*. His piano recital of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn themes on 'Duke Dreams' (Soul Note import) dismantles the homely sweetness of certain of the melodies and dispenses with the ticking beat. Instead the bones of a tune are rebuilt into hump-backed figurines — and a strange lyricism is distilled out of momentary ugliness. He sounds at first like he's always over-striking notes but the dissonance unclouds into deeply personal meditation. 'Me And You' is twice redrawn in darkly effective garb and a jolly trifle like 'Drop Me Off In Harlem' is made proud.

We may never see *John Lindberg* or *Frank Lowe* in The Charts, but be we cool, 'ace' or 'stupid' those of Us Who Know are of course never imprisoned by mere numbers. Both have quintet dates out: bassist Lindberg's ('Dimension', Black Saint import) flickers with garrulous wit and gremlin mischief, tenorman Lowe's ('Exotic Heartbreak', Soul Note) has very deep blue colours and tracks brooding assignations.

John Lindberg is very tall and handsome and writes tunes that niggle at roundabout tonic roots and spin crazily together and apart again. I think the best of these three is 'Twixt C & D' which gives everyone a chance to perk up with their piece — and the best moment is when Billy Bang cheeks the others with a violin solo that leers pickily from a catwalk of archly taut sonic precision, advanced art revealed!

'Exotic Heartbreak' sounds more seriously attuned. They play Ornette's 'Perfection' strait-laced to start, rough it up into personal property but return it with respect. Lowe has grown more pensive of late: he phrases like the Coltrane of 'Chasin' The Trane', half-bitten ideas threaded into a neckband of jostling fragments, jagged smears and bluff entreaties.

Charlie Parker

These are now — but there's a lot of *then*, too. A budget double from Vogue, '4 For Sax' has a quartet of early '50s Parisian sessions. The *Zoot Sims* tracks are a bit hurried and messy (hear instead Zoot's beautiful 'Down Home' which lovely Affinity have just reissued) but the *Lee Konitz* numbers aren't. His acid-drop elegance, measured gaiety, surgeon's touch and donnish intellect invest 'I'll Remember April' and concoctions like 'Lee Tchee' with a quality fine-spun to mystical lengths.

Frank Foster excises tenderness in his set — 'My Heart Stood Still' trades pathos for an attack pitched in shades of thunder. Hear 'Just 40 Bars' for what a tenorist can do with a line, an endless investigation of phrase lengths and juggled motifs. The rest is for *Bobby Jaspar* — loose-lipped, lighter, a plaintive recourse to sunnier areas of song.

No new Ayler or Dolphy this week to shout over — but there are still channels to the marrow of the matter which *do* cut deeper. These options *do* involve risks and ultimately (rarely enough, maybe) lead to greater things. I think that to hear Ben Webster's saxophone breathe a literally unutterable tenderness into 'My Romance' is to experience a facet of that truth. I have no wish to play off these musics, just as I don't have the conceit to nail the enthralling, rejuvenating 'I Am Cold' to a mast of 'jazz'. Like everything in this paper, it's (just) a personal view. Except what's gone down for so long gives me a *very* strong case. As anyone can discover.

NO MOTION

MIKEY DREAD

S.W.A.L.K. (Do It)

WHERE DID the Jumping Master bounce to? Where's that controller that could MASH any Grandmaster Flash? What's happened? Radiation sickness after World War III or something more subtle? This one time roots master has fallen to the pandemic that is searing through the world of reggae — Lovers Rock is now his stock.

Of course Mikey might still die laughing if SWALK is a success in the charts. The cover is one you see in every shop window — soft lights, casual repose, symbols of affluence like gold watches and chains that you could raise the Titanic with. It really does put songs like 'Money Dread' (WW 3) to the rack. Mikey's efforts here are so obviously bent towards material gain in these sell-your-soul stakes that he has done just that — this is SIN-thetic sentiment of the worst kind.

The idea of Dread doing a Lovers layout isn't too bad considering his usual ingenuity and wit — yet he proves here that his heart does not lend itself that well to the depth and dimension so overtly necessary to the true Lover. Dread's voice is a whisper next to Osbourne's and a callous croak compared to Isaacs' heartfelt pleas and protests.

Typical Lovers fare like 'Rocky Road', 'Problems' and 'Zodiac Signs' are pure gloss with instantly forgettable melodies and happily forgettable riddims. The harder tracks or at least the ones that you would think to be hard like 'Heavy-Weight Sound', 'In Memory' and 'Armagiddeon Style' are so lacking — in lyrics, aggression and power — that the titles should be dropped under the trades description act. Bar the title track, the songs lack any great potency. As a love potion this was just a notion.

David Dorrell

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Europe

BENSON TRIPLE AT THE ARENA

GEORGE BENSON returns to the UK in the autumn to play three nights at London's massive Wembley Arena — on October 20, 21 and 22. He'll be backed by his regular band, augmented by a string section from the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. These will be his first British shows since he played five successive nights at the same venue in June last year, and they are promoted by Kennedy Street and PLP.

Tickets are available by post immediately priced £12.80, £10.30 and £7.80, including booking fee — from Kennedy Street Enterprises (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Remember to enclose SAE and state choice of date. Personal applicants may obtain tickets from next Monday (28) at the Wembley box-office, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box-Office, Albemarle and branches of Keith Prowse.

CHELSEA TO BRIDGE GAP

CHELSEA, after three weeks of touring with the Anti-Nowhere League and the 'So What' package, play a couple of nights in their own right at London Marquee Club next week — with The Adicts as special guests on Tuesday (June 29) and Chron-Gen guesting on Wednesday (30). The band are also setting up a series of July dates, all with The Adicts guesting, which will take in parts of the country omitted from the 'So What' schedule. Chelsea are currently spending a week in the studio preparing a new single.

☐ **ANGELWITCH** have been added as special guests to the package tour, announced two weeks ago, co-headlined by Samson and Bernie Marsden's new band S.O.S. As reported, the tour is on the road from July 13 onwards.

☐ **BUCKS FIZZ** have made a few additions to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago. They play extra dates at Worthing Assembly Hall (August 10), Mansfield Leisure Centre (20), Birmingham Odeon (24) and a second show at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (30). To accommodate these new bookings, Manchester Tameside Theatre moves from August 20 to 21, and Paignton Festival Theatre from 30 to 29.

☐ **THE ELECTRIC GUITARS** are playing a number of dates to promote their newly released Stiff single 'Language Problems', now also available as a limited edition 12-inch. They are Southampton University (this Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (June 29 and July 21), London Le Beat Route (July 1), Coventry General Wolfe (2), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (8), London Herne Hill Half Moon (9) and Bournemouth Midnight Express (16). They also appear in the World of Music Arts & Dance Festival at Shepton Mallet on July 17.

THE SOUND OF THE PARK

PARK AVENUE, the seven-piece London band, have been booked for a Wednesday night residency at London Marquee Club throughout July (7, 14, 21and 28) — and their privately recorded six-track cassette 'The Sound Of The Park' will be on sale at all these gigs. They've just been signed by C&D Records, and are about to go into the studio with producer Chris Neil, with a new single scheduled for the summer.

NEWS tour

Siouxsie defies medics to play Cornwall date

SIOUXSIE SIOUX has advised the organisers of the Elephant Fayre, at St. Germans in Cornwall, that she and The Banshees WILL be fulfilling their concert engagement there on July 31 — in spite of British specialists confirming the serious nature of her throat condition, originally diagnosed by a Swedish doctor.

During the band's recent Scandinavian tour, she was told that she must stop singing altogether until the New Year — and when she resumes, she must drastically change her singing style. Last weekend, she was given the results of exhaustive tests conducted at the Charing Cross Hospital and by a Harley Street specialist, Dr Harold Holden — and they fully supported the initial conclusions reached in Sweden.

She has now been told that she must take a long rest, followed by a biopsy operation for the removal of tissue, then a further period of convalescence. She will also be having a form of speech therapy, to enable her to project her voice in a way less harmful to her vocal chords.

Sources close to Siouxsie suggest that she's been reluctant to take this advice, and is adamant that she'll appear at the Elephant Fayre. But the seriousness of the situation has now been impressed upon her, and she's been persuaded to drop all other commitments — including the autumn world tour and the half-completed album — until it's clear that she runs no further risk of permanent damage.

Big names parade for Police line-up

THE POLICE have now confirmed U2 and The Beat as special guests in their open-air concert at Gateshead Athletics Stadium on Saturday, July 31. It will be U2's only British appearance this summer and, as previously reported, the only British date this year by The Police. Completing the Gateshead line-up are The Gang Of Four and highly rated new band Lords Of The New Church.

Tickets priced £8.30, originally available by post only, are now on sale to personal applicants at outlets in over 30 principal towns and cities in Scotland, the North and the Midlands — and many of these outlets are also arranging transport to the gig. Tickets are also on sale at the Gateshead venue itself, and in London they'll be available from the Police office — phone 01-727 0734 for reservations. In all cases, tickets are restricted to four per applicant.

Meanwhile, in Suffolk . . .

THE LINE-UP for the annual one-day rock festival in East Anglia — at the Mildenhall Stadium, near Newmarket, on July 24 — has now been confirmed as Saxon, Angelwitch, Bernie Marsden's S.O.S. and Samson, plus one more support band still to be announced. This means that Hawkwind, who were originally announced for the event, are not now appearing — in fact, their agent says they never agreed to do it in the first place. Tickets are priced £7 (advance) and £8 (on the day). Saxon will be interrupting their current American tour to fly home specially for this show — and their appearance the next day with Motorhead at Hackney Stadium in East London.

Fairport to re-convene

FAIRPORT CONVENTION announce plans for their 1982 reunion concert which — after last year's show at Broughton Castle Park had attracted over 7000 — now moves back to Cropredy in Oxfordshire. It's on August 13 and 14 — the Friday show starts at 7.30 pm, with the Richard & Linda Thompson Band, Dan Ar Bras and Knackers Yard; on the Saturday, there's Bob Fox & Stu Luckley, Dan Ar Bras, Noel Murphy, the Maddy Prior Band and Fairport.

The site is at Home Farm, Cropredy, near Banbury — and tickets are £3.50 (Friday), £5 (Saturday), £7.50 (weekend) and £1 nightly (camping). Send cheques or POs with SAE to Woodworm Records, P.O. Box 37, Banbury, Oxon. This is also the address from which the new Fairport album may be obtained at £4.50 (including p&p) — it's a live set titled 'Moat On The Ledge', and it was recorded at last year's Broughton event.

☐ **FREDDIE McGREGOR** has upcoming dates at Glasgow Apollo (tonight, Thursday), Leicester De Montfort Hall (Friday), Sheffield City Hall (June 29), London Walthamstow Assembly Hall (July 2) and London Brixton Fair Deal (16). But despite the current spate of rumours, don't bank on the reggae star suddenly producing The Rolling Stones on stage, or you're likely to be disappointed!

Blancmange & Monochromes hit the road

BLANCMANGE hit the road next month in support of their second single for the London label (through Decca), issued on July 9 — it's a double A-sider comprising 'Feel Me' and 'Waves', and it features Madeline Bell on backing vocals. Tour dates for the electronic duo are Derby Blue Note (July 1), Glasgow Night Moves (2), Lincoln Lindsays Disco (5), Sheffield Limit (6), Leeds Warehouse (8), Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel (9), Retford Porterhouse (10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (13), Brighton New Regent (15), Canvey Island Goldmine (16), London ZigZag Club (17), Manchester Hacienda Club (19), Doncaster Mainline (20), Basildon Raquels (22), Bournemouth Midnight Express (23) and Bath Moles (24).

THE MONOCRHOME SET headline a string of dates next month — at Liverpool Warehouse (July 9), Stirling Avant Garde (15), Glasgow Night Moves (16), Derby Blue Note (22), Cambridge Sound Cellar (23) and London Victoria The Venue (28). This activity ties in with the upcoming release of their first single for Cherry Red Records, titled 'The Mating Game', to be followed soon afterwards by their album 'Eligible Bachelors'. The current line-up going on the road is Bid (vocals and guitar), Lester Square (guitar), Andy Warren (bass) and Lucozade Crush (drums).

BLANCMANGE

JAM SHELVE CND BENEFIT

THE JAM have finally abandoned plans to stage an open-air CND concert in London this summer. After attempts to present the show at Queen's Park Rangers football ground were thwarted by the local council, promoters MCP sounded out nearly 20 other possible locations — from Hampstead Heath to Crystal Palace soccer ground — but all to no avail. So the project has been reluctantly scrapped — for this year, at any rate. If the idea is revived in 1983, they will probably look for a site further afield.

WORLD IN ACTION

LIGHT OF THE WORLD are playing a nine-date concert series at the end of next month, tied in with the July 5 release of their first album for EMI Records, titled 'Check Us Out' — which is followed on July 12 by their single 'No.1 Girl', in both 7" and 12" formats. They visit Southend Zero 6 (July 23), Gravesend Woodville Hall (24), Brighton Top Rank (25), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (26), Southampton Top Rank (27), Cardiff Top Rank (28), Manchester The Unity (29), Hitchin The Regal (30) and London Hammersmith Odeon (31).

The live band features three original members — Mel Gaynor (drums), Peter Hinds (keyboards) and David Baptiste (sax) — together with Gee Bello (vocals), Colin Graham and Paul D'Oliveira (trumpets), Nat Augustin (guitar) and Tubbs Williams (bass). Tickets are on sale now priced £3 advance, £3.50 doors (Brighton, Southampton and Cardiff); £2 members, £3 non-members (Southend); £4, £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith); and £3.50 only (all other venues).

AWB TURN UP AGAIN

AVERAGE WHITE BAND are poised to re-establish themselves on the British scene, after two years of relative inactivity. They return here next month for a concert tour, taking in Bristol Colston Hall (July 19), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (20), Southampton Gaumont (21), Birmingham Odeon (23), Dundee Caird Hall (25), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (28), Brighton Dome (29), London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion (30), Deeside Leisure Centre (31) and Edinburgh Playhouse (August 1). As a prelude, their new single 'You're My No.1' is released by RCA on July 9 in both 7" and 12" formats, and they have a new album coming up shortly.

☐ **ILANA & The Champagne Dance Orchestra** is a six-piece specially formed on the crest of the current nostalgia wave. They play music from the '30s in the style of today, and their single 'Paper Chase' (just out on Stagecoach Records) has already received airplay. They're going out on a "We'll Meet Again" tour, and first confirmed dates are Preston Snooty's (this Saturday), London Bart's Hospital with Bad Manners (July 2), Northampton Sunnyside Hotel (10), Swansea Baron's (16), Canvey Island King's Club (17), Liverpool Merseyside Police Club (24), Basildon Raquels (31), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (August 12), Whitehaven Whitehouse (13), Cockermouth Horizon (14) and Chesterfield Aquarius (18-21).

The W·O·M·A·D Festival

at **The Royal Bath and West Showground,** Near Shepton Mallet, Somerset, on **Friday 16th July** (Children's Day), **Saturday 17th July, Sunday 18th July,** from 10.00 a.m. until 7.00 p.m. each day. Featuring:

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PIG BAG
RICO
RIP, RIG AND PANIC
SASONO MULYO (Royal Court Gamelan of Indonesia)
SHANKAR (India)
TIAN JIN (song and dance troupe from the People's Republic of China)

TRAVEL BY ROAD
The Showground is situated between the A37 and the A371 just to the south of Shepton Mallet. The site will be well signposted and there are ample free car parking facilities.

BY TRAIN
The nearest railway station is Castle Cary from where a shuttle coach service will be run. If coming from London there is an irregular service direct to Castle Cary or you can change at Bath. There is a regular service Cardiff—Bristol—Bath—Castle Carey.

COACH
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Tickets are available by post from PO Box 247, Bristol, BS99 7DS.
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Stop Press: MUSIC AND RHYTHM'A Festival Benefit Double L.P. released 9·7·82 on WEA Records

League nowhere in sight

TWO MEMBERS of the Anti-Nowhere League have "done a Joe Strummer" by going absent without leave. They were wanted in the recording studio, and were mistakenly under the impression that they had to re-record still more of the lyrics on their 'We Are The League' album, which has already been watered down to meet the requirements of the multiple stores. To avoid this indignity, Winston boarded the first plane to New York, and Animal took off into the blue on his motor-bike. Manager John Curd promptly followed Winston to New York and, when last heard of, was still looking for him . . .

Adam disowns old track

MANEATERS is the name under which a single featuring Toyah Willcox and Adam Ant is being billed — titled 'Nine To Five', it's taken from the soundtrack album 'Jubilee' (which has been available for four years), and Maneaters was the name of the fictitious group in that film. It was originally planned to be billed as by Adam and Toyah, but last week Adam Ant asked for his name to be deleted from the billing — even though he co-wrote the song with Toyah, plays on the record and sings back-up vocals. As a result, 30,000 bags and labels have had to be re-printed, and release has been delayed by one week. It's now issued by EG/Polydor on July 9.

● **The Twinkle Brothers** have their first 1982 release this week — a 12-inch disco single featuring 'Magnet' and 'Chant Rastafari', plus dub versions of both tracks. It's on their own Twinkle label, with distribution by Jet Star and Rough Trade. They'll have a new album out later in the year.

● Out on Polydor tomorrow (Friday) is the second single by **Future Daze** titled 'House On The Hill', followed next weekend by the debut single from **Airport And Dean** called 'Celebration'. The label also releases 'Keep This One In Tune'/'Moody', the first solo single by saxist **Christ Hunter**, leading session player with many top funk bands.

● London group **Sons Of Jah**, well known for their involvement in the Notting Hill Carnival, release their fourth album this week — titled 'Universal Message', it's on their own Natty Congo label (through Rough Trade and Jet Star). All tracks were written and produced by front man Trevor Bow.

● **Grauzone** are Switzerland's second most popular band, after Krokus, and their self-named debut album — already a smash hit in their own country — is released in the UK this week by EMI.

● **Demon**, whose last album 'The Night Of The Demon' attracted considerable attention, have their follow-up LP issued by Carrere on July 2. Title is 'The Unexpected Guest'.

● RCA have signed Aylesbury four-piece **The Heartbeats**, and will be releasing the band's debut single 'I'll Be True' next month.

● Due to the continuing success of **Chas & Dave**, their second album 'Rockney' — recorded just before 'Gertcha' made the charts — is reissued by EMI this week.

● HMV shops are running a sale of RCA albums and cassettes (including boxed sets) for the next two weeks, with some on offer as low as £2.29. Among artists represented are **Elvis Presley, David Bowie, Bucks Fizz, Bow Wow Wow** and **Diana Ross.**

● Ray Dorset (ex-Mungo Jerry) has got together with Roger Limb to record a new version of the old Frankie Ford rock classic 'Sea Cruise'. It's released under the name of **Dorset & Limb** on July 9 by Stage Coach Records.

BAUHAUS have shelved release of their planned live album until the early autumn, but meanwhile their latest Beggars Banquet single 'Spirit' is now available as a picture disc. Next month, the band start recording their third studio album for September release.

GANG OF FOUR, who've just completed a major UK tour, have a new single out on EMI II next Monday — both the tracks, 'Call Me Up (If I'm Home)' and 'I Will Be A Good Boy', are taken from their newly released album 'Songs Of The Free' . . . On the same day and label, there's a new BURNING SPEAR single titled 'She's Mine', lifted from his current LP 'Far Over'.

HONEY BANE, who has just finished an acting role in the upcoming film *Scrubbers*, releases her new single 'I Wish I Could Be Me' on June 28. It's also available as a 12-incher, featuring a special club version.

THE APOLLINAIRES are a Leicester six-piece, previously known as The Volkswagens, who came to the attention of Jerry Dammers — and, as a result, have been signed to the 2-Tone label. Their first single 'The Feeling's Gone', produced by Dammers, is released on July 2 — and it features The Swinging Laurels horn section, who were recently heard on the latest Fun Boy 3 single. The band are currently lining up a string of live dates for July.

THE CURE have a double-pack single issued by Polydor on July 2 in a gatefold sleeve, called 'The Hanging Garden'. The first record features the title track and 'One Hundred Years,' and the second has live recordings of 'A Forest' and 'Killing An Arab'.

RUTS DC release their first single in over a year this weekend, 'Whatever We Do'/'Push Yourself — Make It Work', on their own Bohemien label (through Spartan). The B-side is taken from their new dub project album of dance music titled 'Rhythm Collision', due out on July 30. The band are at present finalising selected dates around the UK.

THE SKIDS and MAGAZINE, who both broke up last year, have "posthumous" albums issued by Virgin on July 2 in their mid-price range. The Skids' set is 'Fanfare' and Magazine's is 'After The Fact', and both feature cross-sections of material from their four albums. With vocalists Richard Jobson and Howard Devoto about to record solo, these two compilations round off their recording history so far.

FLEETWOOD MAC relese their long-awaited new studio album through WEA on July 2 — titled 'Mirage', it features 12 new songs written by members of the group, including their new single 'Hold Me'. The LP was recorded in France and Los Angeles.

JACKSON BROWNE has a new single issued by Asylum on July 9, to coincide with his Hammersmith concerts the following week. Titled 'Somebody's Baby', it's coupled with 'The Crow On The Cradle' from the all-star 'No Nukes' album, and the proceeds from the B-side will be donated to Musicians United For Safe Energy. Also being issued is a double-play cassette comprising two of Browne's best-known albums, 'Late For The Sky' and 'The Pretender'.

TED NUGENT has signed for Atlantic Records, and makes his debut for the label on July 2 with the album 'Nugent', which features ten new self-penned songs.

DONNA SUMMER's new single, issued this weekend through WEA, is 'Love Is In Control (Finger On The Trigger)'. It was produced by Quincy Jones, who also co-wrote it. She'll also have a new album out shortly, details to follow.

JAPAN have their two-year-old hit 'I Second That Emotion' reissued this weekend by their former label, Hansa. It also comes in an extended and remixed 12-inch version.

BRIGIT NOVIK and M, who scored an international hit in 1979 with 'Pop Muzik', have a new single out on Stiff tomorrow (Friday). Titled 'Danbube', it's an up-dated treatment of a traditional Czech love song, with a limited edition pressed in yellow vinyl.

BLONDIE now have their current Chrysalis hit album 'The Hunter' available in picture disc form. It should be in the shops this week.

BILLY IDOL, the former Gen X singer, has his self-named debut solo album issued by Chrysalis on July 2. It features ten new self-penned tracks, though two were co-written with producer Keith Forsey, who also produced the last Gen X album 'Kiss Me Deadly'. Idol is currently living in New York, where he is putting together a new band for live dates in the States next month, and he hopes to tour Britain in the autumn.

record NEWS

Who's David Bailey?

ARISTA, together with Olympus Cameras and photographer David Bailey, have launched a competition in connection with this weekend's release of the debut Fashion album 'Fabrique'. The LP sleeve invites purchasers to select any track, and to take a black-and-white photo to illustrate the song in question. The winner will receive a camera and full accessories, and will be invited to photograph Fashion at a session attended by Bailey. There are nine other camera prizes, as well. 'Fabrique' is also available in cassette form, with the whole of the album on one side, and a full collection of 12-inch remixes on the other.

999 answer British call

999, who've spent much of the last three years based in America, have their new single 'Wild Sun'/'Scandal In The City' issued by Albion Records next Monday. It was produced by Vic Maile (Motorhead, Girlschool etc) and is pressed on "sun coloured" vinyl. There's also a 12-incher with an extended version of the A-side and a bonus track called 'Don't You Know I Need You' — and it's available in cassette form, with 'Bongos On The Nile' as the bonus track. The band's sixth album is being recorded next month, and they'll be touring Britain extensively in the autumn to coincide with its release.

Wasted Youth suckered

WASTED YOUTH were the victims of an unusual con trick at the Bridge House in London's Canning Town, where their show was taped for inclusion on their next album. They'd just finished recording and had returned to the stage for an encore, when a young lady stripped naked, clambered on stage and performed an erotic dance to the music. It later transpired that, while all eyes were fixed on the girl, someone (presumably an accomplice) had it away with the tapes. Bridge House Records (01-476 2889) are offering a £500 reward for the return of the tapes, and they would also like the girl — if innocent — to come forward and clear herself of the rip-off. Or should it be strip-off?

Girl singer is a Lu-Lu!

THE LU-LU BOYS are a Blackpool-based outfit, built around the nucleus of girl singer and bassist Denny Gibson and guitarist Brian Fish, who are also the group's songwriters. Though they intend to maintain a flexible line-up, the present personnel also includes Mick Sater (drums) and Nick Green (keyboards). They've already released a couple of independently recorded cassettes, which attracted the attention of Arista Records — and it's through this company that they make their major-label debut this weekend with the single 'Boom Boom'. With a Northern reputation already largely established, they're now lining up a string of London dates.

Party members NICK CAVE and ROWLAND S. HOWARD

BIRTHDAY BOYS SING 'JUNK'

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY release their second studio album early next month on the 4.A.D. label, titled 'Junkyard'. It consists of ten new tracks, and was recorded since January in both Australia and the U.K. It was originally due out in April, but was delayed by the sleeve artwork, which features a Big Ed Daddy Roth illustration. The band's guitarist **Rowland S Howard** also crops up on another 4A.D. release in company with **Lydia Lunch**, and the duo have up-dated the Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazlewood hit 'Some Velvet Morning', out shortly as a 12-inch single.

● Also from 4.A.D. next month, Scottish outfit **The Cocteau Twins** release their debut album 'Garlands', and **Modern English** offer the remixed single 'I Melt With You', from their last album 'After The Snow'.

● **John Potter** — former Solid Senders pianist, and subsequently leader of Potters Clay — has signed to Ace Records. His debut album 'Rockin' The 88s' is out this week, and it features ex-Feelgood Gypie Mayo on guitar.

● South London duo **Studio Two** have their debut single, produced by Ian Gomm, issued by Albion Records next Monday — coupling 'Devil And The Deep Blue Sea' and 'Nobody's Fool'. The duo, who have recently toured with both Squeeze and Mari Wilson. are Harry Bogdanovs and Jim Bamber.

● A specially edited seven-inch version of **Barry Biggs'** 12-inch UK reggae chart hit 'A Promise Is A Comfort', taken from his current album 'Wide Awake', is out this week on the Afrik International label (through Jet Star). Biggs is at present living in Jamaica, but plans to visit Britain in the near future.

● **Stephanie La Motta**, the actress daughter of Jake 'Raging Bull' La Motta, releases her debut single this week. Titled 'I'm Here At Last (So Forget The Past)', it's on the independent Zilch label, through Stage One.

● Out this week on Arista is the eighth album by **The Outlaws**, titled 'Los Hombres Malo'. From the same label comes the LP 'Industry Standard' by **The Dregs**, regarded in some circles as America's most accomplised instrumental group.

● Interdisc is a new label formed by Carol Wilson (ex-Dindisc) and Paula Adams (ex-Happy Birthday Records), and they've just signed a distribution deal with Virgin. First release on July 2 is the single 'Haven't We Met Somewhere Before" by **Telex**, who had a couple of mini-hits three years ago.

● **Fehlfarben** are the leading exponents of Germany's "new wave" music, and their first UK release is a four-track 12-inch EP on EMI Records — it's recorded in German, so the sleeve contains an English translation of the lyrics.

● Devon duo **Go** release their debut single 'Casablanca Touch (Lost In Space)' on EMI next Monday, and on the same day and label there's another single from the prolific pen of **John Watts** titled 'Your Fault'. June 28 is also the confirmed release date for the new EMI solo album by **Jon Lord**, called 'Before I Forget'.

● **Beautiful Americans** release their first single for The Compact Organization this weekend, titled 'Beautiful Americans Part 1'. Backing tracks were recorded in California with members of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, and the vocals were added in London. It's taken from the newly issued LP 'A Young Person's Guide To Compact'.

● **Time In Motion** release their debut single on Red Rhino this week, titled 'Quiet Type', and they've already set the follow-up 'Telephone' for July. Other new Red Rhino releases in late June include 'Caged' by **1919**, '1000 Marching Feet' by **The Xpozez**, 'Candy Blues' by **Steve Dixon**, the EP 'Evolution' by **Nod** and the 12-inch 'Black Pop' by **Hula.**

● **Richard Strange** has left Virgin, and is now negotiating a release for his new single 'Interview' and an upcoming album. He's currently working with members of dance troupe Pulse on dance music and performances, including an interpretation of *The White Hotel* by D. M. Thomas.

● Recommended Records this week release a one-sided seven-inch sampler EP, featuring five acts — including **Faust, The Homosexuals** and **Peter Blegvad.** The blank side is painted luminous.

The latest STEVE STRANGE "new look"

Steve's strange visage

VISAGE release their second single from the album 'The Anvil' this week — it's a remix of 'Night Train', coupled with a new song called 'I'm Still Searching', and there's a 12-inch version which also has a dub mix of the A-side. The single is also available as a picture disc, as is the LP. Steve Strange, Rusty Egan, Billy Currie and Dave Formula will be recording new material during July and August, joined by Gary Barnacle (sax) and his brother Steve (bass) — Gary has already played with the band on 'The Anvil' sessions. Visage are also working on a release of all their videos.

Stones in Ireland ... Joan Jett nixes Reading ... Hall & Oates in autumn ... Pluto due

THE ROLLING STONES have now confirmed their promised open-air concert in the Irish Republic — it's at Slaine Castle near Dublin on Saturday, July 24 (1-7pm). The J. Geils Band are again special guests, and an Irish folk group will open the show. The site has a 60,000 capacity, and tickets are already on sale priced £12 (Irish) or £10.50 (Sterling).

JOAN JETT & The Blackhearts will not now be appearing in the Reading Festival on Saturday, August 28, due to an important commitment in the States — a replacement act will be announced shortly.

FLUX OF PINK INDIANS are playing a string of gigs starting this weekend — at Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (this Saturday), Bishops Stortford Triad Centre (Sunday), St Helens Glassbridge Club (June 28), Burnley Centrespot (29), Wellington Gemini Club (30) and London Putney White Lion (July 1). The System support on all dates, with The Subhumans added at Putney.

KING TRIGGER headline in concert at London University Union on July 2 (tickets £2 advance, £2.50 doors). They'll be promoting their long-awaited new single 'River'/'Push Or Slide', released the same day, and their first on the Chrysalis label — it's in both 7" and 12" formats, was written by the band and produced by Steve Lilleywhite.

HALL & OATES return to the UK in October to headline a string of major concerts, and their itinerary is at present being finalised. Meanwhile, they have a single out next Monday on the RCA label called 'Your Imagination.'

MARI WILSON & The Wilsations top a multi-act event being staged at Coventry Warwick University on Thursday, July 1. Also appearing (among others) are The Belle Stars, The Stargazers, Buzzz, Way Of The West, Carmel, The Three Courgettes, Bumble & The Beez, Trimmer & Jenkins, Groundation and Norman Lovatt. Tickets are £3 (advance), £3.50 (doors).

WEEKEND support their second single 'Past Meets Present', issued by Rough Trade tomorrow (Friday), by playing two major London dates — The Venue supported by Dislocation Dance (July 1) and the Zig Zag Club with Blancmange (17). They also appear at Norwich Jacquard Club on July 8.

TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND are doing a "back to the roots" tour with dates at Warrington Lion (June 29), Blackpool J.R.'s (July 2), Leeds Peel Hotel (3), Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns (4), Birkenhead Sir James Club (5), Wigan Riverside Club (6), Liverpool Warehouse (7) and St Helens Royal Raven Hotel (8). Advance tickets are £1.50 for all venues, and more dates are being set.

ABC are undertaking a personal appearance tour of HMV shops throughout the country, starting at 6pm tonight (Thursday) at the London Oxford Street store. They then visit Southampton (July 6), Brighton (7), Bristol (9), Manchester (16), Sunderland and Newcastle (22) and Glasgow (24). Dates for HMV shops in Leeds, Birmingham and Coventry have still to be set, as well as the official opening of the Sheffield store — details of these appearances will be announced shortly.

LIQUID GOLD go back on the road, now that singer Ellie Hope has recovered from a recent road accident. They're busy setting up an eight-week schedule, for which the first confirmed dates are Leeds University (tomorrow, Friday), Chesterfield Aquarius (July 8-10), Brighton Jenkinsons (15-17), Plymouth Mountbatten Club (30), Wellingborough Annabelle's (August 5) and Stoke Trentham Gardens (28).

RANDY CALIFORNIA headlines at London Victoria The Venue on Friday, July 2, and he'll be showcasing his newly released Beggars Banquet album 'Euro-American'. As at the Glastonbury Festival last weekend, he'll be backed by Preston Heyman (drums) and Mike Sheppard (bass). A number of other selected dates are being lined up for him (details to follow shortly) and he'll also be recording a new album in the UK.

tour NEWS

THEATRE OF HATE have now confirmed the major London date, which will climax their current mini-tour, announced last week — it's at the Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, July 4. Support acts are Delta 5 and Southern Death Cult, and all tickets are £3.50.

JOHN OTWAY marks his umpteenth separation from Wild Willy Barrett by playing a three-night stint at London Marquee Club on July 5, 6 and 7 — tickets £2.25 (advance), £2.50 (doors). He'll be featuring material from his new album 'All Balls And No Willy'.

PLUTO, who scored a Top Ten hit in the spring with his single 'Your Honour', is being lined up for a club tour next month. Details are still being finalised, but it's known that his only London show will be at the ZigZag Club on Friday, July 9.

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South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell, Berks. (0344-27272)

LONDON
Jazz Centre Society, 35 Gt. Russell St, London WC1 (01-580 8532)
Collet's Record Shop, 180 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC1 (01-240 3969)
Honest Jon Records, 281 Camden High St, London NW1 (01-267 0123)

BIRMINGHAM
Jazz Centre Society, 184 Corporation St, Birmingham B4 6QB (021-236 4379)

BRISTOL
Rayners Records, 84 Park St, Bristol (0272-23936)

DARLINGTON
Darlington Arts Centre, Vane Terrace, Darlington (0325-483271)

EDINBURGH
Platform, 45 Queen St, Edinburgh EH2 3NH (031-226 4179)

LIVERPOOL
Circle Records, 33 Victoria St, Liverpool L1 6BG (051-236 1000)

MANCHESTER
Jazz Centre Society, Band on the Wall, 25 Swan St, Manchester M4 5SQ (061-834 5109)

NEWCASTLE
J.G. Windows, 17 Central Arcade, Newcastle NE1 5BP (0632-321356)

OXFORD
Tickets In Oxford, The Information Centre, St. Aldates, Oxford OX1 1DY (0865-727855)

PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA
Orpheus Records, 27 Marmian Rd, Southsea P05 2AT (0705-812397)

READING
Box Office, The Hexagon, Reading (0734-56215)

BRACKNELL

HEAD MUSIC & KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES PRESENT

TALKING HEADS
WITH GUESTS
TOM TOM CLUB

WEMBLEY ARENA
EMPIRE WAY, WEMBLEY
MON/TUES · 12th/13th JULY at 7·30

TICKETS £5.50 & £6.50 AVAILABLE FROM WEMBLEY BOOKING OFFICE, OR FROM THE FOLLOWING OUTLETS WHO WILL CHARGE A BOOKING FEE: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ALBEMARLE & KEITH PROWSE

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT £5.50 & £6.50 (INCLUDING BOOKING FEE) BY POST FROM TALKING HEADS CONCERTS, P.O. BOX 77, LONDON SW4 9LH. POSTAL ORDERS ONLY, PAYABLE TO KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES. PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E.

CLUB LEFT Presents

Vic Godard & The Subway Sect

DOWNSTAIRS AT
ronnie scott's
Sunday 4th JULY
7-11pm
Tickets-£3 on Door
47 Frith Street, London, W1

MCP presents

★THE★ CLASH

Plus Special Guests
BRIXTON FAIR DEAL
SAT/SUN JULY 10th/11th 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01 274 5242, LTB, Premier and Keith Prowse and Albemarle or by post from MCP P.O. Box 124 Walsall WS5 4AP enclosed Postal Orders only and SAE

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 23rd June £1.25
NERVOUS GERMANS

Thursday 24th June £1.50
THE SOFT BOYS

Friday 25th June £1.50
RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS

Saturday 26th June £1.50
THE SWINGING LAURELS

Sunday 27th June £1.25
STUDIO 2

Monday 28th June £1.25
PRESSURE POINT

Tuesday 29th June £1.25
NADIA KAPICHE

Wednesday 30th June £1.50
THE BEATROOTS

101 CLUB
101 St Johns Hill SW1
223 8309

Thursday 24th June £1.00
DEAD ZONES
+ Naughty Thoughts

Friday 25th June £1.50
THE INTROZ + Brave Face

Saturday 26th June £1.50
PILLOW HEAD
+ The Volcanoes

Sunday 27th June £1.00
SPYS + Roger Chancellor Band

Monday 28th June £1.00
CLONED AGAIN
+ Fascinators

Tuesday 29th June £1.00
RED BANNER
+ Beaver Pie

Wednesday 30th June £1.00
MATINEE IDOLS
+ Paladin Heat

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 24th June £1.00
THE GASH
+ Head Over Heels

Friday 25th June £1.50
NANTUCK FIVE
+ The Crowd

Saturday 26th June £1.50
MOOD ELEVATORS
+ Play Dead

Sunday 27th June £1.25
SKANK ORCHESTRA
+ Room 13

Monday 28th June £1.00
S/Z
+ Afghan Rebels

Tuesday 29th June 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

DESIGN for LIVING
THU. 24. "Sometimes it's jazz & funk, sometimes it's Irish pipe music.. the effect is chaotic, exciting & confident." SOUNDS.

THE DIODES
FRI. 25. JUNE — DOUBLE BILL
Canadian four-piece. "class, stamina, a sense of honest to goodness rock 'n roll". said BILLBOARD

FLYING PICKETS
Who said City Limits, "Relive the aching teen dreams of all those do-wop ballads and send them up something rotten."

STUDIO 2
SAT. 26. Electronic duo from the Deptford delta. "Zany brand of modern pop... created an almost carnival and calypso atmosphere that was highly entertaining." SOUNDS.

SUN. ALMOST BROTHERS + AMBIENE + S-Z
MON. GUINEA PIG + SOMA COMA
TUE. DANCE ON A TELEPHONE + MUTIN' JEFF & MAX
WED. **VANE**
THE HEARTBEATS
THU. JULY 1st.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 TILL LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 TILL 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. TILL 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM

Le Beat Route

17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1 · TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Coulthard
Cabaret – Prizes – Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

TUESDAY
60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 24th JUNE
LIVE MUSIC
from
AMAZULU
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
INVITES YOU TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HIM AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

8.30 PM · JUNE 28TH · THE ARCHES · VILLIERS ST · UCT · TICKETS £3 · ROUGH TRADE · HONKY TONK · BONAPARTE & PREMIER BOX OFFICE

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

JUNE
24 Funkapolitan
25 Toyah
28 Barbara Dickson
29 Joe Jackson

JULY
4 Bauhaus
4 Theatre Of Hate
6 Pigbag + Clint Eastwood & General Saint
11 Clash
12, 13 Talking Heads
17, 18 Toyah
17, 18, 24, 25 Capital Jazz Festival

AUGUST
15 Joe Jackson
21 Status Quo, Gillan etc (Castle Donington)
27, 28 Jethro Tull

SEPTEMBER
16, 17, 18, 19 Blondie
19 Gloria Gaynor
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey
30 Imagination

OCTOBER
1,2 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
8, 9 Saxon
18, 19 AC/DC
22 John Martyn
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens

NOVEMBER
17, 18, 19 Japan

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday June 24th
DEFUNKT
+ Endgames

Monday June 28th
A CERTAIN RATIO

Thursday July 8th
BLANCMANGE
+ Basking Sharks

Thursday July 15th
KING TRIGGER

Late bar 9 - 2 am

AFRO-EXPERIENCE

THE MEMBERSHIP

EVERY WEDNESDAY
ENTRANCE £2.50 9.30 p.m – 3.00 a.m
AT THE BARRACUDA CLUB · 1 BAKER ST LONDON W1
FREE MEMBERSHIP
RUN BY MEMBERS FOR NON MEMBERS

ADELPHI THEATRE
The Strand, London WC2

DEREK BLOCK presents
THE HANK BEEHIVE SHOW
STARRING
Mari Wilson
Featuring
The **Marionettes** and The **Marines**
With the fabulous **Wilsations**
and The **Three Courgettes**
WEDNESDAY 30th JUNE 7.30pm
TICKETS 3.50 3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-836-7612 AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Elephant Fayre '82

Thursday 29th July — Sunday 1st August

PORT ELIOT, ST GERMANS, CORNWALL

1ST U.K. 82 DATE!

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

+ JOHN COOPER-CLARKE

THE ALBION BAND +

ARIZONA SMOKE REVUE

CHAS AND DAVE

+ DIZZY AND THE DOORMEN

Circus Lumiere,
The Greatest Show on Legs
Cliffhanger, Incubus + 30 other
top theatre and music acts on site +
Poets, Speakers, Kids Fun City, Crafts Village,
Films, Exhibitions, Free Camping and much much more!

TICKETS ADVANCE All inclusive 4 Days £10
ADVANCE SAT NIGHT SIOUXSIE + JOHN COOPER-'C' £5
Daily Admission to Site all inclusive (except Sat Night) **£3.50**. Accompanied kids (under 5ft!) FREE!
Cheques & P.O.'s payable to 'Elephant Art Cooperative' with S.A.E. to Elephant 82 Office, Port Eliot, St Germans, Cornwall.

STOP PRESS ★ ★ ★ STOP PRESS ★ ★ ★
TRATHERNS RAPIDE from LONDON (Gloucester Road Coach Park) to Port Eliot for Saturday night SIOUXSIE Concert all in ticket **£15** return call **01-370 1609/1619** ***NOW!***

MOONLIGHT — STARLIGHT

100 WEST END LANE — West Hampstead Tube

Sundays 7.30 - 10.30

Thursday 24th June £1.50 — NERVOUS GERMANS + Support	Thursday 24th June — CLOSED
Friday 25th June £1.75 — GUILT EDGE + In 2XS	Friday 25th June £1.50 — THE OUTBOYS + Naughty Thoughts
Saturday 26th June £1.50 — THE SPIES + Support	Saturday 26th June £1.50 — NATURAL SCIENTIST + The Floating Bears
Sunday 27th June £1.50 — HALE AND THE SHOCK ROCK MUSICAL + Support	Sunday 27th June — CLOSED
Monday 28th June £1.50 — MAD SHADOWS + Mxyz Tplk	Monday 28th June £1.50 — FRESH + Night People
Tuesday 29th June £1.75 — C SAIM + BONE + FADED SECRETS + GONE FISSION	Tuesday 29th June — Phone for details
Wednesday 30th June £1.50 — SPLASH + Propoganda	Wednesday 30th June £1.50 — FALSE PRETENCES + 20/20 Vision

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 24th June £2.50 — THE BLUE ORCHIDS + THE DECORATORS + 19-19	Tuesday 29th June £2.50 — THE HIGSONS + ELECTRIC GUITARS + VITAL DISORDERS
Friday 25th & Saturday 26th June £3.50 — DEFUNKT + Endgames	Wednesday 30th June £3.00 — The U.K. Debut Of IDEAL + Dead Or Alive
Monday 28th June £2.00 — A BIGGER SPLASH + ADMIT ONE + COOK THE BOOKS	Thursday 1st July £2.50 — WEEKEND + DISLOCATION DANCE + DRINKSVILLE QUARTET

COMING SOON

Friday 2nd July £3.00 — RANDY CALIFORNIA + Channel Four
Saturday 3rd July £3.00 — INCOGNITO
Monday 5th July £2.50 — BEAT BOP NIGHT With PINSKI ZOO + GORP
Wednesday 7th July £2.00 — HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
Thursday 8th July £3.00 — AL CAMPBELL + The Freedom Fighters
Friday 9th July £3.00 — KOKOMO
Saturday 17th July £3.00 — OSIBISA

Wavendon

Music at the Stables Theatre

3 p.m. Sunday 27 June — £3 in advance, £3.50 at door

PRELUDE IN CONCERT

"After The Goldrush"

In the gardens of The Old Rectory — bring a picnic! In The Stables if wet

Wavendon Allmusic Plan, The Stables, Wavendon, Milton Keynes MK17 8LT Box Office Tel: (0908) 583928

FLUX OF PINK INDIANS // THE SYSTEM

SAT.26TH JUNE // BOWES LYON-HSE, STEVENAGE + DESTRUCTORS, + ADHD + SHATTER. £1.50

SUN.27TH JUNE // TRIAD, UPSTAIRS HALL, BISHOPS STORTFORD. ® + @ 30p

MON.28TH JUNE // GLASSBRIDGE CLUB, LORD ST., ST-HELENS. £1.00

TUE.29TH JUNE // CENTRESPOT, BURNLEY FOOTBALL GROUND, BURNLEY. £1.25

WED.30TH JUNE // GEMINI CLUB, WELLINGTON, SALOP + STONED RAIDERS £1.00

THURS.1ST JULY // WHITE LION, PUTNEY HIGH ST. SW15. + SUB HUMANS £1.30.

// STRIVE TO SURVIVE CAUSING LEAST SUFFERING POSSIBLE //

KING'S HEAD

4 FULHAM HIGH ST, SW6. 736 1413

Thursday 24th June £1.00	BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Friday 25th June £1.50	LAVERNE BROWN BAND
Saturday 26th June £1.50	RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 27th June £1.00	THE FEELERS
Monday 28th June £1.00	JUVESSANCE
Tuesday 29th June £1.00	THE SNORKLES
Wednesday 30th June £1.00	DOUBLE VISION

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

THURSDAY 24th JUNE £2.00	RADIO STARS + Bella Donna
FRIDAY 25th JUNE £2.00	THE METEORS + Serious Drinking
SATURDAY 26th JUNE £1.50	THE DANCE BAND + Idle Flowers
SUNDAY 27th JUNE £1.00	GUY JACKSON + Barbed Choir
MONDAY 28th JUNE £1.50	FUNDATION — Featuring Joe Griffiths, Garth Hale, Norman Pace "Chuckles", Terry Morrison, Victi Silver
TUESDAY 29th JUNE £1.25	ONLY AFTER DARK + Beau Leisure
WEDNESDAY 30th JUNE £1.25	MAD SHADOWS + Naughty Thoughts

MARQUEE PRESENTS

chelsea

with special guests

TUE. 29th JUNE — The Adicts — £1.50

WED. 30th JUNE — CHRON GEN — £1.50

THE PIED BULL

1 LIVERPOOL ROAD, N1 (Angel Tube)
THE FRIENDLY VENUE

Wednesday 23rd June £1.00	SOMA COMA
Thursday 24th June £1.50	THE BEATROOTS
Friday 25th June £1.00	(Rock 'n' Roll) FIREWORKS
Saturday 26th June 70p or 30p	GAY WORKSHOP
Sunday 27th June £1.00	SOLO SUNS
Monday 28th June £1.00	THE HEAT
Tuesday 29th June £1.00	HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Wednesday 30th June £1.00	SONS OF CAIN

THE CROWN

ABERDEEN PLACE, NW8
01-289 1102 WARWICK AVENUE TUBE

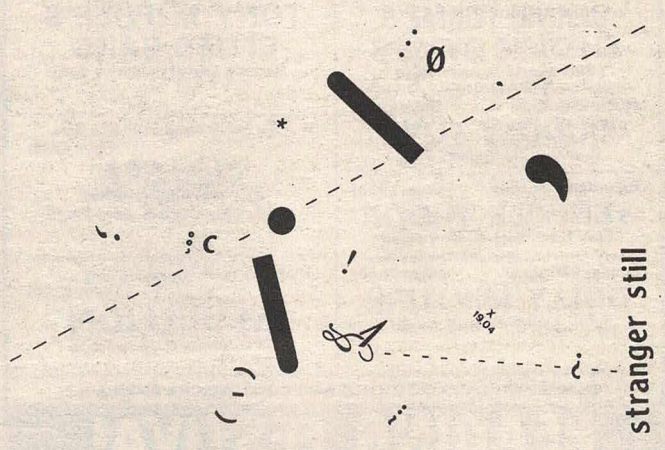
Thurs 24th June £1.00	SUSPECT
Fri 25th June £1.50	RED BEANS AND RICE
Sat 26th June £1.50	COMBO PASSE
Sun 27th June £1.50	LONDON APACHES
Mon 28th June	RING FOR DETAILS
Tues 29th June £1.00	TRIMMER, JENKINS, BRANDT & DODDS
Weds 30th June £1.00	TILT
Sun 4th July £1.50	RICKY COOL & THE NEW COOL

BOOKED THROUGH SMART BOOKING P.O. BOX 743, LONDON SW15 1BS

DEFUNKT & ·ENDGAMES·

The Venue June 25th/26th

S/Z



FRIDGE — FRI 25 JUNE
CLARENDON — MON 28 JUNE

THEATRE of HATE

GLASGOW TIFFANY'S

7.30

50 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

SUNDAY 27th JUNE

LIVE ADS RING ALEX 01-261 6153

C.K. CLEANING

STEVENAGE 729180.

TO ALL PROMOTORS EXPERT RUBBISH REMOVAL AND MAINTENANCE.

OPEN AIR GIGS A SPECIALITY

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents **PIGBAG**

clint EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT
plus INITY ROCKERS
Carmel
The Dread Broadcasting Corporation

TUESDAY 6th JULY 7-30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50

IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS (01-748 2812) KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

MAM & Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments present

THE STEVE MILLER BAND

LONDON **Wednesday 21st July at 8 pm**
ODEON HAMMERSMITH Tel 01-748 4081
Tickets £6.50. £5.50. £4.50.

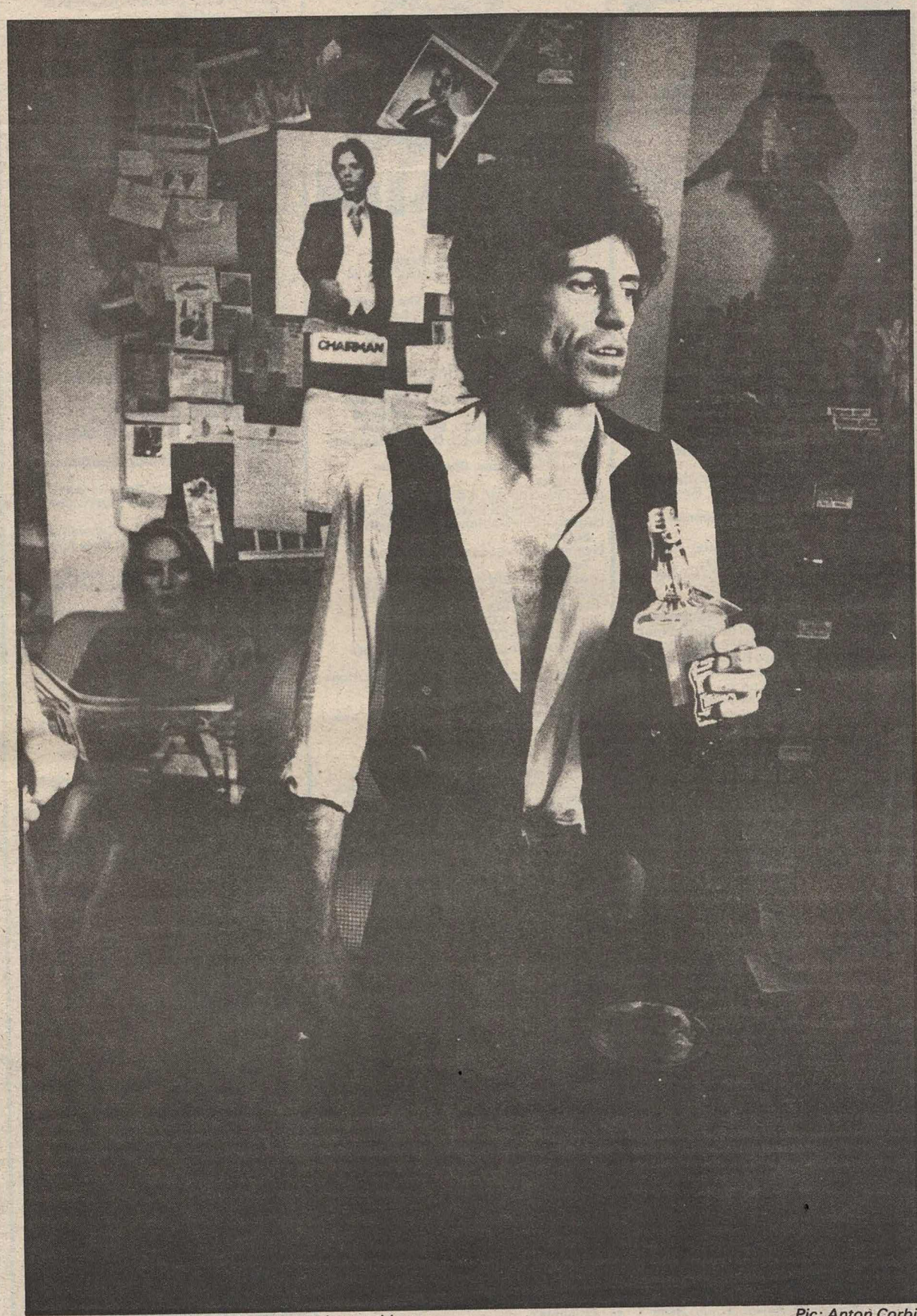
Other Dates		
Friday 16 July	OXFORD	APOLLO
Saturday 17 July	BIRMINGHAM	ODEON
Sunday 18 July	MANCHESTER	APOLLO
Monday 19 July	GLASGOW	APOLLO
Tuesday 20 July	LIVERPOOL	EMPIRE

Latest Album and Single on Mercury/Phonogram ABRACADABRA

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 24th

Aberdeen Jimmy Wilson's: **Pop Upstairs After Dark / Phase One / Sid Ozalid Allstars**
Aberdeen The Crown: **The Suspect**
Basildon Raquel's: **Stax Century**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Echo Base**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Mannequin Glass**
Bletchley Compass Club: **Howard Jones**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Suspicions Confirmed**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **The Swinging Laurels**
Canterbury Art College: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Heat Beats / Dick Coombes**
Cheltenham Copperfields: **Reversed Labels**
Chesterfield College of Art: **Yah-Boo!**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Derby Blue Note: **Culture Club**
Durham University: **The Stargazers**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **The R.B.'s**
Farnham The Maltings: **Keith James**
Ferryhill Kings Head: **The Stingrays**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R&B Allstars**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Freddie McGregor**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Guisborough Moorcock Hotel: **Remuda**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Bleak House / Dying Sun / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Mystique**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **The Xpozez**
Lazenby Rock Club: **Rules Of Croquet**
Leeds Warehouse: **Defunkt / Endgames**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Toyah**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
Leicester Town Arms: **East Park**
Leicester University: **The Fixx**
Liverpool Gatsby's: **The Membranes / Twisted Nervez / Look Back In Anger**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Ulterior Motive / Bamboo Fringe / Subtle Hints**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Orcheste Jazira**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Survivors / Gary Clark Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Naughty Thoughts / The Dads**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Design For Living**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Radio Stars / Bella Donna**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich Brunswick Arms: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Flying Pickets**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Gash / The Human Beings**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Ian Henry Trio**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Vital Voice**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **The Insane / A.B.H.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington De Villers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Roy Orbison**
London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sunwind Music**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Moontier**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Southall White Hart: **Saracen / Predatur**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Funkapolitan / The Go-Betweens**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blue Orchids / The Decorators / 1919**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Talisman**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Berlin Blondes**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Afro Toshiba & The Flying Rasses**
London W.1 (Wardour St) St. Moritz Club: **Mortal Disguize**
London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Animal Magnet**
Londonderry Rialto: **Phil Lynott**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Exit**
Manchester The Gallery: **The D Notes**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **21 Strangers**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Norwich Jaquard Club: **Sindy & The Action Men**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Bunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blues Session**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Chas & Dave**
Salisbury King & Bishop: **Dealer**
Salisbury Raffles Club: **The Press**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Whammer Jammer / The Really Big Boys**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Dancette**
Sunderland Fusion Ballroom: **Shakatak**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Moira & The Mice**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Wellingborough The Chequers: **Precious Little Idols**
Wokingham Angie's: **Inner City Unit**



Keith Richards in training for the alternative world cup — *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

THE ROLLING STONES continue to steamroller around Europe, and have now arrived in Britain for their string of big football stadium gigs starting with Wembley Stadium, where Mick and his cohorts will be creating havoc on Friday and Saturday. They then move on to Bristol City's ground at Ashton Gate on Sunday. The J. Geils Band guest in all three concerts, with Black Uhuru as an additional bonus at Wembley.

● Otherwise, it's a relatively quiet week, despite the likes of TOYAH, DEFUNKT and THEATRE OF HATE being on the road. Main interest lies in the debut of the new JOE JACKSON BAND at London Dominion on Tuesday — and there's also a "punk alternative" to the Stones at London's ZigZag Club on Friday and Saturday.

friday 25th

Aberdeen The Crown: **Red Beans & Rice**
Birmingham Aston Centre for the Arts: **The Copy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **The Psy-kicks**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Mammoth**
Bradford University: **Miles Over Matter / Bad Detective**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Short Stories**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Club Tango Blue / Eaeagba / Ultimate Dance**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton Band / The Hamsters**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Craiglachie Town Hall: **Pallas**
Darlington Raw Noise: **Total Chaos**
Daventry Youth Centre: **Neat Neat Neat / E.S.P. / Absolute Heroes**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Idle Flowers**
Durham Bede College: **The Passions**
Durham St. Mary's College: **Shakatak**
Durham Van Mildert College: **Fred Wedlock**
Edinburgh The Buccaneer: **The Pulsebeat Plus**
Ewell Technical College: **Avenue**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **Theatre Of Hate**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Visa**
Glasgow The Bell Geordie: **Duff Party**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Loose Talk**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
High Wycombe College: **Howard Jones**
Hitchin The Regal: **Kenny Ball Band**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Ossian**
Kirkcaldy Bentley's: **The R.B.'s**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **Natural Scientist**
Largs The Academy: **H20**
Ledbury Full Pitcher: **Reversed Labels**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Sparta**
Leeds University: **After The Fire/ Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / Ik / Liquid Gold / The Stills**
Leicester (Coalville) Tiffany's: **The Sinatras / Painted Memory**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Freddie McGregor**
Leicester University: **Wasted Youth**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Higsons / High Five**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **National Interest / Nick Toczek / The Flying Pickets / Oxy & The Morons**
London Brixton The Fridge: **S/Z**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Combo Passe / Cook The Books**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J & The Jealous Guys**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chas & Dave**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Into The Blue**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Introze**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Trimmer & Jenkins / Joeys**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Zoot Money**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Diodes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Meteors / Serious Drinking**
London Fulham King's Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Nantuck Five / The Crowd**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toyah**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Naughty Thoughts**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / Civilization**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Criminal Class / Crux**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Bitelli's Outward Internationals**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Design For Living / El Dorado**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Lonnie Donegan / Vision / Tommy Keenan**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers / Steve Pheasant's Phabulous Phive**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Coastguards / The Dance**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Blackheart**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Dead Sea Sound**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Courtyard: **The London Loonies**
London Victoria The Venue: **Defunkt / Endgames**
London Wembley Stadium: **The Rolling Stones / J. Geils Band / Black Uhuru**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Guilt Edge / IN2XS**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Republic**
London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Anti-Pasti / Addix / A-Heads / Action Pact**
London W.C.1 School of Oriental & African Studies: **Tribesman / Animal Magic**
London W.C.2 St. Martin's Centre: **Rudimentary Peni / Anthrax / Mikado**
London W.C.2 The Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Safari**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Roy Orbison**
Oxford Magdalen College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Oxford Oriel College: **The Stargazers**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jerry Co**
Poole Sloop Hotel: **Crossfire**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Spider**
Reading Caribbean Club: **The Duncans / A1 Vegetables / Junction Bros.**
Reading Emmer Green: **Arizona Smoke Revue / Roaring Jelly / Sam Stevens & Anne Lennox Martin**
Reading St. Andrew's Hall: **Maximum Joy**
Reading University: **The Bloomsbury Set**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shefford The Airman: **Mortal Disguize**
Stourbridge Art College: **Mood Elevators**
Taunton Market House: **The Shattered Dolls**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **French Lessons**
Whitby Football Club: **Remuda**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

saturday 26th

Aberdeen The Crown: **Combo Passe**
Aberfeldy Town Hall: **The R.B.'7s**
Aviemore Centre: **Theatre Of Hate**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cannon Hill Park Arena: **The Pinkies / Fundamental Furniture**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham University: **The Sinatras / New Age**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Escape**
Cambridge Rock Society: **Spider**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rye & The Quarterboys / Cutting Edge**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cirencester Phoenix Hall: **Club Tango Blue / Harry & Hilary / The Outboys**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Precious Few / Pushmepullyou**
Harlow Bush Fairs Playbarn: **The Berlin Blondes**
Jarrow St. Bede's: **Remuda**
Leeds University: **The Three Johns / The Newtown Neurotics**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton St. Matthew's Meeting Place: **Abacus / Amazulu / Sista Culture**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner / The D.T.'s**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mad Shadows**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Second Image**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Mood Elevators / Play Dead**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Macondo**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toyah**

□ CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

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London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Natural Scientist**
London Harrow Rd. Centro Iberico: **Sex Gang Children**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean / Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Any Trouble / Hiss The Villain**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Angela Rippon's Bum / The Oppressed**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Laurels**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Brian Lemon**
London Marquee Club: **Tenpole Tudor**
London N.W.1 Musicians Collective (Gloucester Ave): **Sole Sister**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arc Connexion / Back-Hander Blues**
London Plumstead The Ship: **China Syndrome / P.S. Personal**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **The Anonymous Sisters**
London Victoria The Venue: **Defunkt / Endgames**
London Wembley Stadium: **The Rolling Stones / J. Geils Band / Black Uhuru**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Spys
London Woolwich Public Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Praxis / Vaguely Divine / Sexagisma**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Vice Squad / Dead Man's Shadow / Special Duties / Urban Dogs**
Lymington Railway Hotel: **Crossfire**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Free Parking**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Mad Shadows / The Far Cry**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Pillowhead / The Volcanoes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Studio Two**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tery Smith Blues Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dance Band / Idle Flowers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **New Order**
Middlesbrough Raffles Club:**Matchbox**
Norwich The Brickmakers: **V.H.F.**
Nottingham Folk Festival: **Battlefield Band**
Nottingham Midland Group Galleries: **Zurcher Post / They Must Be Russians**
Nottingham University: **Bikini Atoll / Childs Play**
Oldham (Royton) Railway Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **The Cannibals**
Preston Snooty's: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
Preston Warehouse: **Southern Death Cult**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Roy Orbison**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Shanklin Io.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton College: **Culture Club**
Southampton University: **The Higsons / The Electric Guitars**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Flux Of Pink Indians / The System**
Stranraer Coachmans: **All The Rage**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Telford Merc Centre: **Limited Talent / Orinj & Yella : Kurtin Rayiz / The Stone Rayzens**
Toddington The Angel: **Morts! Disguize**
Warwick Red Lion: **Reversed Labels**
Winchester Tower Arts Centre: **The Headless Horsemen / The Time**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **The Hamsters**

sunday 27th

Aberdeen Amtola Hotel: **Pallas**
Aberdeen The Crown: **The London Apaches**
Bedford The Angel: **The Psy-kicks**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Nico**

Theatre Of Hate: Glasgow

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Centre: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System.**
Blackpool ABC Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Pack Horse: **Apocalypse Choir**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Defunkt**
Bristol City F.C. Ashton Gate: **The Rolling Stones/J. Geils Band/Talisman**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Headless Horseman**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Greatest Show On Legs/The Box Brothers**
Eccles Town Hall: **Night Train**
Glasgow The Venue: **The Cheap Gods/The Pastels/Jowe Head**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Theatre Of Hate**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Spider**
Hanley The Star: **Dawn Trader**
Harrogate Super Centre: **Roy Orbison**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Sparta**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
High Wycombe Osborne Arms: **Howard Jones**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Whammer Jammer**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Star and Garter: **French Lessons**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys.**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Out To Lunch**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris (lunchtime) Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Onward Internationals (lunchtime)/Ricky Cool & The New Cool (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Natural Scientist**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Spys/Roger Chantler Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Almost Brothers/Ambatone/S-Z**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Valdez**
London Finchley Torrington: **Stan Webb's Speedway**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Guy Jackson/Barbed Choir**
London Fulham King's Head: **Combo Passe**
London Greenwick Theatre: **Maddy Prior Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Kissing Sharks/Room 13**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): **The Newingtons.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio 2**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Solo Sons**
London Marquee Club: **Dolly Mixture**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Varied Works**
London Putney Half Moon: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Nicholls**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Haze & The Shock Rock Musical/The Influence**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **Spare Tyre/Mark Steel/The Flying Pickets/The Guest Stars/Roland Muldoon**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Paz with Jim Mullen/the E—Types**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Spirit Level**
Manchester Fagins: **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Shakatak**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ossian/Portland Chambers**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **Battlefield Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Searchers**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Warrior**
Washington Stella Maris: **Remuda**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

monday 28th

Blue Rondo: Liverpool

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Dennis Brown**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blackpool J.R.'s Bar: **Genocides**
Blackpool Vinyl Drip Club: **Divert Off Centre/Genocides**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Beatroots**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Toyah**
Doncaster Coach & Horses: **Kirlian Lens**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Firing Squad**
Hadleigh Youth Centre: **Stax Century**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Chaos UK/The Verukas**
Leeds Warehouse: **A Certain Ratio**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco Bar: **Visible Targets**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rhythm Squad**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Warp/The Lambs/Into The Blue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Culture Club**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **I Am Alone**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Acropolis/Fascinators**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Soma Coma/Guinea Pig**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Novella Nelson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Fundation**
London Fulham King's Head: **Juvessance**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **S-Z/Afghan Rebels**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **The Stargazers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pressure Point**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Heat**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Johnny Parker**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Machito & His Salsa Big Band (for a week)**
London Southwall White Hart: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Wilmer Williams & The Combo**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's : **The Horizontal Dancers**
London Victoria The Venue: **A Bigger Splash**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mxyztplk/Mad Shadows**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Ideal**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (for a week)**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Shakatak**
St. Albans City Hall: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/Clive Pig & The Hopeful Chinamen**
St. Helens Glassbridge Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Chas & Dave (for a week)**
Yarm Worsall Ship Inn: **Remuda**

tuesday 29th

Joe Jackson: London

Aberdeen The Crown: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **A Church In Ruin/Local Griff**
Brighton Centre: **Toyah**
Brighton New Regent: **The Specimen**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Roy Orbison**
Bristol Granary: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Burnley Centrespot: **Flux Of Pink Indians / The System**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Adventure Clinic**
Cornforth United Club: **Remuda**
Doncaster Main Line: **Naked Lunch**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **Pendragon**
Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Leamington Spa The Crown: **Reversed Labels**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **3D A Fish In Sea / The Debonaires**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Johnny G**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Swinging Laurels**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham Two Brwers: **Civilization / Brothers Of Beat**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Banner / Beever Pie**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dance On A Telephone / Mutt'n' Jeff / Maxzeen**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **I.C.Q.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Only After Dark / Beau Leisure**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Johnny Coppin Band**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Nadia Kapiche**
London Islington Pied Bull: **House of Representatives**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Johnny Parker**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea / The** Adicts
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Adicts / Actified**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Nancy Wilson & Her Trio / National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Joe Jackson Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Higsons / The Electric Guitars / Vital Disorders**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Eye Witness / The Escorts**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **The London Cowboys**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Line Up**
Manchester The Gallery: **Private Sector**
Sheffield City Hall: **Freddie McGregor**
Sheffield the Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
St Albans Adelaide Wine House: **The Nashville Teens**
Swansea Coach House: **Little Triggers / The Lightning Raiders**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Deke Leonard**
Tonbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Shakatak**

wednesday 30th

Aberdeen The Crown: **Tilt**
Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **Fruit Machines**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**

The Passions: Lincoln

Birmingham Odeon: **Roy Orbison**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Pinecliffe Hotel: **Crossfire**
Brighton The Cavern: **Bar Flies**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chicago Sunset/The Cockroaches**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Dudley The Crown: **Another Dream/Active Restraint**
Ebbw Vale The Level: **Moira & The Mice**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Cry With Please**
Guildford Nerys Wood College: **Night Train**
Guisborough Quoit Club: **Remuda**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **The Passions**
Liverpool Higher Educational College: **Mood Elevators**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Public Disgrace/Reiner Chaos/Joyful Assault**
London Acton White Hart: **The E-Types**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Martin Wyndham-Read**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rico & Friends**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Harry Zontal & The Teetotallers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Gary Clark Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Matinee Idols/Paladin Heat**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Vane**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joe Mydell & Terry Lee Quartet**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Jazira/OK Jive**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mad Shadows/Naughty Thoughts**
London Fulham King's Head: **Double Vision**
London Haverstock Hill Country Club: **The Fixations**
London Highgate Jackson's Lane Community Centre: **Tony Maud**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Sons Of Cain/Burma Blur**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Duke of Ellington Showcase with Elaine Delmar/Adelaide Hall/Earl Okin etc** (until Saturday)
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea/Chron-Gen**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Stop Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Kill Your Sons**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Greenow Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay Monque'd & The Jaywalkers**
London Strand Adelphi Theatre: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/The Three Courgettes**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Design For Living**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ideal/Dead Or Alive**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Splash/I.Q.**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Vendetta**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Tony McPhee Band**
Manchester (Duckenfield) Drifters: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/One Way System**
Newcastle The Bier Keller: **Darkness And Jive/Deviation/Off**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Picasso Swing**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Toyah**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Albans Batchwood Country Club: **Second Image**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Stargazers**
Wellington Gemini Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System**
Worcester The Barn: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**

UPCOMING on the Seven Leaves imprint out of Kensal Rise next month is a new various artists album of **Lee Perry** productions bearing the title 'Heart Of The Ark' (SSLP 1).

Recorded at the Upsetter's Black Ark studio in Kingston, the set features a rare recording of Perry's idiosyncratic own entitled 'Nuh Fe Run Down', plus two apiece from **Bunny Scott,** 'I've Never Had It So Good' and 'What's The Use' and **Mystic Eyes,** 'Forward With Love' and 'Ellaine'; also one each from **George Faith,** 'Don't Be Afraid'; **Leroy Sibbles,** 'Rasta Fari' and **Prodigal,** '4&20 Dread Locks'..

Another various artists compilation is 'Unity Is Strength' (PH 003), an eight track set of Delroy Francis productions issued on the Park Heights label out of Brooklyn. Recorded at Harry J, Channel One and King Tubby's studios in Jamaica, track listing on the LP is: **Barry Llewellyn,** 'I Got The Handle'; **Bobby Floyd & Heptones,** 'Need To Belong'; **Militant Barry & Delroy Wilson,** 'I Can't Stand It'; **Ranking King,** 'Trouble Maker'; **Naggo Morris,** 'Love Your Brother'; **Lone Ranger,** 'Africa Land'; Bobby Floyd and **Errol Scorcher,** 'Fall In Love' and **Winston McNuff,** 'Change Your Style'.

New on the streets this week is the most recent recording from Trevor Bow's **Sons Of Jah** vocal outfit released on their own Natty Congo label under the title 'Universal Message' (NCLP 001). Included on the set is the group's recent chant of 'Breaking Down The Barriers' variation on a Ranking Dread theme.

Latest 12" discomix release: **Johnny Osbourne & Pappa Tullo,** 'Rock And Come On Ya' (Black Joy — DH 818); **Cassandra,** 'Love Me Sweeter Tonight' (Red Nail — RN 0036) — produced by John Kpiaye; **Trevor Wiggan and the Drummer Jackson Band,** 'Never Gonna Give You Up' c/w **Tex Johnson/Ranking Ivan,** 'Knock A Dance Stylee' (S&D) — produced by L Cave; **True I D,** 'All In Me' c/w 'Spluff Spliff' (B&B — BƀD 231) — produced by Bill Campbell; **Ranking Dread,** 'If Nanny Was Here' (Greensleeves — GRED 91); **Mystic Harmony,** 'That Feeling' c/w **SS Band,** 'Sweet Feelings' (LSLS — LLSMD 015) — produced by L Lewis; **Sandra Reid,** 'Ooh Boy' c/w **Anthony Brightly,** 'I Love You' (Sir George — SG 001); and **Gina,** 'This Love' (Judah — JR001) — produced by Dego.

Perry ... rarity

Forthcoming on Saturday, July 10 is a come as hou dare Mid Summernight Dance at the Michael Sobel Sports Centre, Hornsey Road, London, N7, swinging to the best entertainers **Harmony Soul Sound** and **Syndicate Hi-Fi** to keep you swimmers, joggers and other sports competitors grooving. 7 pm till late.

Penny Reel

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Watkins' new movie

FILM DIRECTOR Peter Watkins, who made *The War Game,* is filming a sequel to his censored work. The new project will be set in two periods: one a "period of international tension leading to a nuclear strike", and the other "the devastated post-attack Britain".

Currently the director is searching Herefordshire for a location that will simulate a detention camp (pre-attack); hospital and church sites are already set for filming in the Birmingham area and West Midlands CND are co-ordinating extras and volunteer labour for Watkins, who stresses that he "would like to see people of all ages and races involved in the film". If you'd like to be involved, contact Marcus Lynch at WMCND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, Birmngham 5 (021 632 6909). Or you can attend another open meeting at Digbeth Civic Hall, Birmingham on Friday 25 June at 6.30, when Watkins will be taking stock of preparations.

□ Falmouth CND have come up with a uniquely enterprising scheme of collecting individual contributions (about 60p each "from forty or so" people) to purchase a whole page in their local paper. They used the first one to editorialise against Cruise missiles and list all protest events in the paper's distribution area. The ideal next step, say the group, would be for a sympathetic musician of some standing to volunteer a few albums or a message of support which could be published on the next planned page — which occurs in two weeks. Contact: Andy Walker for FCND, Moss Cottage, Crellow Hill, Stithians, Nr Truro, Cornwall.

□ Irvine CND are sponsoring their first benefit gig — at Irvine Amandas, The Mall, Irvine, Ayrshire on Sunday, June 27 from 2-5 pm. Local bands All the Rage and The Dead Friends are playing and the 60p admission will go towards the August Ayrshire Peace Festival.

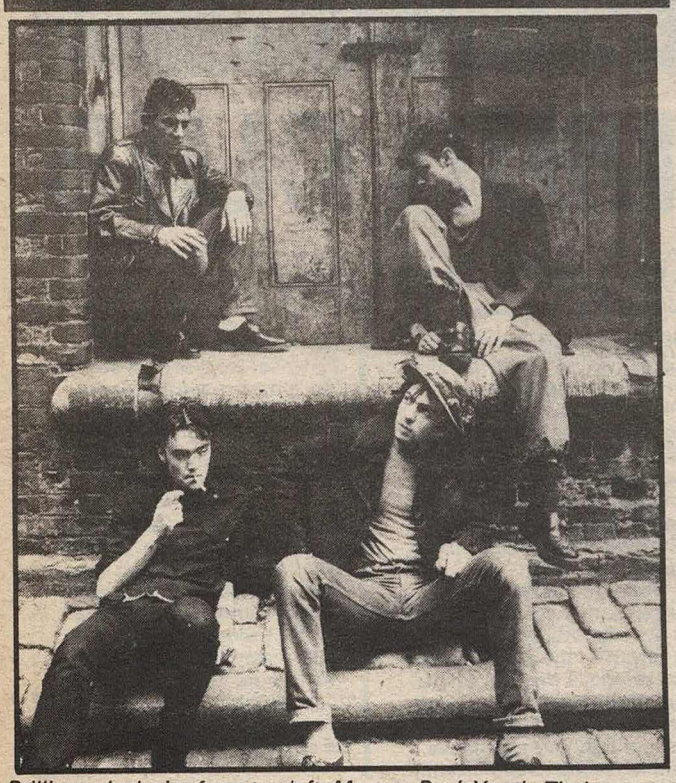
□ In London, journalist Crispin Aubrey (one of three men charged in the Official Secrets Case and author of *Who's Watching You?)* and Andrew Wilson *(The Observer* defence correspondent) will join the ICA's new 'In Conversation' series which most recently featured Laurie Anderson. With MP Frank Allaun, Aubrey and Wilson will discuss to what extent the media have implicitly accepted Cold War propaganda.

Central to this discussion will be *Nukespeak,* a new book to which both men — as well as E P Thompson and John Pilger, among others — have contributed. *Nukespeak* gives the record of how the jargon of 'first strike', 'flexible response' and 'limited nuclear war' has dehumanised the true horrors and dangers faced by the public, and looks at examples of censorship and journalistic practice.

***Nukespeak* costs £2.50 from Comedia Publishing, 9 Poland St, London W1 (01-437 8954). Aubrey and Wilson appear 'In Conversation' with Frank Allaun at the ICA on Tuesday, June 29 at 1.00 pm.**

— CYNTHIA ROSE

NEWS EXTRA



Brilliant, clockwise from top left: Marcus, Paul, Youth, Tintin. Pic: Andy Rosen

Their Brilliant career

BRILLIANT is the name of the new band that's been formed from the ashes of Killing Joke, following the disintegration of that outfit when two of its founder members — Jaz and Geordie — defected to Iceland. The remaining Jokers, Pig Youth (bass) and Big Paul (drums), have now got together with newcomers Marcus (vocals) and Tintin (bass) to form the modestly named new group. Whether or not it lives up to its name remains to be seen, but it's certainly unique — with two bassists and no lead guitar!

They've already recorded a debut single featuring 'Push' and 'Good Friends', though there's no news of its release at the moment. In fact, the quartet are being rather cagey about their activities. They're currently locked away in a Sussex hideout where, they say, they are "boiling up a sound to burn the ears, away from pressures and cheque books".

Linda 'n' James launch the big one. Pic: Ebet Roberts

New York gets No Nuked

THE THRILL of it certainly wasn't in the music or the speeches that came from the stage.

The music was dominated by the old L.A. mega-star crowd, with a few folkie reverences like Pete Seeger and Joan Baez thrown in for credibility. Linda Rondstadt displayed her impeccable pipes while the usual gang of overpaid rock hacks got loud behind her. James Taylor did his usual sleepwalk routine. Jackdon Browne did his usual soul-laid-bare-for-all routine. Springsteen did a short version of his routine. Rita Marley was real good, and The Melody Makers, Bob Marley's children, were a surprising delight. That Ziggy Marley's a real chip off the old block. But they weren't the thrill of it.

Being backstage with my press pass so I could catch glimpses of Bianca Jagger going by in her white dress or Yoko Ono going by in her "Imagine" T-shirt or Allen Ginsberg demonstrating a Tibetan meditation cushion or see the guys from Third World get pissed 'cause they didn't get a chance to play — these things definitely weren't the thrill of it.

The speakers, though they ranged from a Congressman to guerilla fighters and though they were often eloquent, weren't the thrill of it.

The thrill of it was stepping up Central Park West and onto the Great Lawn with ALL THOSE PEOPLE and feeling their number but even more their variety and their purpose and being swept up in the ride of the march like a magic carpet — that was the thrill of it.

The fact that all these people weren't there because of the star attractions, that most of them didn't even know or care about that, that they were there to make their feelings known on the subject of life vs. death, and that they came from all over the country and that they were grandparents and businessmen and hippies and punks and survivors of Hiroshima and schoolkids from Vermont and they all carried one thought. The fact that there were probably at least 800,000 and maybe as many as a million people there, "the largest meeting on a moral issue in the history of the world," as one speaker said — that was the thrill of it.

Group behaviour may be, as Ernest Becker wrote, a "timid heroism", but this was no time to play the lone iconoclast. Nuclear disarmament may be a fairly safe issue, and certainly one that only those who aren't scrambling for the grocery money have time to devote themselves to — this was a very white crowd — but an event like this could not be taken for granted. It signals a change in the air. A year ago it wouldn't have been nearly as big.

America, through its leaders, persists in showing its ugly, wrathful face to the world. The percentage of our budget we pour into military spending, the callowness and uncaring evinced by our leaders in their pronouncements on foreign policy, war and death, the bluster of all those cold war cowboys — these things might easily lead the rest of the world to believe that Americans are a warlike people.

Some of us are. Some of our powerful institutions depend on it.

But I looked around at all these "regular people" — all ages, from all kinds of places, "good Americans" — and I felt that maybe we Americans aren't actually a warlike people at all. At least here was a reason to hope so.

That's a thrill.

Richard Grabel

Greens gather

IS THERE an alternative to the reds, the blues and the washed-out pinks of the Lib/SDP Alliance? This and other obstinate posers will be confronted — if not actually settled — at Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset, July 27-August 1, when the country's first major non-aligned Green Gathering will be mustered.

The Ecology Party have this year stepped back from their usual dominant role in deference to a new wave of Greenies who are beginning to agitate in favour of a more broadly-based radical or green alliance.

Such a movement would link together the sorts that march against the bomb and against the all-round degenerate state of the culture whilst rejecting "the older order of centralised political parties".

In the words of the organisers: "The Gathering will bring together those involved in radical, alternative, and green activities — ecologists, anti-nuclear campaigners, feminists, libertarians and many other working for a freer, safer and more just society."

Workshops and training sessions will be staged each day — on resources, land and energy, building a radical green movement, animal and human rights, and how to be civilly disobedient without violence.

The entertainment will be strictly non-electric and those interested are asked to bring tents and sleeping bags, in addition to cooking gear, toilet paper, etc, because it will probably rain.

For advance tickets, priced £7.50 for six days, contact: 2 Cross House, Fontmell, Magna, Shaftesbury, Dorset (0747) 811468. Tickets 'on the door' will be £9 for the full session. Under-14s free.

— ANDREW TYLER

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THUNDERCRACK
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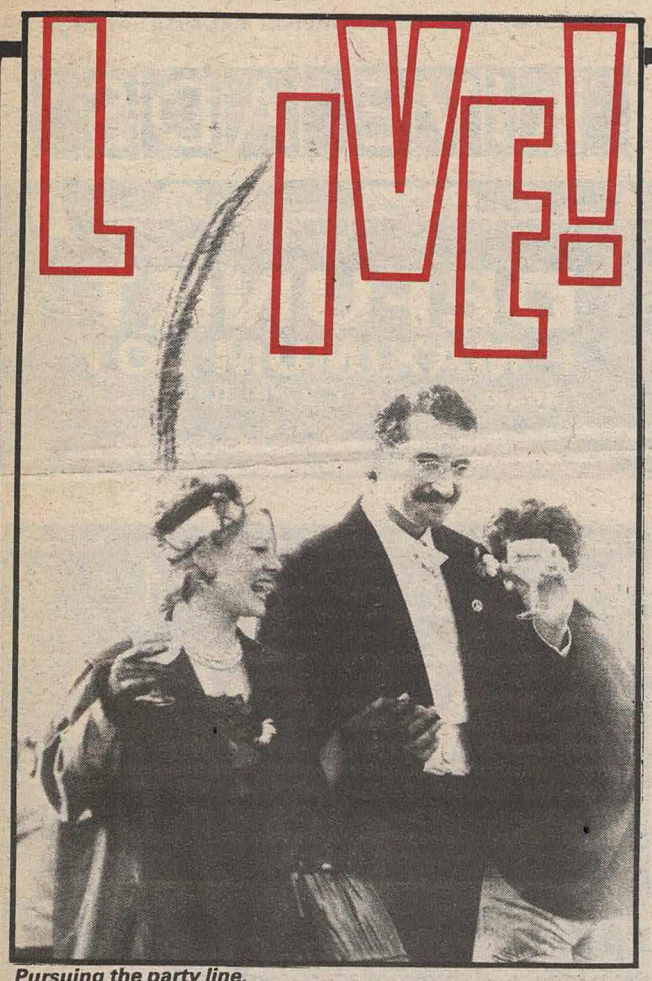
LIVE!



Pursuing the party line.

A-BOMB A-GO-GO . . .

GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL

I ADMIT, I was tempted. But really, it doesn't take a great and visionary genius to dredge up a dose of cynicism for the ritual, and self-imposed ravages of the festival phenomenon. No argument through, that the summer season of grass, both tramped and inhaled, is the ultimate anthropologist's paradise. It's a spectacle for sure. Me, I'm your central-heating and modern sanitation type through and through, but people who should know mentioned figures like 40,000 tickets sold, and at least another half-dozen triple-zeros queuing back through the surrounding country lanes, quite prepared to sacrifice footwear and decaying motors to the early Glastonbury mud.

Stretching out across the hillsides in a good half-mile radius, there are tents and tents and tents. And straining the sides of these tents are citizens with a million different motivations.

A fest is a fest, an underlined date in the social calender, primarily useful for the speedy consumption of giant slabs of specially-purchased hash and the scope to shed all semblance of self-control, unworried by normal social niceties, the Somersetian Bill, the bank-manager or the boss. For this lot, it's one big escape.

Then there are healthy Habitat perennials of at least ten years, who take note of the humanist cause, easily accommodated within their contemporary liberalism, and are now initiating their dungeree'd toddlers into the desirable world of social-living. Yeah, I laugh about them too, but look, they came, and next week they might be annoying the hell out of their neighbours and local MP.

We've got the social-service, law-centre mob. The institutionalised product of what's left of State-absorbtion of the peoples'-rights-and-permissiveness 'problem', from *that* decade. The one which dominates all my observations, even though I wasn't there. A few post-punk politicised youth are around, disappointed by A Certain Radio's non-appearance, but who drank and larked enough to still be glad they came. And, requiring no introduction, hail the terminal hippies; the out and out bomb-banners; and the permanently scrambled freaks. There will always be the paisley pill-popping freaks.

To a screaming semi-armchair red sceptic, (me), the great catch-all CND umbrella, and the exhausting question of music's precise point in the maze of political activity run free as a squashy nudist through the Fayre's crowded calm.

What use *are* a pleasure-seeking rabble from assorted 'alternative' corners, against the monied meglomaniacs? 'Streuth, it'll take all we've got to hold on to our breath amidst lethal fallout from the site's devastating toilets. Limited range germ warfare, anyone?

What *can* this gathering mean or do? Apart from a symbolic value firmly contained within the prescribed parameters of a 'free' society, this event, where music and its emotive powers play a crucial part, must try to strengthen passions already stirred. At enormous personal risk, let's hope for some genuinely lifted spirits. That's what I'm testing this whole business for. Hmm. We'll see. It's bloody wet out there.

—D.H.

Warrior charge. Aswad see a vision of the promised land.

. . . AT THE MUD CLUB

AFFILIATED MEMBERS: DAVE HILL, AMRIK RAI (WORDS); DAVID CORIO (PICS)

SATURDAY

IT'S AROUND four o'clock, and in the backstage enclosure, officials are twitching about and wagging fingers at the cameramen and hacks. A metallic blue Ford Granada 2.8, registration number not many digits from NOG 978X, pulls up behind the stage. The untidy bald patch of George Ivan Morrison can be plainly seen through the rear window.

"He's too pissed to get out of the car," someone had said. Not quite true. the plump Irish soul singer, without offering a single glance, steps out and climbs the stairs, with the look of a recalcitrant husband sneaking off to the pub.

Van Morrison didn't have a single word for the masses who streamed from their campsites to watch. Secure within a sufficiently economical and sensitive band, he let his songs and voice communicate for themselves, and gradually, almost grudgingly, he built a truly moving, 80-minute set.

The music's spiritual scent, made pungent by three gospel-drenched backing singers, boosted Van Morrison's air of a man totally absorbed inside himself. He looked weary and sour, but he sang for keeps. He was that sulky, but in moments he was that good.

Morrison received plenty of money for this appearance, whereas Jackson Browne asked for none. Nobody knows if he gives a damn about the Bomb. He closed with a chilling 'Gloria', and some people jumped on the Granada as his chauffeur took him home.

There were quite a lot of gripes about the wobbly organisation of bands today. Only unbilled Roy Harper had preceded Morrison, and no-one knew what was coming next. This didn't prevent the afternoon providing the best, most apt entertainment I saw in my two full days.

The unfailingly inspiring E. P. Thompson gave a typically succinct, clear-sighted speech which urged this ungainly movement to learn self-confidence, and explained the whole Bomb business within a wide social and political context without being boring at all.

Aswad, who next took the stage, simply were the best thing I saw. So many of their records seem mundane, but today, the vitamin-count, and sense of touch, showed what a magnificent group they can be. for just over an hour, my myriad misgivings about the whole Rasta palaver evaporated, as Brinsley Dan warbled and hopped. I laughed like a madman as an Aswad guitarist played a solo with his teeth, while the others fell about. I skipped stupidly for five extra minutes, still fired by 'Warrior Charge'. Now *that* was real inspiration. And no artificial aids at all.

I forgot to say that Saturday was dry. Maybe the fleet of rescue bulldozers won't be needed in the graveyard car-parks after all. Still, it's the same to the fest-fiends who collect for the stock open-air r 'n' b of The Blues Band. Desperate to escape Paul Jones' terrifying orange trousers, I retreat to the guest-pass watering hole. Someone mumbles vaguely about Ekome, and sure enough, here they come. The joyous energy of Bristol's exponents of West African percussion and dance won favour with the ethnic culture-vultures, whose representation is, of course, large.

Elome's drums escorted my companion and I's struggle up hill, into the night, a safe distance from Sad Cafe. We're in a wonderland of wood-smoke and torch-light, and pass a flailing dervish, deep in the grip of the dayglo unknown. If someone did shove The Button right now, it'd probably make his night.

—D.H.

Puma style.

SUNDAY

THE FAINT BEAT which reaches me and David C., arriving culture - shocked from a peek at The Other Festival (the free one at Stonehenge), is alas the last one that Talisman will play. Shit! And then. Oh yeah, I know that compere's crooning tones! It's Pete Drummond! Remember *Sounds Of The* (Really Amazing) *Seventies?* Maybe Mr Drummond's presence is symbolic of a failing of the Fayre in this, its 11th year. It *is* still too musically par for the festival course.

We've seen the odd pocket of punks, and yesterday we spotted an incongruous handful of mods. But there's not much to tempt the great mass of mods and punks down here, and they don't have eight or nine quid to spend on altruism alone. A huge, and crucial audience has been completely missed.

From my angle this is the least promising day of all three. I'm halfway down the hill, when here come The Climax Blues Band, who are well - enough liked (mind you, everyone gets an encore round here) but scarcely sharpen the kind of teeth which a popular cause like CND must nurture if ever there's a crunch. O.K.

Clearly, here's a chance to investigate the pastoral traders and their sprawl of marquees and stalls. The goods for sale are of two main types. One: post-hippie paraphernalia, and two: what we'll call Alleged Food. The first is mostly drawn direct from pricey Camden Market, and doesn't improve with travel. The second (with honourable exceptions) is generally of burnt brown hue, and extremely anti-social.

Other facilities, however, seem fine, with plenty of things for the many 'free - expression' nippers to smash into bits.

The illicit chemical trade is kept strictly underground. But, of course, there's plenty of 'casual' types offering scorched nostrils, bloodshot eyes, or a lurid afternoon of self-discovery, in quantities to suit.

Healthier altogether are The Chieftains, who look like everybody's favourite uncles at a family do, and perform with all the emotion, self-effacement, good-humour and skill expected. I'm an utter philistine when it comes to Irish music, but I know how it improves an evening's drinking in certain North London bars. The Chieftains, handling unsuitable circumstances with confidence and charm, proved that pipes, harps and fiddles can score equally well in a whopping great field. The game punters loved them. They were by miles the best thing I saw today.

Dapper little Jackson Browne, today's primary star, is ever so nice, and grins cutely at all the gawping folk backstage. A figurehead of No-Nukes America, our man seems thoroughly stoned, desperately keen to please, and woos the audience with intimate tidbits about his backing band's various nicknames. I'm concerned actually, for Jackson's men. Their eyes are wide open, but surely they can't be *awake*.

Jackson does a good deal of rather vacant rambling between songs. I believe he is unimpeachably sincere, but his dreamy confessional poetry and stale country rock is unlikely to steel any resolve. Dissolve it more like. Most worrying of all, and for all his protesting credentials, he behaves like a bloke who can be comfortably talked into believing *anything at all.*

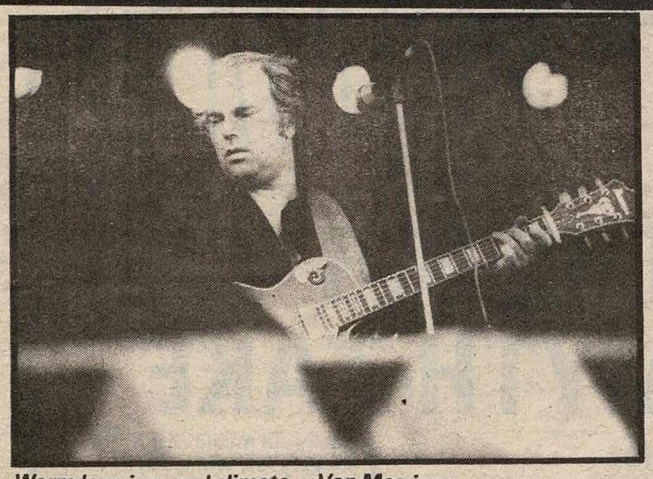
So, leaving gentle Jackson to his ovations, I sacrifice seeing nice Judi Tzuke ("Please! No close-up shots! My spots are terrible at the moment.") and hardened campaigner Richie Havens, in order to compile this report.

Glastonbury lacks balance, and musn't neglect its enormous scope. And it is a bit *too* dopey for me. So what's new? These last two days were designed for sloth I suppose and, face it . . . The People Came In Droves.

I achieved my aim. I got worked up. Aswad saw to that. Let's hope the rest of 'em did too. And Now. I'm gonna lie down.

—D.H.

Chieftain chic.



Warm love in a cool climate ... Van Morrison.

FEAR AND LOATHING

IT WAS raining in Glastonbury as the festival site zoomed into blurred focus, radiating all the mystical power of a giant sized cowpat. Such is the disruption of nature by this indiscriminate train of metropolitan exodus that even the fair weather gods have dismissed the protestors' prayers and sided with granny Mags, even the passing cows glare balefully at this extraneous growth on their place of excretion.

It's all for a good cause, of course, but when it rains like it poured at Glastonbury, any notion of protest is systematically drowned in an all-consuming quicksand. The ghost of demonstration past, a towering stegosaurus, slid solemnly through the psychedelic swamp with a mocking sneer on the sodden proceedings posing as rebellion.

All it saw was wellied wallies stranded like beached whales in ritualistic death throes; an all balls-out plunge into the depths of a mysterioso sewer,

Glastonbury is a time to pepper speech with antiquated cliches and shoot up some heavy amnesia. A time to get synched out of reality and have a stroboscopic blast. Yeah, but what about nuclear war? Hang loose mother goose, it's just a gas.

Glastonbury is an exaltation of flower power and mud media, rebel rebels, bitch bitching in the dour shower. Glastonbury's a million miles away from planet earth soaring on drugs and drowning in mud. Mud everywhere, and rain, and a million different shades of mud everywhere.

There's a depression over Glastonbury — the weather man says.

Funkapolitan slipped funky discs in the mud, 'There It Is Again' or 'Singing In The Rain'. As the time goes by and the storm gets darker, as the time stands still and the crowd gets thinner. Rappateer Kadir posed with an uncle Ronnie mask for 'War': at least someone remembered what we're here for.

Black Uhuru came on tuff style to pitch the jugs of scrumpy, and rows of umbrellas, into an absurd orgy of mud-splash and rain-dance. Slick Sly's drums and shaky Spear's bass pressed against the elemental fury in a harder reggae thrust. Puma released the locks in a flailing symbolism of unity, forging the trail for a delicate alliance with the dirty urchins shivering in the rainy cold.

Uhuru came the closest to distilling any sense of conviction, but failed simpy because they were a band doing a job...and Glastonbury needed so much more.

In almost total darkness John Cooper Clarke paraded his lurid purple jacket to the dancing video cameras and sang (yes, he sang) and danced (well almost) the blues away.

With the number of blues he'd got through, you couldn't help but lose somehow. 'Beasly Street' to music and singalonga Johnny Clarke dispelled any illusions I may have suffered from. It's true, he can't sing.

Entertainment? That was it mate. Randy California, a man only just in his tree, polished the final hackneyed twang. There's nothing worse than leading an old axehead to choke the last breath from a dying occasion.

It's got to be said. The only people who enjoyed any sense of satisfaction, or felt that they personally had contributed something worthwhile at the openeing day of the Glastonbury Festival were the ones who weren't there...and the ones that weren't really there.

— A.R.

In the end ... there was mud.

LIVE!

LAURIE ANDERSON

Adelphi Theatre

FIRSTLY, OF course, Laurie Anderson is a woman.

This in itself is not important; it's the way she undermines — perhaps *dissolves* would be a better word — the roles and stereotypes associated with women in popular music which is important. No virgin, whore or earth mother here, nor any blab and clutter of evasive 'sophistication' between her and her audience. A rumpled suit smoothes out the sexual sting, which here would be distraction, and a harmoniser twists the voice through gender parodies — first child, then girl, then burly bloke — accoding to the needs of this piece or that. Everyman, every man for himself, and isn't it just like a woman?

Well, sometimes. Laurie Anderson has the ability to take a sign or phrase, some part of our accepted symbolic grammar, and subtly twist its meaning, throw new light on referent and referee. Her opening back-projection map mutates, to screechy violin, into a set of jerking, living forms — a throbbing pulse of continental dance and drift. That things so 'fixed' and permanent should move says much of her intentions.

On record, Laurie Anderson's voice is a comforting ululation, and her music, for the most part, a hypnotic lull. There's a dream-like, subconscious quality about her songs which helps them work at deeper, secret levels of the psyche, at the point where waking becomes sleep and images can dance as well as continents. She operates subliminally, with images felt rather than seen (check the cover of 'Big Science'), but perhaps that's only to be expected from a mate of ol' Bill Burroughs ...

... talking of whom, she's taken Burroughs' partly pertinent but potty postulation that *"Language is a virus from outer space"* and turned it into a song. Rather a good song, as it happens. I know it's a Burroughs quote because it's flashed up, credit and all, on the screen behind her — one of the few times that the constantly-changing words and images on the screen have a more than tangential relationship with the music and the lyrics and the movements and the stories and the jokes which comprise a Laurie Anderson performance / entertainment.

Again, it's a case of images *felt*, of subliminal suggestion and lateral connection rather than direct one-to-one. The way the various media link and move together is always witty, always one knowing step ahead of itself. A story about a cricked neck caused by violin-playing is told with the head crooked to one side, against a hand-drawn backdrop of a telephone; the hand-drawn image fleshes out into a photograph as the head crooks the other way and cradles a real telephone receiver, over which the next story is related. The whole is one perfect flowing combination of image, action and words, synchronised to split-second tolerance. I don't think it's rock'n'roll.

And then there are the jokes. One thing that leaps out from a live performance that stays dormant in a disc is Laurie Anderson's sense of humour, her genuine and original gift for comedy. There's a Chaplinesque quality about her appearance and deportment, a deceptive air of innocence and fragility used to good effect in mimed accompaniment to her funny, oddball stories, some of which are little more than one-line observations on American life.

Understatement in both words and music is her method, and nothing understates like laughter. If she's done nothing else (and yes, she has), she's brought a smile or two into the heady, hyper-cephalic world of Performance Art, which needs it more, perhaps, than you or me.

She did 'O Superman' for an encore, but by then it wasn't necessary; there are far more wonders to Laurie Anderson than just one-hit ones.

Andy Gill

PERFORMANCE

New light on language ... Laurie Anderson *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Liquid bodies, electric style ... Rock steady Crew

THE KITCHEN TOUR

New York

THE KITCHEN, America's best known "Performance art" centre, has ties to the chicest West Broadway galleries and the badest South Bronx streets. But the kitchen can't shake its image as a citadel of [illegible] that awful bugaboo — and hence pretension. What it needs is to open up.

Which is why the Kitchen Tour, three weeks of dates around the U.S. Northeast, Midwest and Canada, is just what the doctor ordered. I'd love to see how the people of Milwaukee or Iowa City take to the Kitchen Tour's band of poets, artists and musicians. But the premiere in New York managed, cunningly and creatively, to be a special event itself.

The winning stroke was leasing one of the city's ferries, which usually do a commuter run between Manhattan and Staten Island, for the night. The ferry became a floating club, with performances and music on the first deck, a quieter video installation on the upper deck, and a constantly changing [illegible] of the New York Harbour at all times.

There was a lot to see, a lot of by-ways in which to wander. Eric Bogosian did a fairly funny monologue taking in the varities of jive street talk and radio D.J.'s. David Van Tieghem did a solo percussion performance that I missed because I was on the upper deck watching videos of Funky Four plus One at the Kitchen and New York Harbour at various times of day.

But I was front and centre on one of the outside decks when space was cleared for the Rock Steady Crew. Fab Five Freddy did the introduction and rap-commentary honours, and the crew got down with a display of liquid bodies and heart-stopping action. There was some Electric Boogie, a stylized movement in which the dancers touch hands and mime electricity passing through their bodies, and there was the usual breaking assortment of head spins, tail spins and other impossible movements. Chilly!

The highlight of the night was Jump Up. Not just the highlight, but the point of jumping up, jumping in, jumping for joy. In the Caribe and in New Orleans "jump up" means a dance, a party. This band earns its right to the name.

The group's leader, Oliver Lake, is a jazz saxophonist who went to the Caribbean and came back inspired. Jump Up is a free, fun and bold kind of fusion of simmering reggae, slamming New York street funk, breezy melodic sweetness and slightly cramped Ornette/Ulmer accents. Which just gives you an idea of the approximate neighbourhood in which Jump Up are to be found.

Jump Up changed the ferry ride into a dance party. There were moments when you had to look up and take notice, when Lake would blow an explosive solo and the guitar got all rash and effusive behind him. But mostly it was just time to move.

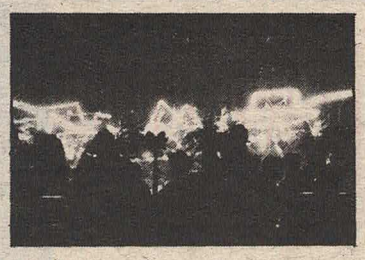
By the time Glenn Branca got an abbreviated version of his band set up the ferry had docked and the crew wanted their boat back. So instead of playing Branca did a short reading. The ferry was back at the same dock, but I felt we'd really been somehere.

Richard Grabel

Pic: Lisa Kahane

LIVE!

THE BIG MYTH-TAKE



NINA HAGEN

The Palace

NINA HAGEN at The Palace was by way of an added extra to the evening's entertainment: a startling transexual video with Nina playing all three leather clad characters, a few songs sung to a pre-recorded backing track, possibly her best effort ever with the uncharacteristically light and magical 'African Reggae' being played over the sound system, then she grabs her bottle of beer from the back of the stage and stalks off, duty done.

In spite of low expectations, in spite of her leaving little enough on which to base judgement, she exuded an aura that made you want more. The fact that Nina's grown stout, that she long since succumbed to a sicka and debilitating rock grossness were improbably outweighed by the personal fascination she can still exert; a vivid face, exotic plummage and with a voice that spurts and plunges as if she were demonically manipulated and speaking in tongues.

As a short, sharp intrusion on the drinking and the dancing she added the sort of alien dimension that could only be an asset.

Lynn Hanna

PRIDE

The Bull And Gate

THE POINT where Pride becomes arrogance is marked out sublimely on many of the faces in the audience: see it in their eyes! The look of flabby complacency. Or, put another way, it would appear that Pride are the next group in line for the London clubland myth-treatment. It seems unfortunate that they have embraced, or have been lashed to such an audience, for Pride have the potential to introduce a real fervour into the proceedings.

The separate components of the Pride sound work well. Bass and drums produce a strong beat, which does indeed veer towards Northern Soul, whilst the guitar is pleasantly melodic if, as usual, it tries too hard to achieve the real cut and thrust necesary to funk. The two young female vocalists exude a wonderful warm Sunday afternoon sexuality and display fine voices, both on solo spots and their Chic / Lovers Rock harmonies. Most impressive is the excellent sax playing of Stuart Matthewman, which adds considerable colouring to Pride's songs.

Pride's major weakness lies in the male vocal spot. I found Nick Moxsom's singing generally lacking in soul, and often lapsing into embarrassing imitation of stock soul music cliche. There are very few white boys (Kevin Rowlands, for instance) who can scat convincingly, and he is not one of them.

Pride sound as though they have a good deal of work to do on their material. Many of the songs appear so positively influenced, whether it be by Grace Jones ('Diamond Life'), the grace of Chic and Change ('Pride') or the strut of Northern Soul, that they seem little more than a very tastefully produced pastiche: Pride have not yet stamped their own mark on much of their material. On a couple of songs, especially the swing number, they fall into an embarrassing cultural tourism, which is surely at odds with the direction pursued in their stronger songs.

Pride need to peel away the layers of fashion and musical cross-reference and start exposing more real soul. One can only hope that the demands of some silly "masterplan" don't prevent them from getting through to the true heartbeat. At present, compared to the sweet thunder produced by many American soul groups, Pride are little more than a pleasant, but minor diversion. Pride *do* have, in 'When The Night Comes' and 'The President', songs capable of stirring both body and soul, but, at least for today, the walls of heartache still stand.

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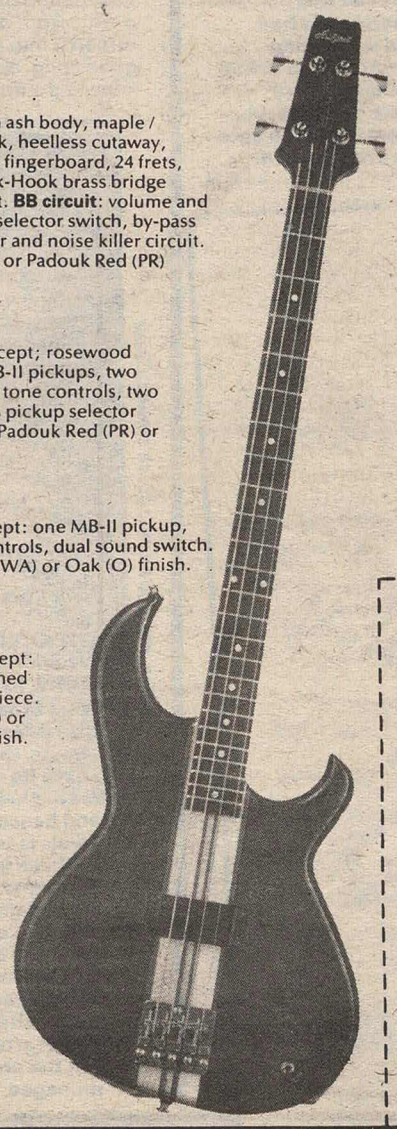

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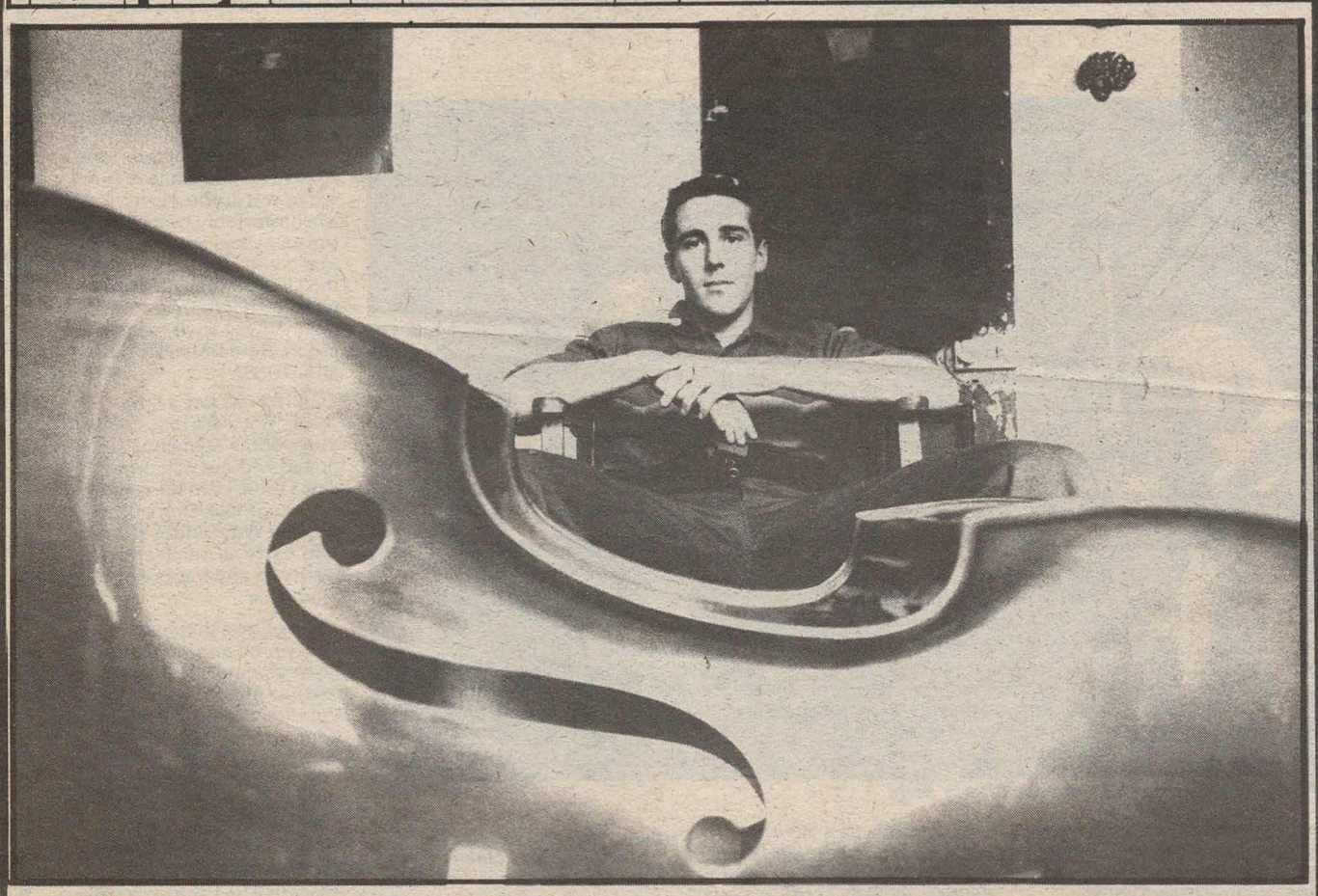

SIMON UNDERWOOD of PIGBAG talks about the bass to Tony Bacon Pics: David Corio

"WE'VE HAD some line-up changes recently, and I'm beginning to play more acoustic bass; for live work that means a problem amplifying it. I've had a new acoustic bass for a few months now. The one I had before was a bit of a makeshift one which was tuned to my own specifications. My new one is quite a cheap one, £300, made in Yugoslavia I think — I got it at Chas Foote's in Golden Square.

"I need it amplified with a decent sound so that it doesn't just sound like a fretless bass or something. We tried all sorts of things and we've found this pickup called an Underwood, funnily enough. I think it's American — I got it from a bass place in Romford called Soundwave, it costs about £80. It fits into the bridge and although you don't actually need a pre-amp, I use one with it. I put it through a little Polytone amp and I get a really good sound, I've been looking for something like it for ages. I tried to put it through my normal stuff and I just couldn't get a sound, but the Polytone's built specially, designed by people like Ray Brown. I've seen a lot of players using them.

"I was trying to get a flightcase for the new bass, and it'd cost £700! I couldn't believe that, I mean how can a case cost twice as much as the instrument? You'd end up taking more care of the case than the instrument; I'll have to hire one or something. That's another reason we haven't used acoustic bass before — it's OK over here because we can make a place in the van for it, but going to the States or somewhere I know people who've got them off the plane and there they are in pieces. You can hire them, but I'd rather take my own instrument. If you hire an instrument, everyone else has played it. With something that's natural sounding, you tend to get used to it, you know how it feels and balances and everything.

"Recording acoustic bass in the past has been quite easy, just stick a mic in front of it, or use the pickup to a DI. But now I'd rather do it without headphones, just live in the studio. Headphones do something to the sound of the instrument, it really compresses it and you don't hear when you sustain a note, you only get a bit of that note.

"I'm starting to get as fluent on acoustic bass as I am on electric, but I don't want it to be the same, I want it to be a completely separate thing — the feel of the things changes when I play acoustic bass. I started playing on electric bass and although I've actually been playing acoustic for ages I've only really been playing it on my own or with two or three people up to now. In a way I'd like to give up electric altogether and just play acoustic, but there's a lot of stuff that doesn't sound right on acoustic bass, there's certain sounds you can't get.

"I use an Aria SB1000 electric bass now. I was using a Music Man for ages, which was really good in some ways but it has a very wide neck and my hands are quite small. It has a good sound, but not such a good studio sound. You could either have it really bottomy or really toppy, but no middle. The Aria's active too but with quite a range, which means you can be playing and half-way through flick a switch and get a very different sound. The neck's a lot thinner as well — it's still a heavy bass, they both are, but when I was playing a Fender it had a really light sound to it because it is actually quite a light bass. The Aria sounds heavier and it has more punch to it.

"Amplifying the electric I use a Peavey top and a Carlsbro bottom. I haven't tried that many out, I've just found odd ones that I've liked. I can't go around shops and try out everything, because after a while you can't tell; it's different when you get them in a situation playing with other people. So basically it's all been chance. The Peavey has a graphic equaliser so you can change sounds, and different channels that you can combine or have separately — you get a footswitch with it but I haven't used that because I sort of stand on it by accident. But it's important to have a good guitar so you can control it from the guitar, and also a good style so you can get different sounds just from playing.

"I use a bit of violin and cello, mainly for sounds on top, but I couldn't get into learning three or four instruments proficiently. I use C-Ducer pickups on those, they're good for them but terrible for acoustic bass, too sensitive for that. I'm interested in learning an African instrument called the doussn'Gouni, it's a hunter's harp from Mali and has a big bowl and a huge pole with four or five strings. It's the nearest instrument I've heard to a bass, but in another culture. Don Cherry plays one — it's mainly a very rhythmical instrument, you get a series of five notes and you use those to their full ability. I want to be taught how to play it. I've never had lessons on any other instrument before, but this is a *feel* rather than a style, more of a cultural aspect.

"We don't know that much about keys and things, in fact we got this thing printed up (sheet music of 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag') and we didn't know what key it was in until we saw it! C major — we didn't know. If I'm playing and I have to think in terms of bars, I can't think about what I'm playing, I can't get involved with the whole vibe and movement of the thing. Whenever we've tried to structure things we've always bummed them up because we can't think like that.

"Sometimes I've done interviews and I've felt like sitting the person down and just playing in front of them for an hour and not saying anything. Then I'd say, Right, you've got it, go ahead and write about it. Can you?"

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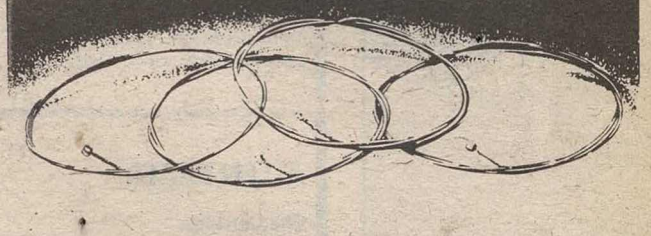

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LIVE!

THE PERFECT CRIME

Belfast

SOMETIMES Perfect Crime shine too brightly. Sometimes you're unsure just how much is ham and how much is practised sweat. You'd like to think they're not overly forced, but isn't that what *they'd* like to think too?

The Thompson Twins, Ballet analogies are obvious but there's a hint of the Hazels and Toyahs too in singer Greg Grey's movements and lyrics. If he's not clutching his hair or his thighs or his knees he'll be clutching at straws in his lyrics, at pains to intimate they're the product at least of all the *right* writing triggers: *"Fast life, neon ice/suck me dry tonight/leave me weak and white."* Now that's a *very* hacking song writing cough, and, like a dodgy relationship, there's a nagging feeling you might be being conned by slick novelty — that you're being taken back, too far back. Perhaps they laughed at Bono like this once but it can't honestly be this painless and easy.

Too often they needlessly come over as an indeterminate accomplishment, a stiff churn of funk orthodoxy. Never quite sure what should be upfront instrumentally, emotionally or lyrically. They're at their very best working with synth effects on all instruments; that's when they sound most startling — when they work up a drum tide to splash around Greg's flailing, bombastic dancing and camp conducting, when the 42 Levels of plucked, bass bounce really deep and heavy to crush the wash of tinny guitar. That's when they can Turk your breath away.

A little too susceptible to current funk bunkum, lacking the hurting swooning sweep that could make them the North's U2, The Perfect Crime need a kick where it won't blind them.

It'd be a perfect crime otherwise.

Adrian Maddox

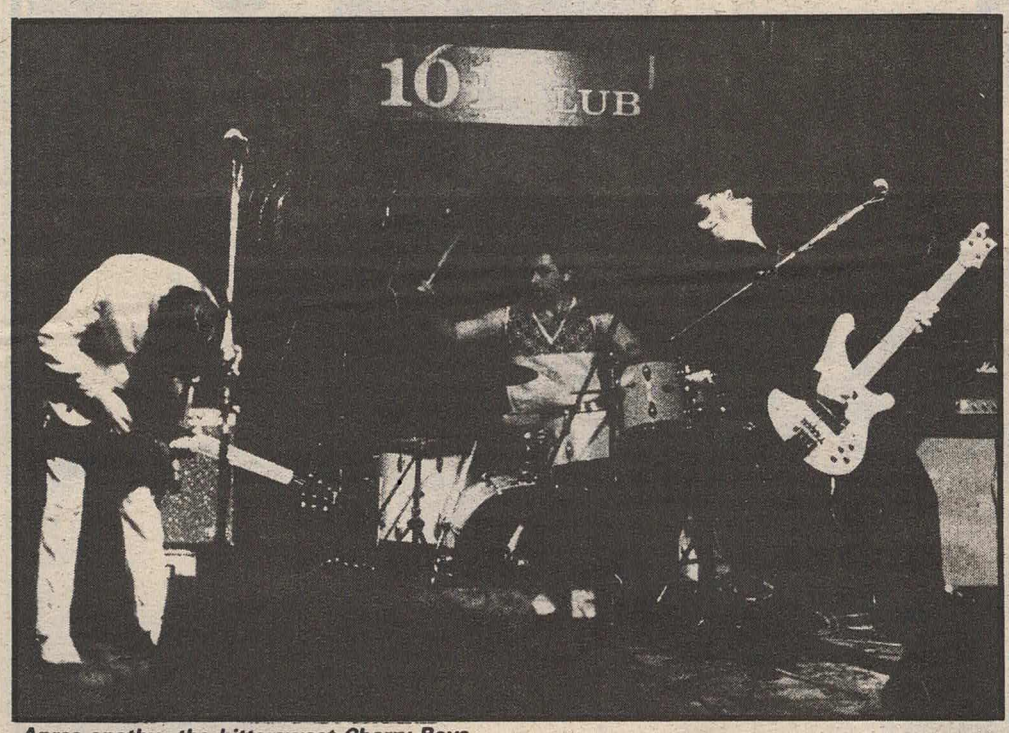
PEELED FRUIT FOR THE FUN BASKET

THE CHERRY BOYS

101 Club

CLAPHAM MUST have felt like home from home for The Cherry Boys. Close enough to the Thames to capture all the dank decay that the river offers, secluded enough for them to imagine that this was some wet sore hidden by a twist in the Mersey. The 101 could be any club that goes for wall to wall dirt and floor to roof posters. Pull up a beer crate and make yourself cosy.

There is no atmosphere, no telling what may happen tonight. About 20 regulars line the walls toying with their fags, spilling their Skol. A surly sense of apathy pervades. So this is what happens on Thursday nights in south London — check out the groove.



Apres apathy...the bittersweet Cherry Boys

The groove as it stands consists of this fab four from the Pool. Two guitarists (one doubles on keyboards) a bass and a drum (with gong). Momentary favourites of the Peel himself. Groovy. Let's flow to the new Mersey beat. There is no London poise or pose involved just the sound, a conspicuously clean sound. There is also a covert sense of copying. For all the energy, for all the ripe oh! cherry ripe songs there is a ghost, a touch of somebody else. The Cherry Boys might find that they're in the same basket as The Jam.

A hard stone for anybody to swallow.

Fearing none of this John Cherry stands alone in his white wardrobe. He is uncomfortably reminiscent of the wry Woking wonder — and if you're not too careful the Liverpudlian lilt seems to ease itself into that distinctively sticky cockney croon. Remember! POLISH NO IDOLS!

Still as red raw as the Cherry Boys are they can still create some seductive songs. Indeed without colouring the facts I think I can honestly say that songs like 'Don't Leave Me That Way' and 'Kardomah Cafe' carry as much effusive beauty as any tracks on 'ModCons'.

The ghosts that had whimpered around the club at the beginning of the evening rose like phantoms of Woodstock past to hum the Dylan-esque harmonies from John Cherrys' harmonica.

A lot is obviously owed to the '60s in the set even though John himself was loath to admit it afterwards. Energy and fun though owe no allegiance to any era — and on this storm scarred night in Clapham we got baskets full — a small harvest but still a precious windfall.

David Dorrell

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NORMALLY THE setting for Sunday evening folking about, this thoroughly underused 'venue', set beneath the famous church at the side of Trafalgar Square, has, despite an inevitable echo problem, bottomless potential for some kind of modern musical scenario.

Imagine: the 'devil's music' reverberating into every corner of an ancient, subterranean morgue, with great arches and pillars to lean against and hide behind, and abundant tombstones to pose by. Fix your hair, fetishists! Peel your eyes for the next one . . . and let no one near your neck.

What's more, and best thing of all, everything starts at half-past three and finishes by eight. Afternoon music and exciting new places. Why did no-one think of it before?

'The Scene' (this is sarcasm) or 'The Ceremony Of The Loving Cup' (so is this), is one more exercise in self-financed, imaginative enterprise from the minds of Tom Fawcett, the remarkable group he sings with, Design For Living, and friends and associates thereof. This preliminary run, hampered as ever by tight cash-flow circumstances (there's no fat, vested-interest cheque nestling in the background here. Fawcetts on the dole), failed to pull in as many afternoon shoppers as hoped for, on a wet and nasty Saturday. But those whose ears were reached didn't go away.

The entertainment included food, (cucumber sandwiches and cups of tea. Cheese and pickle optional) and chamber music played in between fine, unfashionable bands spanning the total scope of what we're stuck with calling the New Jazz Scene. Design For Living invited Beet Bop regulars and organisers Gorp, and fledgling starlets of acidic sleaze The Big Combo, to build a bill of enormous promise, exhilaration and style.

The Big Combo are dark-eyed Marlene D with a stripped down soundtrack of bass, guitar and skinny keyboard swing. Deadbeat, dry and sleazy. Their edge, invention and scratchy imperfection make amiable Vic look stale.

Gorp, spirited from the slovenly, closed Beet Bop world, are growing into a compulsive thing of surging angst and failing power; hurtling rhythm draped in co-ordinated percussion and cutting, colliding horns.

Design are just my group for the moment, a mesh of nightmare, pain and passion, improvisation and magnificent space for melody and movement.

It's true. Down in the darkness the limbs and sinews of something good are slowly stretching out. Don't be the last to know.

Dave Hill

ALLEN EAGER

The Canteen

CHARACTERS as colourful as tenorman Allen Eager rarely step outside of the implausible realms of dime-store fiction. The most enigmatic of all Modernists, precise details of Eager's jazz career are annoyingly flimsy: interviews are untraceable, whilst recordings made under his own leadership are equally as rare as his photograph. Until recently, on the evidence available, one could have built up a tangible argument to prove that he never actually existed!

An impeccable natural stylist, when just 18, this New York slicker was partnering Charlie Parker and Miles Davis as they fought off the reactionary hordes to completely re-shape the modern jazz vocabulary. But it was through his liaison with firebrand trumpeter Fats Navarro that Eager — by now 21 — confirmed that of all Lester Young's white disciples, he had evolved the most personalized approach, a truism that Young himself openly acknowledged. Always the master of the understated, the lush textures of Eager's tone and his wily use of rhytmic nuances further set him above his contemporaries.

Navarro died, of old age, at 26, Eager — himself a victim of the jazz-life — drifted in and out of music and then into obscurity. Over the years, sightings had him depicted as a well-heeled jetsetter winning first prize in the touring-car class at Sebring, partying in Paris with Brando, hanging out with Timothy Leary or Jamming with Zappa.

By now, most people reckoned Allen Eager to be dead, buried, forgotten. Quite the contrary. Alive he was in every sense of the word for his totally unexpected Canteen residency. Despite obvious apprehension, Eager's creative faculties have in no way diminished. Indeed, parallels can be drawn with Art Pepper's celebrated artistic renaissance. His work displays even more depth of expression than ever — bursting with unfettered joy and vigour. But, above all, it's the genuine sense of nobility in the manner in which he performs that has to be admired and renders his skills timeless. He never once resorts to self-parody, cheap gimmicks of crass sentimentality. Even with guest altoist Peter King persistebtly snapping at his ankles during the uptempo rushes, Eager never allows himself to become outpaced or flustered. Eager later demonstrated his commanding mastery with 'Body And Soul' — an interpretation of a much played-out standard, which not only took into account the majestic beauty of the melody line but the passionate grace of the accompanying tortured lyric. His reading of the melody and his subsequent improvisation revealed more of Eager than any lurid autobiography ever could Seldom have I heard it played with such unashamed candour, seldom have I been so rivetted to the spot. And, there I remain until his return in August.

Roy Carr

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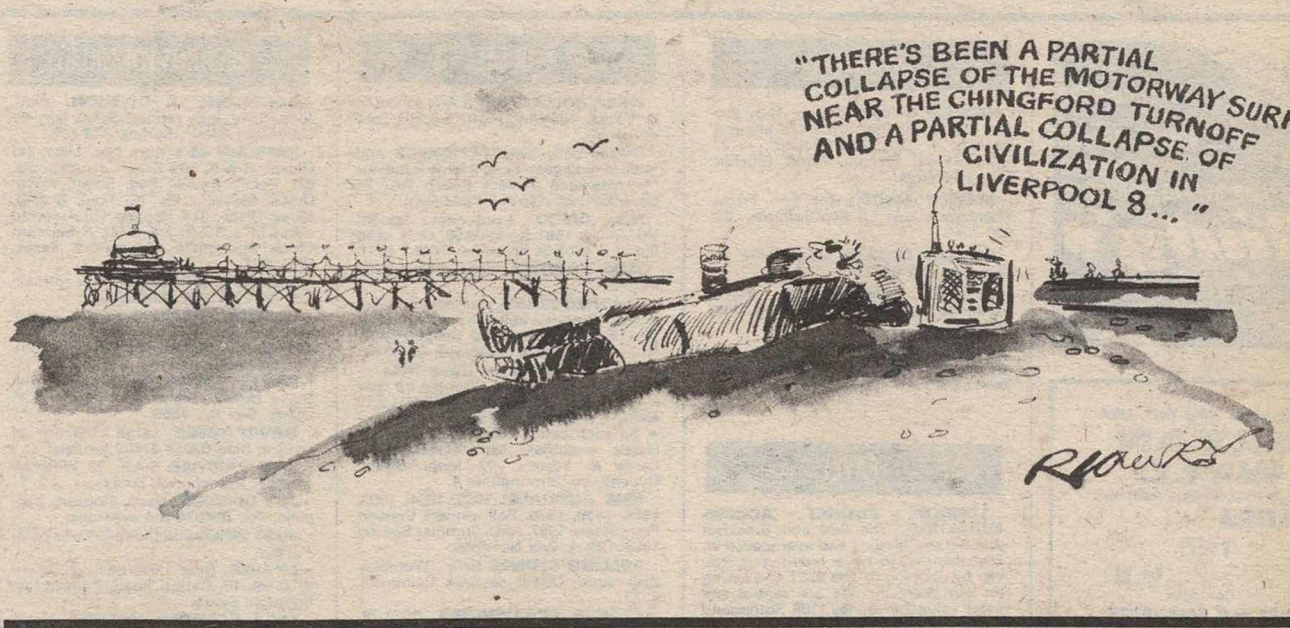
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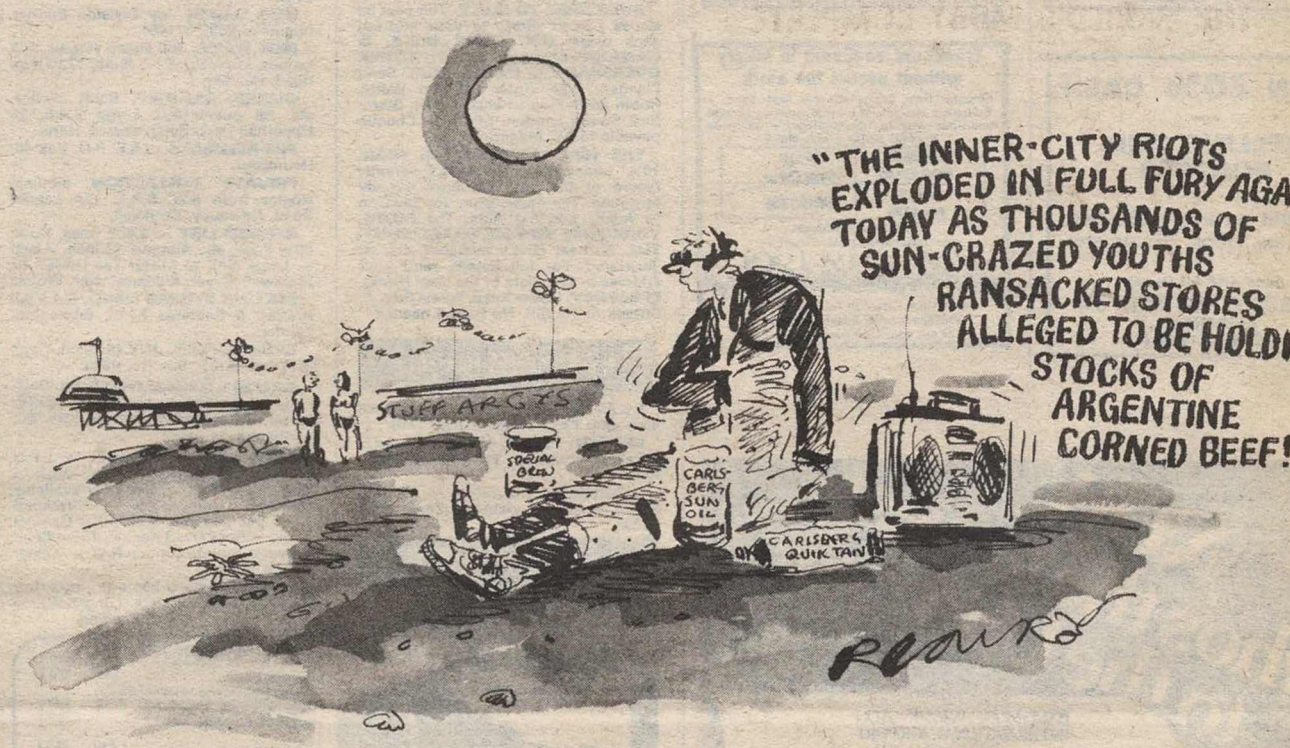
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From page 26

Pic: Peter Anderson

frank use of backing tapes for an accompaniment that avoids obvious synthesizer cliches in favour of a more symphonic sound, cuts through the problems of recreating the studio quality in often adverse circumstances. There's some strong songs and, as importantly, there's the potential for the development of the sort of parallel lines of communication pioneered by Cabaret Voltaire in the slide show on the small screen, the natural magnetism of a live performance and the intelligent use of technology.

"With the visual side of it, the slides are just a start," says Neil. "We were talking about using live video and controlling the cameras onstage.

"By adding the slides, we're not hiding behind anything, it just makes it more of a unit. It's complimentary rather than obtrusive, we think," Stephen adds.

It's a form that also opens opportunities to explore a song's subject at several different levels. 'Words', for example, could be interpreted as an investigation into the nature of language as a jumble of emotionally-loaded words are flashed onto the screen, while their intriguing single 'God Ain't In My Kitchen' has already been construed as electropop existentialism, although both Blancmanges stress a haphazard sense of humour that means they don't stress the sterner sides of their songs.

"In a lot of the songs, irrespective of how they come about, they cover quite a serious idea about something. It's just us; halfway through we do see the funny side of doing it," explains Neil.

Both are also excited by the flexible connections electronic music can offer. You're almost certain to come across their collaboration with Yazoo, a version of Marvin Gaye's 'It Take Two', a project that's the result of a friendship formed with Vince Clarke on earlier Depeche Mode appearances.

"With the economic climate," says Stephen, "the only way to survive is to get hit records, whereas a few years earlier you didn't have to do that because things were a bit easier. On one hand it's dead commercial, but on the other all these people who were doing interesting things are now getting into pop music and making it more interesing. It's not like bland pop anymore."

"What about that single Scritti Politti have done," suggests Neil.

"Yeah!" Stephen enthuses. "There's some really interesting records that are in the charts or getting towards it, I think that's really healthy."

Blancmange pose for Peter besides some blue sponge sculture. Neil drifts off towards Giacometti's elongated figues with which he perhaps feels some sort of affinity, while Stephen scurries off on a whistlestop tour of the exhibits which is cut all too short by the neccessity of catching the next car ferry.

How would Blancmange fit into a chart that encompasses The Associates, Soft Cell, ABC, Bow Wow Wow? As further evidence of the new pop pragmatism, a process of rationalisation that's further freeing the imagination to take advantage of changing conditions in communication. Meanwhile there are still a few more boundaries to be broken.

Blancmange: firming up for the future.

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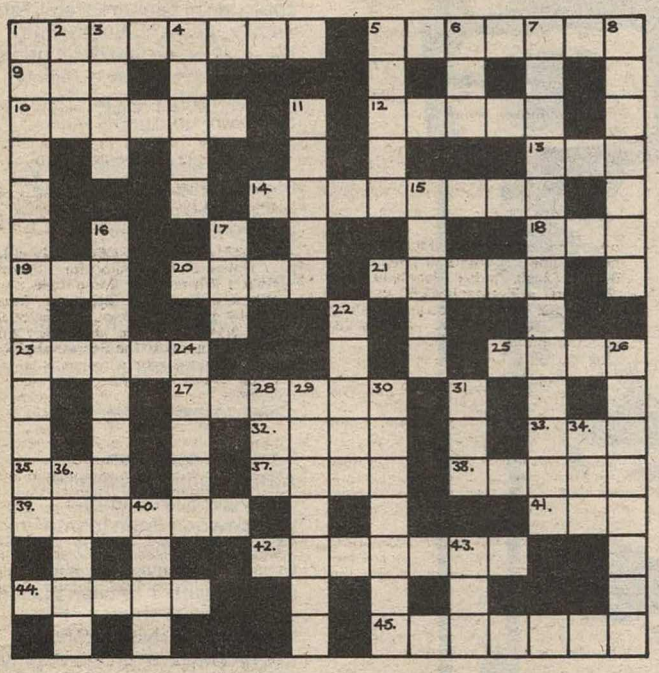

ACROSS

1 Friends and relations? Not mine. (8)
5 Pursey's boys. (7)
9 Old Ms. Lynn loses a capital to become even older. (3)
10 Nightlife/Soundtrack/Farm. (6)
12 Even 42. (5)
13 How many times 45? (3)
14 Gary Leisure Process half shares stinking Hog's new name. (8)
18 Label (1,1,1)
19 Ms Stubbs of charade fame. (3)
20 This Little one is responsible for the President's rap. (4)
21 Clean your ears. They're splitting up. (1,4)
23 T. Heads' 'Cities' starts off with this command. (5)
25 Martha, my what? (4)
27 They're lords of the new one (6)
32 What it took so long to do to the cake. (4)
33 Biscuit/union. (1,1,1)
35 Warren Beatty meets Crayola. (3)
37 California — Alles. (4)
38 Roxy Music's blood brother. (5)
39 Paging the first Evita. (6)
41 Is being on this label like being on it? (3)
42 Two ways of looking at things. (7)
44 Voltaire's is red. I bet. (5)
45 The original reflectors. (7)

DOWN

1 The Bunnymen point out firmament. (6,2,5)
2 Old Layne missing something. (3)
3 What Lou did for the man. (4)
4 Nothing can stop him now. (5)
5 Wheels/Reddy (5)
6 The abbreviation of what R in RPM is an abbreviation of. (What?) (3)
7 The Beatle tune that sets Manson reeling in Death Row. (6,7)
8 Throw this cocktail and you'll end up on the Rare Stuff. (7)
11 The Damned still doing it up the same way. (5)
15 It was cold and it rained and Bowie felt like a what? (5)
16 Manchester gets another estate, or rather factory. (8)
17 In the middle of those who have found their ideal climate. (3)
22 The teetotal leaves Genesis Steve. (5)
24 And the shine Band lacks the essential. (1.1.3)
26 Egan's earlier outfit. (4,4)
28 Pere could be a king. (3)
29 White mammals revived by 8-Eyed Spy. (7)
30 Where you view the weekend from. (3,4)
31 Those practising under water from Deutschland. (1,1,1)
34 What the Clash are oh so bored with. (1,1.1)
36 Foley, once associated with one of the above. (5)
40 O! Coy Park isn't enough. (4)
43 Another track from 23 across that Jarre would like. (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS:- 1 Killing Joke, 7 Topper (Headon), 10 Neville Staples, 11 Sky, 12 Oliver's Army', 13 'Israel', 14 'Trash', 15 & 19 'To Be (Or Not To Be)', 17 EMI, 18 'Enola Gay', 20 'FBI', 21 Eyeless In Gaza, 25 & 27 'I Should Have Known (Better)', 28 (Topper) Headon, 29 Cure, 30 'Incognito', 34 General, 36 '(To Be) Or Not To Be, 37 'Better'.
DOWN:- 1 'King of the Flies', 2 'Love Is Alright', 3 'I'll Be There', 4 'Guess Who', 5 'Outer Space', 6 'Empty Glass', 7 'The Gift', 8 Passage, 9 'Royal Mile', 10 'Oxygene', 19 'Banner Man', 22 Eddy, 23 'Shazam', 24 'I Belong', 26 'Uptight', 28 'Hot', 29 Creme, 30&32 'Iko Iko', 31 Can, 33 'Ode', 35 'Eat'.

BANDS

ROCK BANDS and D.J's wanted. Send details and S.A.E. to 13 Sussex Chambers, Havelock Road, Hastings, Sussex.

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BOWIE FRIENDS, the only official fan club. Send S.A.E. for details to 199 Queen's Crescent, London NW5.

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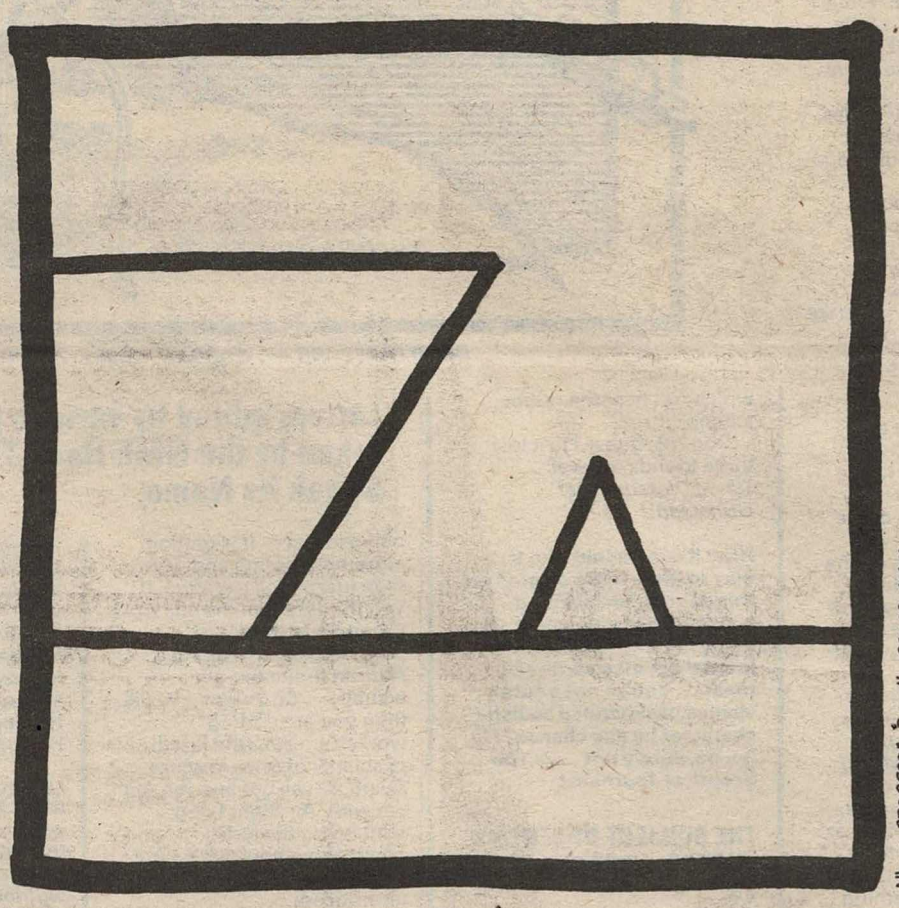
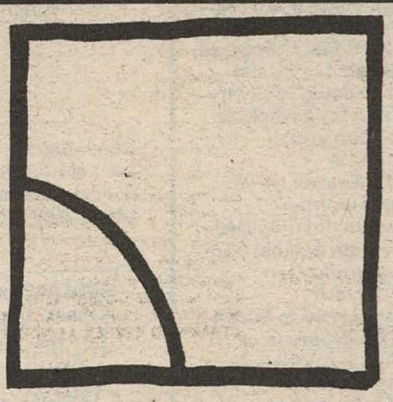


Album: CBS 85804 Cassette: CBS 40-85804

Ship arriving too late to save a drowning witch



FREE EP arriving in time to be included in the ship arriving too late to save a drowning witch album.

Hear live.
Free EP. 'Shut Up 'N' Play Yer Guitar.'
3 live tracks with every 'drowning witch' album.

BEND OUR EARS AT: GASBAG, NME, 5-7 CARNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG.

OK! Enough is enough! goes up the cry. This week's Gasbag jumps in at the SHALLOW end. Serious observers of sundry elemental moral and aesthetic debates to the back of the bus ...

HEADS DOWN COMPLETE NONSENSE NO EXCUSES SHORT-LETTERS AND SPACE FILLERS

Tony Benn? Isn't he that cartoon character with a bowler hat?
James Bond, New Barnet.

Errol schmerrol, what ever happened to Velda Daiquiri? Now there was a broad with real class.
T. J. Newton.

You wouldn't say that if you knew where she was now, buster. — The Ghost of Grub Street.

I'd just like to say wasn't it a shame Bruce Springsteen lost his fight against Larry Holmes.
Harry Carpenter.

Are you sure Kid Creole ain't Little Richard with a facelift?
Bun Minder, SW15

Now look here! Is Mark E Smith really engaged to Toyah, or is Bramah just having us all on again? Not a funny name in sight.
Blue Orchids Fan.

Will someone please explain these extraneous Manchester incest references? Paulus? — The Ghost of Beasely St.

BOOT LICKING

In defence of the *NME*. While I have to confess I was a little surprised to hear *NME* had returned after all these years to printing photographs of naked women on their pages, I could accept the situation with a shrug in the knowledge that the staff weren't attempting to consciously lower the tone of the paper and that a fair degree of thought had gone into the decision to use the photos.

I have more faith in the *NME* than to believe they have turned their back on feminism and are gearing up to becoming a "clone of *Sounds*". To illustrate an article on the perversity of pornographic video, I feel, needs something more striking than a picture of the latest VCR machine. If you were writing an article on the Venus de Milo I wouldn't expect you to shy away from printing a photo of the lady because she is scantily clad! But I digress.

It would appear from the letters printed in the June 5 issue (see *Gasbag 'Happy Folk'*) my faith in the *NME's* integrity is not shared by other more regular readers. As it happens I know all three correspondents personally (They all come from E.G.) and rationality is not something any one of them carries in any great quantity. They are far more prone to fly off the handle at the slightest provocation. What they fail to appreciate is that *NME* is not going to print "salacious" photos because it wants to titilate but because it has a justifiable point to raise. This kind of near-sightedness will ultimately do the feminist cause more harm than good. While they waste time and energy attacking the *NME* they remain mute towards the real culprits. They would do well to read *The Sceptical Feminist* (which precisely encapsulates my position in support of this movement) by Janet Radcliffe Richards before blundering into any more futile tirades.

I buy *NME* because I enjoy reading intelligent journalism on a variety of media of which music fills the greatest part. The *NME* is the only paper providing both valid musical criticism and a viable arts and politics forum without having to wade through *The Times* which can become rather stifling.

Oooops, guess I just lost three friends, oh well .....
David Dickson, East Grinstead.

Now it can be told, the true way to get a letter printed on this page — unashamed subservience and praise: "I enjoy reading intelligent journalism on a variety of media". You're not a subtly vicious backhanded sadistic character by any chance? No, no, no, surely not ... — The Sceptical Journalist

THE SUBJECT OF CERTAIN* PHOTOS, EPISODE 4, SCENE 11:...

Concerning continuing correspondence on the subject of certain photos ... I am fed up with the stream of short, sharp, smart arsed comments from the likes of TGOTMdS. (last week's *Gasbag*).

All your theory is fine (read this, the law says that, consider a NHS Sex change all you radical male feminists) — but if only you could really try it! Be a woman for a week, or even a day. Then you'd change your tune.
Clare Collins, Sussex, — yet another (sigh) woman.
P.S. Since when did the *NME* only discriminate against bad writers? you employ Ian Penman don't you?
You sure know how to hurt a Provisional Chairperson of NME Men Against Violence against Penmen Who Perpetrate Violence Against Syntax, don't you? — I.P. (The Ghost of His Former Self)

I wish all these "Concerned Feminists" would stop writing in and accusing the *NME* of being sexist — it is getting extremely boring and more than just a little irritating. If you thought that the still from *Clean Slate* showing a bare-breasted Stephane Audran (Irene Skobline, actually — Ed.) was so sexist, then you are getting worked-up over the lesser problems of sexism while Rainbow can get into the top ten with 'All Night Long' containing the lyrics *"... don't know about your brains but you look all right"* going un-noticed.
Gravy Browning fan, Wales.

Nothing at all wrong with the Rainbow song, I'm afraid. The lyric in question was a sonnet of aesthetic praise to Ritchie Blackmore's tortoise. FACT! — The Ghost in *Blue Peter's Garden*.

Letters edited by various pseudonyms taken by the NME Hack That Dare Not Speak Its Name.

Mr. very radical Male Feminist *(Gasbag 19.6.82)*, the male is a Sex not a Species.
A very boring biologist (no relation).
But people are always telling me my penmanship is species. — I.P. (The Ghost of His Former Self, a slight return).

I have noted with interest the small beginnings of a feminist backlash — I suppose even that couldn't hold out forever, presumably you lot thing women have a great time and are complaining about nothing, unlike black people or cripples. What a load of absolute bollocks. How many of your readers and staff are men, anyway — about 73%? You really aren't qualified to slag off something you can't feel. I feel the whole situation regarding the *Clean Slate* person — it all was a slightly hysterical over-reaction from my fellow/ess feminists — may I hasten to add before you accuse me of being a pickaxe-wielding lesbian (a media stereotype), that I'm 100% heterosexual and completely unlike the popular (media stereotype) image of a "mad" feminist.

Old Marquey Sarde (alias Monty Smith) had a field day — God it's depressing. We've taken 15 years to get this far and even *NME* has let us down. I'll still read you, but with a heavy heart.
Sadie C, New Barnet.

P.S. I hope Thrillsy hasn't been affected by all this, and Paul's still behaving himself. It's not my fault they're so succulently attractive.
A) I would see your G.P. about the complaint which you mention in the first sentence. B) I asked Monty and he seemed to think the Marquee was a sad place to see a band these days, too. C) As regards your P.S. I would ask your G.P. if the NHS will stretch to psychoanalysis. — The Ghost of NME Backbiting *(Don't start that again — Ed.)* (That's not what you said last night —TGoNB).

Letters such as those from Michael Holt and B. Spence *(Gasbag 19.6.82)* fail in what I presume to be their object of ridiculing feminism; instead, they present a perfect case for the separation of radical feminists.

Meanwhile, *NME* itself, while quite properly showing enormous respect for the rights and sensitivities of black people(s), shows no such respect for the rights and sensitivities of women. I bought the *NME* faithfully every week for several years but now I've given it up as a bad habit. I don't need this macho groove thing.
Minnie Metro
God, you lot are hard to please. What other bad habit extant can you keep up for THIRTY PEE a week? — The Ghost of Your Super Soaraway Sil McNeill.

OUT AND OUT LIBERALS

I kept waiting for Tony Stewart to pull the plug and say; "It's a joke, kids, have you ever seen such a twitty-dumb band in your life?" in his boot-licking article about Human League.

The members of H.L. are remarkably stupid, naive, and collaborationist. I'm amazed that adults who circulate could be so sheltered, childish and altogether uninteresting. H.L. makes me feel like a good Cultural revolution — take em out and whip their pin-heads and petty bourgeois little asses.

And where did Stewart get the idea that the H.L. "girls" have anything to do with beauty or sensuality? He wouldn't know Greta Garbo or Lauren Bacall from bloody Julie Andrews; a Slit or a Bush Tetra is worth any dozen Suzannes, Joannes and their little uninteresting, stupid brat friends.
Chief Joseph (in Paris).

Since the appearance of *NME's* rightly unacclaimed interview with Anthony Wedgewood Benn (damn "Tony Benn' once and for all), the lot of the average *NME* meths-swiller has been placed under a great strain by the torrent of correspondent that has greeted it from the mainly Yahoo faction of your readers. Much of the correspondence has been merely obstreperous and boorish. Some of it less so. All if it, however, an insult to the accomplishments of Messrs Quill and Quarto.

I put it to you, that most of your fan-mail has come from aggrieved, unemployed (and unemployable) northerners. Northerners, as those of us of the Chawbacon Supremacist South know only too well from their frequent forays into the Holy Land, are a band of ne'er-do-wells. Conversation with the wretches is impossible; they speak in a tongue quite foreign to southern ears. When you can get them to speak intelligibly, the subjects they take the greatest joy in dissertating upon — baccy, beer and billiards — are exactly those which are guaranteed to send the normally complaisant chawbacon up the wall.
Colonel Jack, Nomansland, Wiltshire.

Have you three considered your vocation in Citizen's Advice counselling? — The Ghost of The Good Samaritan.

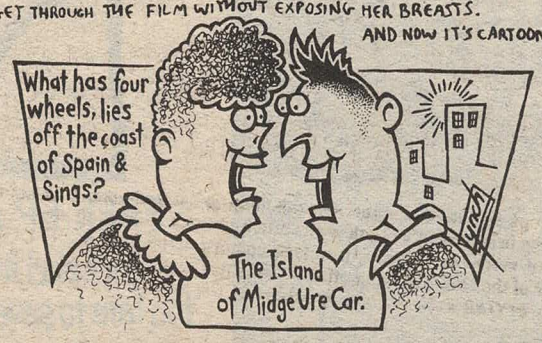
FAC AL

Re the letter from a 'Jealous teenager in Manchester', in *NME 12.6.82*, we feel obliged to explain the following points.
1. The members only license was in fact the only one we could obtain and the £5.25 members fee is in fact the minimum required by law.
2. We don't consider the prices of admission to be 'outrageous'. On the opening night E.S.G. were flown from New York for one gig and admission was free to members and on June 26th when New Order play at the Hacienda the admission is also free to members. All other gigs are priced at either £1.50 or £2.00. Also three nights a week when no live acts appear, again admission is free and our bar prices are cheaper than most city centre pubs.

The members only situation is not one we wanted, but we believed we are offsetting that fee by the services we are offering. Our aim is to build the membership up so that we can offer even more special

BOB LYNCH
8 SHOOT UP HILL
KILBURN
LONDON NW2

DEAR BAG.
THE LADY IN THE 'CLEAN SLATE' PIC WAS IRÈNE SKOBLINE.
IF I CAN REMEMBER RIGHT, STÉPHANE AUDRANE MANAGED TO GET THROUGH THE FILM WITHOUT EXPOSING HER BREASTS.
AND NOW IT'S CARTOON TIME!



services to our members bringing interesting acts to Manchester who would not normally be given the opportunity to play in a club rather than a theatre atmosphere.

We hope this letter will answer the allegations levelled against us.
Fac 51, The Hacienda.
P.S. Member 723 is a paid up member of the Hacienda.

NME HACKS

That little topic all you boring buggers write in about, Paul Morley. It seems to me that a man who can hold down a job writing about Kirk Brandon's ears and tortoises, is if not a genius and a god certainly a damn sight more interesting than a man who writes about Theatre of Hate and Foreigner. No, the real *NME* Schmuck is Barney Hoskyns — can this man write words of less than seven syllables? can he write sentences less than two paragraphs? I wouldn't mind him calling Rip Rigs pseuds if he wasn't such a pretentious pseud himself. Still, we can't all be Paul Morley. Anyway, I recommend that Orwell's "Politics and Literature" be compulsory reading for all *NME* hacks. I vomit in your general direction.
God (no relation).
A) Kirk Brandon doesn't have any tortoises, as far as we know. B) Barney has been known to sign the odd cheque or two. C) If God's vomit rains down as a thunderstorm, what's in a hurricane? — The Ghost of A Good Gag.

"Spot the Tart": Paul Morley in a gold lame jacket giving big "Craterface" Fry the "Look of Love" on *T.O.T.P.* Surely not? and there's me thinking he and Jim Kerr had something cozy going?
Michael McFadden, Toryglen, Glasgow.
Ya ever hear of polygamy, fella? — The Ghost of The Marquis de Sade (A much requested return *engagement).*

AND NOW, from London, it's over to **Barry Davis** at the stadium in Valladolid for some of tonight's match. Apart from a few ugly scenes between *Gasbag* supporters and the Spanish police behind the *Silver Screen* goal, the shirt-sleeved crowd have been content to soak up the sun and wait for play to begin. With the national anthems completed, the teams are now ready to take the pitch, the bag of cuttings, clippings and unwanted cast-offs has been retrieved from some dusty corner of the *NME* office and the triple-dot studded boots are being checked by the ref. And we're off! And immediately the dots are on the attack . . .

A rather optimistic **Soft Cell** Split *T-Zer* was blazed yards wide in the opening minutes, and now **Jock McDonald** is building a bid for inclusion in this week's column wide on the right. **Red Lipstique** T-Zers have been regular scorers in recent weeks, but have yet to prove themselves at the highest level. Jock's latest signing is girl singer **Louize Mileham,** but the news that she has made the Sunday papers as a pin up for 'our boys' in the task force has left us with just a corner kick . . .

No, hang on the ref's only given a throw-in, although there are some who maintain that **Keith Richard's** *T-Zers* would be better off being thrown away. Anyway, for those that are interested, the old bore is to be interviewed on BBC2's *Newsnight* tonight (Thursday), where he will be attempting to talk to **Robin Denselow** . . .

Anyway, from the throw, the dots are moving forward once more in their Ladbrokes-sponsored Le Coq Sportif kit and it looks hopeful . . . a score-flash is coming in from the other group four games in Bilbao . . . Goooooollllll! Gol de la Teeeeeezerrrrrrs! . . .

Gol! **Spandau Ballet,** fresh back from their escapades in Spain and Portugal, are being confined to barracks by night by coach **Steve Dagger** in a bid for them to regain peak fitness in time for their daily early morning start with producer **Trevor Horn** for the recording of their latest single 'Pleasure', reportedly striker **Gary Kemp's** finest moment since 'Chant' . . .

Gol! **Haircut** half-back **Nick Heyward** was spotted grooving heartily at the Bedford College pop concert of his Scottish sidekicks **The Bluebells.** Also in attendance were assorted **Bananaramas** and **Altered Images.** And if rumours from big clubs Warners and Phonogram are to be believed, we should expect a large-figure transfer coup for the 'Bells, first spotted by our regional scout **Adrian** 'Chopper' **Thrills** back in February, soonish . . .

Gol! Gol! Go! Nice moment on the **Terry Wogan** show this week as **Robert Carrier** defined the current state of pop musicians. Talking of enlivening dinner parties, he suggested "bringing in a pop group or a punk or something". Brilliant! All the way from Memphis to an amusing divertisement between the lark's tongues and the cocaine and brandies .

OFF! OFF! OFF! The **Anti-Nowhere League's** loathsome **Winston,** having been given the red card and a one-album ban by the British censors, has turned up in New York where our North American Soccer League scout spotted him at his local cinema catching the new **Stevie Martin** movie. Apparently Winston had taken a runner out of the UK to avoid having to re-cut some ANL toons to suit the censors. So if their keepers are looking for this missing squad member, he was seen at the old Greenwich on Greenwich Ave. on Sunday. Of course, they could do us a favour and keep him out there . . .

Another red card, this time for New York promoter **Jim Fouratt,** the man who made most New York clubs what they are today, has been given the order of the boot from the only-recently-reopened Danceteria . . .

A new managerial partnership has been sealed by **Bad Manners** Scottish keyboard person **Martin Stewart,** who married young **Penny Buck** in traditional style last Saturday. Full backs **Buster** and **Bloodvessel** also attended in their best Umbro attire . . .

FOUL! Experienced sweeper **Jimmy Pursey** is at it again. Before the Falklands conflict, Jim was planning to set up a commune for artists, musicians and carpenters on the islands. "It's the last holding of a really British people where you can be creative amidst peace and quiet," he told London's *Evening Standard* last week, adding that he is staying away from rock circles because "it is too much of a jamboree bag with people running around in fancy dress". Sounds more like the pitch invasion of irate *T-Zer* supporters after the award of a controversial penalty in the qualifying game against the singles page . . .

Promotion candidates: with the metamorphosis of Glasgow's **Jazzateers** into the beatier **Bourgy Bourgy** — hard-tackling crooner **Paul Quinne** replacing nimble chanteuse **Alison** to make the team a good bet for the Scottish premier league title next season — a retrospective album of "Teers toons is scheduled for release sometime on Postcard . . .

And after a quick peek into the post-match press conference where we have gleaned the news that tight-lipped supremo **Jerry Dammers** is to produce **The Higsons** while his former team-mate **Neville Staples** is joining the Stateside anti-nukes lobby with an appearance at last week's massive Manhattan march, it's back to Dickie and the panel in London . . .

Pic:

MUG-SHOTS. Aintcha sick to death of them? FACES every week, nothing but fizzogs all over the paper. All with their oh-so-predictable format of two eyes and a gob, a nose here, a chin there, a couple of boring little ears on the side. But *T-Zers,* always the first to boldly break with stale traditions, this week begins a new policy of only showing the stars *from their kneecaps downwards!* After all, what could be more intimate, more *revealing,* than a close-up portrait, be it posed or casual, of a musician's foot? Truly has it been written (in this caption, if nowhere else) that "the toes are the mirror of the soul". Kicking off our series this week, we've got . . . er . . . hang on, we had it written down somewhere. Um, Madness? Bad Managers! No? Well, let's see, it could be, er *(This series is hereby scrapped. Oh, and it's The Belle Stars — Ed.)* Beginning next week: Elbows of the Talented and Famous.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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